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December 23, 1933

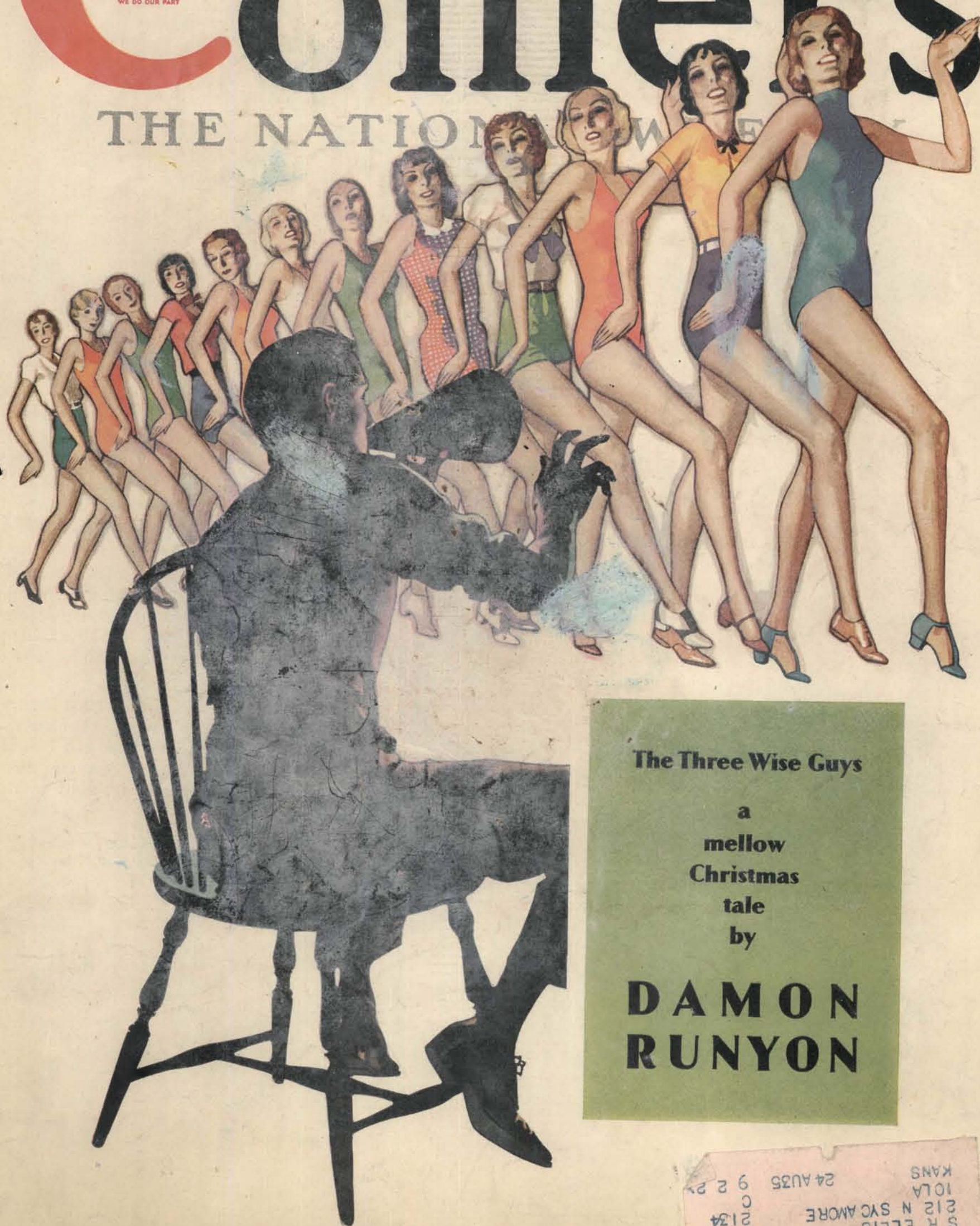


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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



The Three Wise Guys

a
mellow
Christmas
tale
by

**DAMON
RUNYON**

DEC. 23, 1933

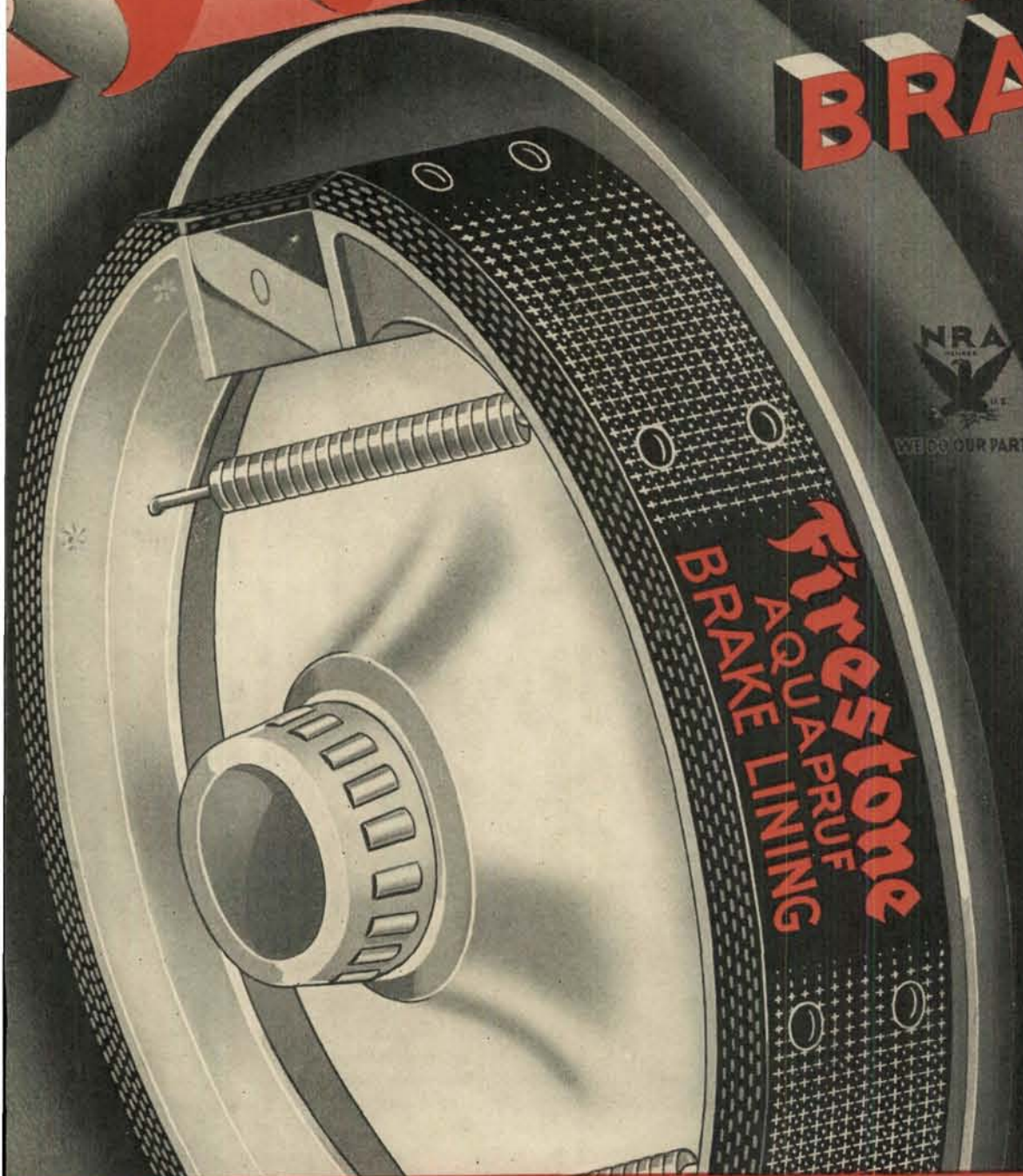
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Firestone

AQUAPRUF BRAKE LINING FACTORIES

SET NEW STANDARDS



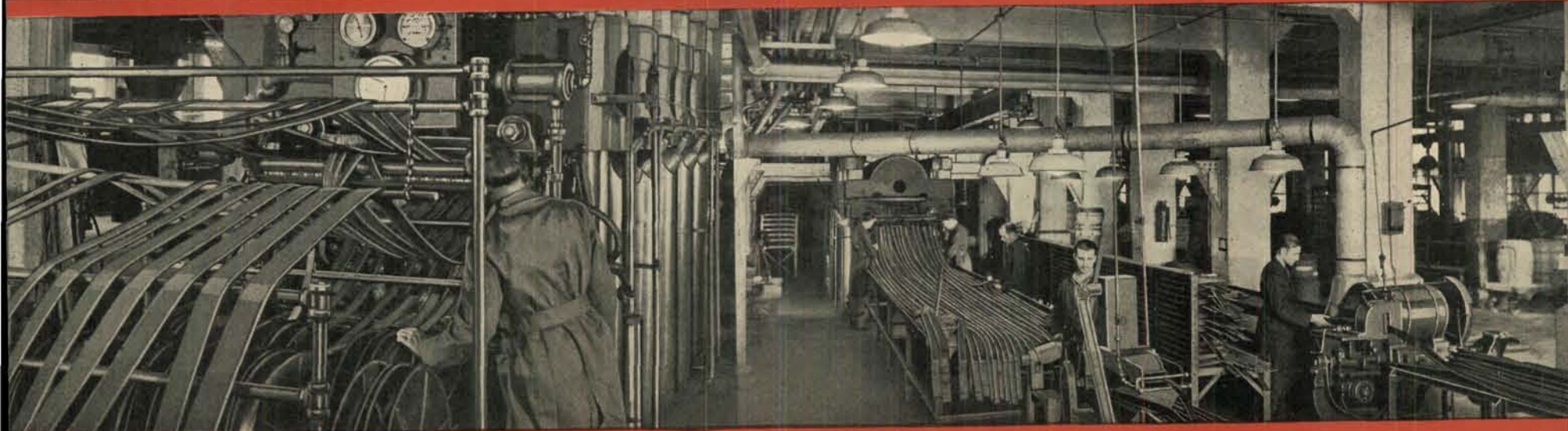
A NEW process—"Aquapruing"—developed by Firestone engineers and used only in the manufacture of Firestone Aquapruf Brake Lining, gives every car owner confidence in more positive control of brakes.

Aquapruing insulates and coats every fiber of the asbestos fabric with a special compound, making it moisture and water proof. It provides complete freedom from chatter and squeal.

Firestone engineers and chemists have developed a special frictional rubber compound, with which the aquapruf asbestos is coated. It is then die-formed under heat and enormous pressure in a huge Firestone Brake Lining press, the largest and most powerful of its type in the world.

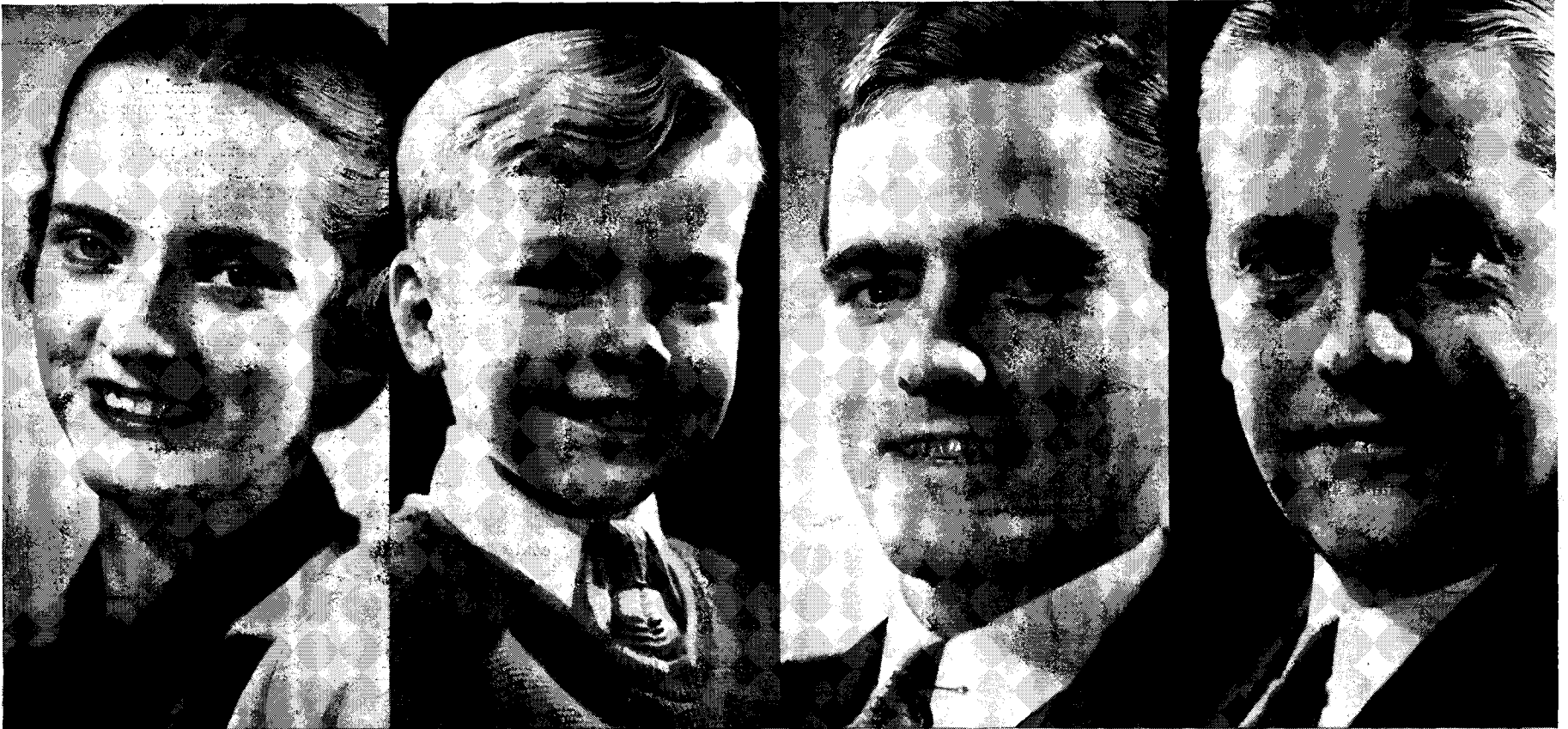
Drive in today to one of the 30,000 Firestone Service Dealers or Service Stores. Let him test your brakes, and if needed, reline them with Firestone Aquapruf Brake Lining. You will experience a new high standard of smooth, uniform, positive braking control.

◀ Listen to the Voice of Firestone every Monday night over N. B. C. Nation-wide Network ▶



TIRES • TUBES • BATTERIES • SPARK PLUGS • BRAKE LINING • RIMS • ACCESSORIES

"I Want



♦ "to give the babies **ADVANTAGES** when they grow up."

. "to be an All-American end, and a famous lawyer."

. "to be my **OWN** boss, instead of working for one."

. "to stand on my **OWN** feet when I'm too old to work."

...they mean they want **Living Protection!**

THEY want the opportunity to *be* somebody, and *do* things, and *go* places. But, more than anything else, whether they name it or not, they want *security for the years to come*.

That is Living Protection. And that's a thing that most of us haven't provided enough of, in recent times. We've *mortgaged* our futures instead of securing them. But *now* every thoughtful man and woman must realize, as never before, the vital need for a different and better way of safeguarding the *living future*.

Take your own experience. You have seen ordinary savings swept away; security and property values punctured. You have seen children growing up, and no fund to

send them to college; earning years ticking away, and—nothing ahead. You've seen just what Investors Syndicate saw thirty-nine years ago—this need for Living Protection.

Investors Syndicate provides a *way*. It is not life insurance but it is equally important. There is no complication of special contracts for special purposes—just one clear, simple Certificate, so flexible that it adapts itself to your needs.

Investors Syndicate was founded in 1894. Since the beginning it has maintained a perfect record for prompt payment of every obligation. During the last four years, depression years, it has paid *twenty-five million dollars* in cash to its Certificate holders.

Today, thousands are entrusting their Living Protection to Investors Syndicate.

What kind of Living Protection do YOU need?

Is it protection to stand by you when you are out of a job? To build a reserve for your business? To see your children through college? To buy a home? To take care of yourself when your best earning years are over? Whatever the need, Investors Syndicate offers the *help* you need. A representative of this institution explains it all in just a few minutes of your time. To invite him to call on you places you *under no obligation*, except to give him those few minutes.

Won't you do that—for yourself? Today, mail the coupon!

—COUPON—

Mail to Investors Syndicate, Dept. C312, Minneapolis, Minnesota, or consult the telephone book for address of office in your city.

I am interested in Living Protection.

Name

Address

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

Founded 1894

Offices in 51 Principal Cities . . . Representatives Throughout United States and Canada

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

GORDON BLOUNT was the sort of fellow who's sure to make his mark. His specialty was getting things almost right. What he consistently failed to see was the other side of a question. He didn't see it, and so it didn't bother him, and so he made his mark—mostly on other people.

They fired him from Wiscasset College for exposing a scandal in the construction of the dormitories. But by that time he had fallen in love with the president's daughter, and expulsion made him a hero and a martyr.

It took time to convince him of the advisability of getting things exactly right. It took experience to show him the value of being "Last Year's Hero." And it took both and something more besides to win the girl. Elmer Davis tells you about it.

THEY were taking up the carpet on the grand staircase of the Music Hall: someone had lost a dwarf. That was a mistake—a stagehand had taken a joke as an order—but an understandable mistake. An elephant or a whale could be mislaid there—probably has been. Next week Walter Davenport takes you into this huge temple of the Muses in Radio City. You'll be dazzled by Roxyettes, staggered by moving stages and disappearing curtains, thrilled by song and electrified by Roxy himself. Don't get lost.

BUT enough of such futile dissipations. Our next duty is to look into the sinister occurrences "At Cinders Lake." Albert Richard Wetjen will be our guide, but you'd better come armed and don't rely on an ordinary rifle. What we have to deal with is a monster of the deep, a mammoth product of the primeval world which human eyes have never seen before.

W. B. COURTNEY introduces you to another extinct species—the Grand Dukes of old Russia. There's nothing terrifying about them, except possibly the dizzying profusion of their spending. You'll find them likable fellows, if a bit eccentric, and you'll enjoy their parties even if you don't approve them. When they were bent on entertaining, the sky bulged and groaned trying to keep up its reputation as a limit.

LEONA DALRYMPLE invites you to spend Christmas Eve, for a change, in a radio patrol car—"Signal 46." In this case it spells romance. Henri Duvernois writes the Short Short Story. Frank Condon, Ray Tucker, Alan LeMay, George Agnew Chamberlain and others keep abreast of the season. And the All-America Football Team lines up for the greater glory of sport.

This Week

December 23, 1933

Cover by Robert O. Reid

DAMON RUNYON

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GEORGES SURDEZ

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MARIE BEYNON RAY

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WALTER DAVENPORT

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FREDERICK NEBEL

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T. R. YBARRA

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RAY TUCKER

The Diplomatic Race. Leg work in many lands. Page 29

EDITORIAL

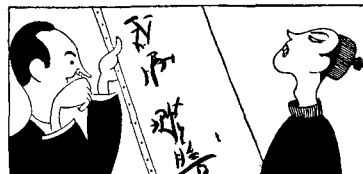
The Commodity Dollar. Page 50

Any Week

YOU who are by far too sagacious to miss this weekly department will remember (and those who don't ought to be ashamed of themselves) a recent complaint herein by a Mr. Hodgson about the plight of the "straight commission traveling salesman." Well, Mr. C. W. Granger of Pendleton, Oregon, has what we consider a few wise words for Mr. Hodgson. "I prescribe," says he, "that Mr. Hodgson read Collier's—this week, next week and any week. It will increase his sales. P. S.—Between you and me things are a little tough but the Missus and the kids are eating and so, hal-luhlah, is the old man."

"THIS nation," says Mr. N. R. Hoffman of Teaneck, New Jersey, "is going to be governed in the future either by cool heads or hot heads, so for God's sake and our own let's pull together under the far-seeing, courageous, intelligent leadership of our great President."

"NEVER Bet with a Sailor," which you doubtless read in Collier's recently, tickled Mr. W. A. Price of Los Angeles, California, amongst others—a great many others. But Mr. Price is not one to overlook details. The artist illustrating Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's story apparently did not know that "a sailor cannot go into Tia Juana while in uniform." And we'd publish the reason for his exclusion, too, if we knew it. Or would it be too personal?



HAVE to be pretty careful about things like that. For example, we may have gone a bit too far in a January issue we've just been fooling around with. There'll be a Far-East yarn in it, illustrated by the capable C. C. Beall. One of Mr. Beall's illustrations carries a line of Chinese which, just to play safe, we showed to a Chinese diplomat. With all his native dignity he declined to tell us what the characters meant. He seemed a bit hurt too. Then we took it to a celebrated Chinese scholar, who likewise refused to read the line. But he seemed more amazed than hurt and told us that the Chinese government did not permit such things. He left us, muttering a Cantonese imprecation which made us so mad that we resolved to let Mr. Beall have it his own way. So we've refused to change a word of it and warn you now that we shan't take a single syllable back.

WE NEVER fancied ourself as a style promoter or prophet of fashion. Yet behold us. In comes one of the world's most celebrated dressmakers, the sort of modiste who wouldn't think of threading a needle for much less than a princely retainer. Well, he tells us that more than a year ago a girl in one of our covers wore a green ensemble which subsequently became the darling of every ambitious young woman's wardrobe. The touches and fillips to that green gown were added by the artist at the suggestion of a member of our own staff, Miss Aimee Larkin. So you see how it is. Rally 'round us. You simply can't lose.

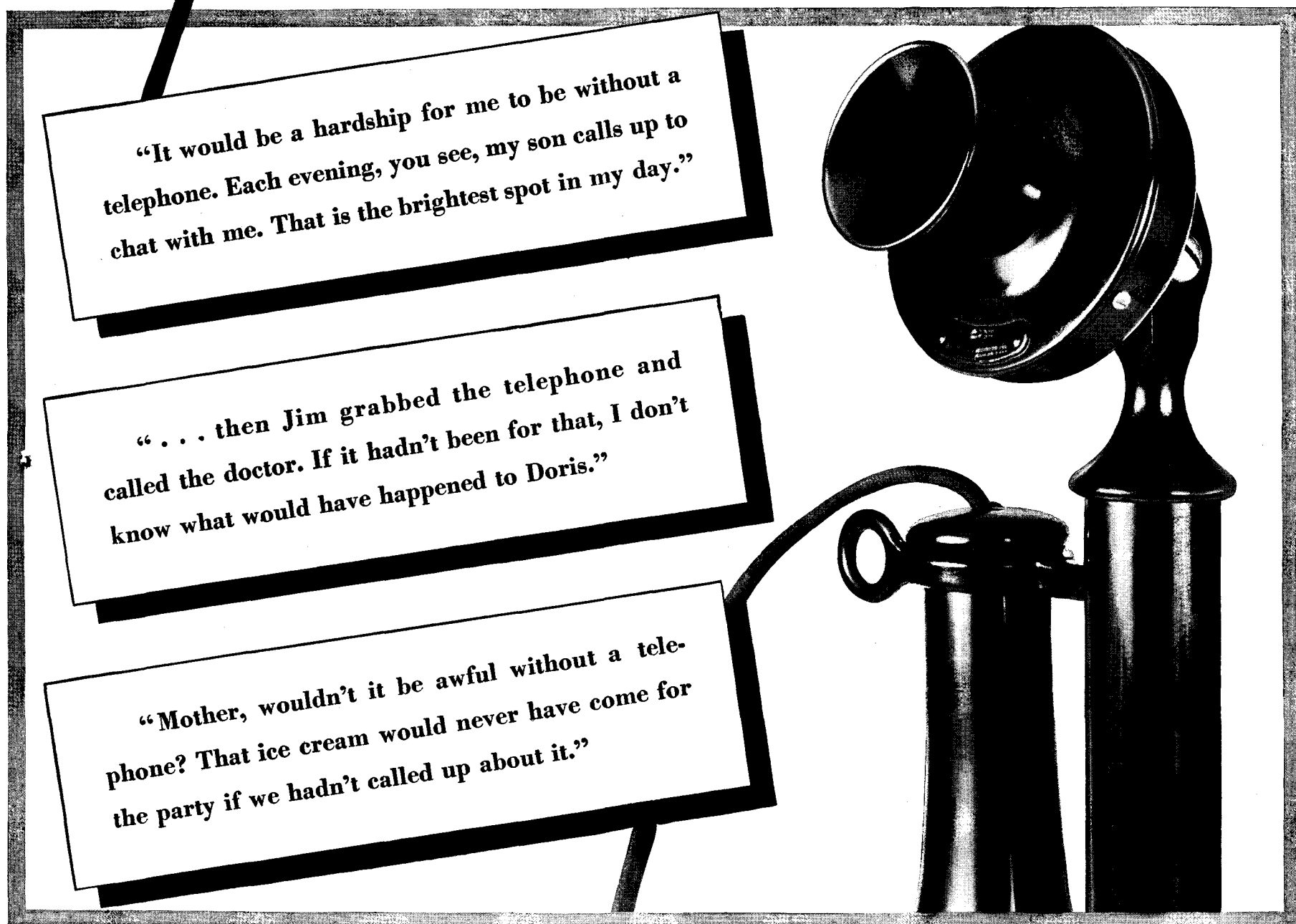


"EVERY real sportsman in the United States will heartily thank you for publishing W. B. Courtney's article, 'Unhappy Hunting Grounds,'" cries Mr. Winslow P. Humphrey of Elizabeth, New Jersey. "Such knowledge as he displays can only be acquired through years of bitter experience. Conservation has become a racket in some states. . . . We have two types of game wardens . . . seasoned, welcome woodsmen with full knowledge of the game they protect . . . and misfit, ignorant louts who would be more at home in pool-rooms."

WELL, we guess it was coming to us. Here we were patting ourselves on the back and screaming our virtues. We should have known that somebody was going to get pretty tired of listening. Mr. L. C. Knudsen of Waterville, Kansas, did. He thinks we don't pay enough attention to "a higher standard of life." Says Mr. Knudsen: "With scandals and moral depravity held aloft as the goal worthy of human desire and pursuit in happiness, the perversity involved is of the hopeless kind. Proving profitable enterprise, the purveyor of such is satisfied regardless of the moral havoc wrought on the minds and bodies of the miserable addicts of such soul-destroying pleasant doctrines." All this, and more, about us.

BUT some people still believe in us. Here's Mr. Ernest Warden of Wichita, Kansas, trustfully laying his problems before us. "What," demands he, "are we going to do about the increasing prevalence of canine footprints on the newly laid concrete sidewalks which are paid for by the taxpayers of the United States?"

A Friend in the house



THERE are many fine things in life that we take almost for granted. Health, water, sunlight, green fields, loyal friends, a home to live in. . . . Not until some mischance deprives us of these priceless possessions do we learn to esteem them at their true value.

It is in much the same manner that most people regard the telephone. Millions of men and women have never known what it is to be without one. Each day, each week, each year, they use it freely, casually, as a matter of course.

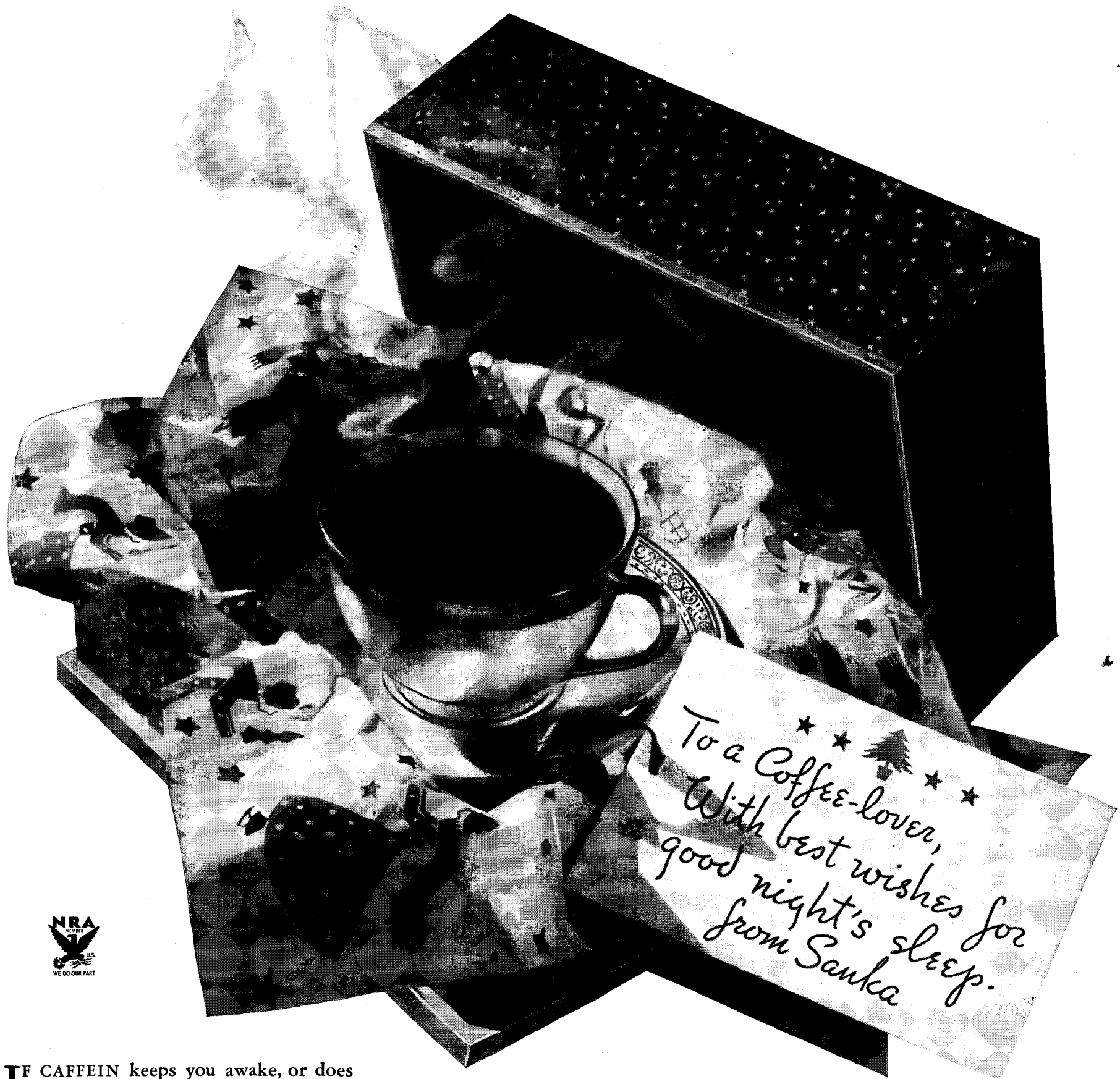
The telephone has won an important place for itself in life

and living because of service rendered. To keep friend in constant touch with friend, to help manage a household smoothly and efficiently, to give larger scope and opportunity to business of every kind, to protect loved ones in time of unexpected danger . . . this is the task of the telephone.

It stands ever ready to serve you—to carry your voice and your words to any one of millions of other telephones in this country or in foreign lands. You are in touch with everything and everybody when you have a telephone.

A M E R I C A N T E L E P H O N E A N D T E L E G R A P H C O M P A N Y





IF CAFFEIN keeps you awake, or does things to your nerves and digestion, Sanka Coffee has a gift for you.

This gift is complete freedom from all the ill-effects caffein inflicts upon you.

For Sanka Coffee is *real* coffee, with 97% of the caffein removed! . . . *delicious* coffee you can drink at *any* time—without regrets!

In case that sounds almost too good to be true, make the famous night-test. Drink your first cup of Sanka Coffee at night. You'll find it as delicious a coffee as ever passed your lips.

And next morning, after a sound night's sleep, you'll know that this is a coffee that will not keep you awake.

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee in vacuum-sealed cans, with the guarantee of your money back if it does not live up to your hopes. Sanka *all-purpose* grind makes excellent coffee, by any method, including drip. It is a product of General Foods.

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. COL.—12-33

Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps to cover the cost of mailing and packing, for which please send me a ¼-lb. sample can of Sanka Coffee.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

This offer expires July 1, 1934—not good in Canada

Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE • DRINK IT AND SLEEP!



ONE cold winter afternoon I am standing at the bar in Good Time Charley's little drum in West 49th Street, partaking of a mixture of rock candy and rye whisky, and this is a most surprising thing for me to be doing, as I am by no means a rumpot, and very seldom indulge in alcoholic beverages in any way, shape, manner, or form.

But when I step into Good Time Charley's on the afternoon in question, I am feeling as if maybe I have a touch of grippe coming on, and Good Time Charley tells me that there is nothing in this world as good for a touch of grippe as rock candy and rye whisky, as it assassinates the germs at once.

It seems that Good Time Charley always keeps a stock of rock candy and rye whisky on hand for touches of the grippe, and he gives me a few doses immediately, and in fact Charley takes a few doses with me, as he says there is no telling but what I am scattering germs of my touch of the grippe all around the joint, and he must safeguard his health. We are both commencing to feel much better when the door opens, and who comes in but a guy by the name of Blondy Swanson.

THIS Blondy Swanson is a big, six-foot-two guy, with straw-colored hair, and pink cheeks, and he is originally out of Harlem, and it is well known to one and all that in his day he is the largest puller on the Atlantic seaboard. In fact, for upwards of ten years, Blondy is bringing wet goods into New York from Canada, and one place and another, and in all this time he never gets a fall, which is considered a phenomenal record for an operator as extensive as Blondy.

Well, Blondy steps up alongside me at the bar, and I ask him if he cares to have a few doses of rock candy and rye whisky with me and Good Time Charley, and Blondy says he will consider it a privilege and a pleasure, because, he says, he always has something of a sweet tooth. So we have these few



Many citizens almost lose their minds just gazing at her

The Three Wise Guys

By Damon Runyon

An exciting Christmas story which will greatly surprise those citizens who have been wondering what became of Miss Clarabelle Cobb, who was once the town's most beautiful doll

doses, and I say to Blondy Swanson that I hope and trust that business is thriving with him.

"I have no business," Blondy Swanson says. "I retire from business."

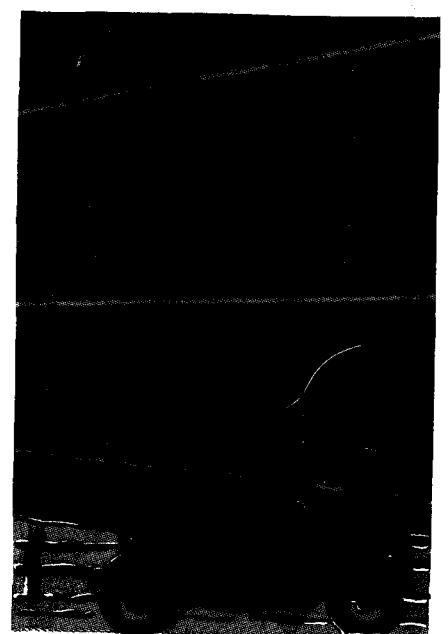
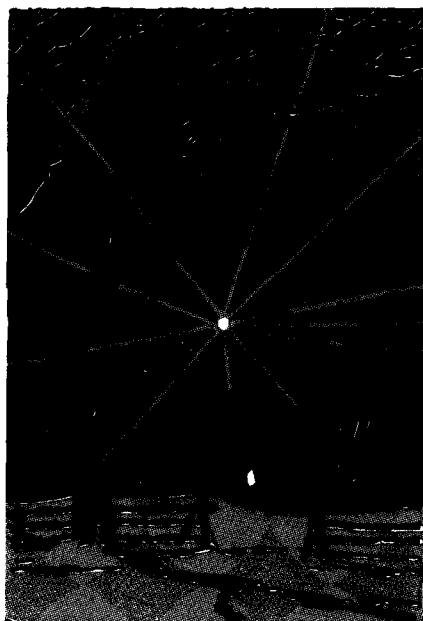
Well, if J. Pierpont Morgan, or John D. Rockefeller, or Henry Ford step up and tell me they retire from business, I will not be more astonished than I am by this statement from Blondy Swanson, and in fact not as much. I consider Blondy's statement the most important commercial announcement I hear in many years, and naturally I ask him why he makes such a decision, and what is to become of thousands of citizens who are dependent on him for merchandise.

"WELL," Blondy says, "I retire from business because I am one hundred per cent American citizen. In fact," he says, "I am a patriot. I serve my country in the late war. I am cited at Château-Thierry. I always vote the straight Democratic ticket, except," he says, "when we figure it better to elect some Republican. I always stand up when the band plays the Star Spangled Banner. One year I even pay an income tax," Blondy says.

And of course I know that many of these things are true, although I remember hearing rumors that if the draft officer is along half an hour later than he is, he will not see Blondy for heel dust, and that what Blondy is cited for at Château-Thierry is for not robbing the dead.

But of course I do not speak of these matters to Blondy Swanson, because Blondy is not such a guy as will care to listen to rumors, and may become indignant, and when Blondy is indignant he is very difficult to get along with.

"Now," Blondy says, "I am a bootie for a long time, and supply very fine merchandise to my trade, as everybody knows, and it is a respectable business, because one and all in this country are in favor of it, except the prohibitionists. But," he says, "I can see into the future, and I can see that one of these



days they are going to repeal the prohibition law, and then it will be most unpatriotic to be bringing in wet goods from foreign parts in competition with home industry. So I retire," Blondy says.

"Well, Blondy," I say, "your sentiments certainly do you credit, and if we have more citizens as high minded as you are, this will be a better country."

"Furthermore," Blondy says, "there is no money in booting any more. All the booties in this country are broke. I am broke myself," he says. "I just lose the last piece of property I own in the world, which is the twenty-five-G home I build in Atlantic City, figuring to spend the rest of my days there with Miss Clarabelle Cobb, before she takes a runout powder on me. Well," Blondy says, "if I only listen to Miss Clarabelle Cobb, I will now be an honest clerk in a gents' furnishing store, with maybe a cute little apartment up around 110th Street, and children running all around and about."

And with this, Blondy sighs heavily, and I sigh with him, because the romance of Blondy Swanson and Miss Clarabelle Cobb is well known to one and all on Broadway.

IT GOES back a matter of anyway six years when Blondy Swanson is making money so fast he can scarcely stop to count it, and at this time Miss Clarabelle Cobb is the most beautiful doll in this town, and many citizens almost lose their minds just gazing at her when she is a member of Mr. Georgie White's Scandals, including Blondy Swanson.

In fact, after Blondy Swanson sees Miss Clarabelle Cobb in just one performance of Mr. Georgie White's Scandals, he is never quite the same guy again. He goes to a lot of bother meeting up with Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and then he takes to hanging out around Mr. Georgie White's stage door, and sending Miss Clarabelle Cobb ten-pound boxes of candy, and floral horseshoes, and wreaths, and also packages of

childhood that rum is a terrible thing, and personally I think it is myself, except in cocktails, and furthermore, the last thing her mamma tells her when she leaves for New York is to beware of any guys who come around offering her diamond bracelets and fur coats, because her mamma says such guys are undoubtedly snakes in the grass, and probably on the make.

BUT while she will not accept his offerings, Miss Clarabelle Cobb does not object to going out with Blondy Swanson now and then, and putting on the chicken Mexicaine, and the lobster Newburg, and other items of this nature, and any time you put a good-looking young guy and a beautiful doll together over the chicken Mexicaine and the lobster Newburg often enough, you are apt to have a case of love on your hands.

And this is what happens to Blondy Swanson and Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and in fact they become in love more than somewhat, and Blondy Swanson is wishing to marry Miss Clarabelle Cobb, but one night over a batch of lobster Newburg, she says to him like this:

"Blondy," she says, "I love you, and," she says, "I will marry you in a minute if you get out of trafficking in rum. I will marry you if you are out of the rum business, and do not have a dime, but I will never marry you as long as you are dealing in rum, no matter if you have a hundred million."

Well, Blondy says he will get out of the racket at once, and he keeps saying this every now and then for a year or so, and the chances are that several times he means it, but when a guy is in this business in those days as strong as Blondy Swanson it is not so easy for him to get out, even if he wishes to do so. And then one day Miss Clarabelle Cobb has a talk with Blondy, and says to him as follows:

"Blondy," she says, "I still love you, but you care more for your business than you do for me. So I am going back

pathy to Blondy about being broke, and I also mention that my heart bleeds for him in his loss of Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and we have a few doses of rock candy and rye whisky on both propositions, and by this time Good Time Charley runs out of rock candy, and anyway it is a lot of bother for him to be mixing it up with the rye whisky, so we have the rye whisky without the rock candy, and personally I do not notice much difference.

Well, while we are standing there at the bar having our rye whisky without the rock candy, who comes in but an old guy by the name of The Dutchman, who is known to one and all as a most illegal character in every respect. In fact, The Dutchman has no standing whatever in the community, and I am somewhat surprised to see him appear in Good Time Charley's, because The Dutchman is generally a lammie from some place, and the gendarmes everywhere are always anxious to have a chat with him. The last I hear of The Dutchman he is in college somewhere out West for highway robbery, although afterwards he tells me it is a case of mistaken identity. It seems he mistakes a copper in plain clothes for a groceryman.

The Dutchman is an old-fashioned looking guy of maybe fifty-odd, and he has gray hair, and a stubby gray beard, and he is short, and thickset, and always good-natured, even when there is no call for it, and to look at him you will think there is no more harm in him than there is in a preacher, and maybe not as much.

As The Dutchman comes in, he takes a peek all around and about as if he is looking for somebody in particular, and when he sees Blondy Swanson he moves up alongside Blondy and begins whispering to Blondy until Blondy pulls away and tells him to speak freely.

NOW The Dutchman has a very interesting story, and it goes like this:

It seems that about eight or nine months back The Dutchman is mobbed up with a party of three very classy heavy guys who make quite a good thing of going around knocking off safes in small-town jugs, and post offices, and stores in small towns, and taking the money, or whatever else is valuable in these safes. This is once quite a popular custom in this country, although it dies out to some extent of late years because they improve the brand of safes so much it is a lot of bother knocking them off, but it comes back during the depression when there is no other way of making money, until it is a very prosperous business again. And of course this is very nice for old-time heavy guys, such as The Dutchman, because it gives them something to do in their old age.

Anyway, it seems that this party The Dutchman is with goes over into Pennsylvania one night on a tip from a friend and knocks off a safe in a factory office, and gets a pay roll amounting to maybe fifty G's. But it seems that while they are making their getaway in an automobile, the gendarmes take out after them, and there is a chase, during which there is considerable blasting back and forth.

Well, finally in this blasting, the three guys with The Dutchman get cooled off, and The Dutchman also gets shot up quite some, and he abandons the automobile out on an open road, taking the money, which is in a gripsack, with him, and he somehow manages to escape the gendarmes by going across country, and hiding here and there.

But The Dutchman gets pretty well petered out, what with his wounds, and trying to lug the gripsack, and one night he comes to an old deserted barn, and he decides to stash the gripsack in this barn, because there is no chance he

can keep lugging it around much longer. So he takes up a few boards in the floor of the barn, and digs a nice hole in the ground underneath and plants the gripsack there, figuring to come back some day and pick it up.

Well, The Dutchman gets over into New Jersey one way and another, and lays up in a town by the name of New Brunswick until his wounds are healed, which requires considerable time as The Dutchman cannot take it nowadays as good as he can when he is younger.

Furthermore, even after The Dutchman recovers and gets to thinking of going after the stashed gripsack, he finds he is about half out of confidence, which is what happens to all guys when they commence getting old, and he figures that it may be a good idea to declare somebody else in to help him, and the first guy he thinks of is Blondy Swanson, because he knows Blondy Swanson is a very able citizen in every respect.

"NOW, Blondy," The Dutchman says, "if you like my proposition, I am willing to cut you in for fifty per cent, and fifty per cent of fifty G's is by no means pretzels in these times."

"Well, Dutchman," Blondy says, "I will gladly assist you in this enterprise on the terms you state. It appeals to me as a legitimate proposition, because there is no doubt this dough is coming to you, and from now on I am strictly legit. But in the meantime, let us have some more rock candy and rye whisky, without the rock candy, while we discuss the matter further."

But it seems The Dutchman does not care for rock candy and rye whisky, even without the rock candy, so Blondy Swanson and me and Good Time Charley continue taking our doses, and Blondy keeps getting more enthusiastic about The Dutchman's proposition until finally I become enthusiastic myself, and I say I think I will go along as it is an opportunity to see new sections of the country, while Good Time Charley states that it will always be the great regret of his life that his business keeps him from going, but that he will provide us with an ample store of rock candy and rye whisky, without the rock candy, in case we run into any touches of the grippe.

Well, anyway, this is how I come to be riding around in an old can belonging to The Dutchman on a very cold Christmas Eve with The Dutchman and Blondy Swanson, although none of us happen to think of it being Christmas Eve until we notice that there seems to

trinkets, including such articles as diamond bracelets, and brooches, and vanity cases, for there is no denying that Blondy is a fast guy with a dollar.

But it seems that Miss Clarabelle Cobb will not accept any of these offerings, except the candy and the flowers, and she goes so far as to return a sable coat that Blondy sends her one very cold day, and she is openly criticized for this action by some of the other dolls in Mr. Georgie White's Scandals, for they say that after all there is a limit even to eccentricity.

But Miss Clarabelle Cobb states that she is not accepting valuable offerings from any guy, and especially a guy who is engaged in trafficking in the demon rum, because she says that his money is nothing but blood money that comes from breaking the law of the land, although, as a matter of fact, this is a dead wrong rap against Blondy Swanson, as he never handles a drop of rum in his life, but only Scotch, and furthermore he keeps himself pretty well straightened out with the law.

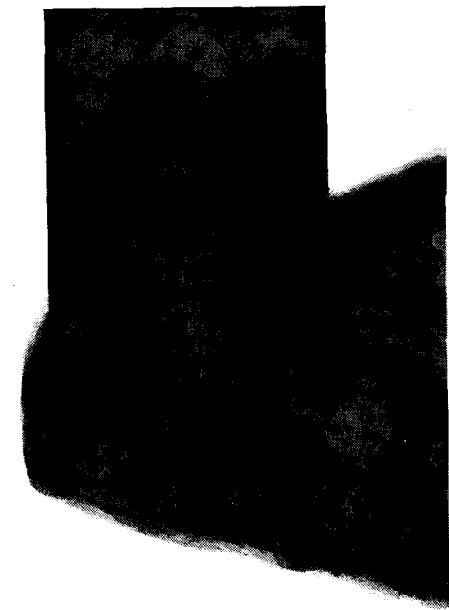
The idea is, Miss Clarabelle Cobb comes of very religious people back in Akron, Ohio, and she is taught from

to Ohio," she says. "I am sick and tired of Broadway, anyhow. Some day when you are really through with the terrible traffic you are now engaged in, come to me."

And with this, Miss Clarabelle Cobb takes plenty of outdoors on Blondy Swanson, and is seen no more in these parts. At first Blondy thinks she is only trying to put a little pressure on him, and will be back, but as the weeks become months, and the months finally count up into years, Blondy can see that she is by no means clowning with him. Furthermore, he never hears from her, and all he knows is she is back in Akron, Ohio.

WELL, Blondy is always promising himself that he will soon pack in on hauling wet goods, and go look up Miss Clarabelle Cobb and marry her, but he keeps putting it off, and putting it off, until finally one day he hears that Miss Clarabelle Cobb marries some legitimate guy in Akron, and this is a terrible blow to Blondy, indeed, and from this day he never looks at another doll again, or anyway not much.

Naturally, I express my deep sym-



Illustrated by
Robert O. Reid

be holly wreaths in windows here and there as we go bouncing along the roads, and finally we pass a little church that is all lit up, and somebody opens the door as we are passing, and we see a big Christmas tree inside the church, and it is a very pleasant sight, indeed, and in fact it makes me a little homesick, although of course the chances are I will not be seeing any Christmas trees even if I am home.

WE LEAVE Good Time Charley's along in mid-afternoon, with The Dutchman driving this old can of his, and all I seem to remember about the trip is going through a lot of little towns so fast they seem strung together, because most of the time I am dozing in the back seat.

Blondy Swanson is riding in the front seat with The Dutchman and Blondy also cops a little snooze now and then as we are going along, but whenever he happens to wake up he pokes me awake, too, so we can take a dose of rock candy and rye whisky, without the rock candy. So in many respects it is quite an enjoyable journey.

I recollect the little church because we pass it right after we go busting through a pretty fair-sized town, and I hear The Dutchman say the old barn is now only a short distance away, and by this time it is dark, and colder than a deputy sheriff's heart, and there is snow on the ground, although it is clear overhead, and I am wishing I am back in Mindy's restaurant wrapping myself around a nice T-bone steak, when I hear Blondy Swanson ask The Dutchman if he is sure he knows where he is going, as this seems to be an untraveled road, and The Dutchman states as follows:

"Why," he says, "I know I am on the right road. I am following the big star you see up ahead of us, because I remember seeing this star always in front of me when I am going along this road before."

So we kept following the star, but it turns out that it is not a star at all, but a light shining from the window of a ramshackle old frame building pretty well off to one side of the road and on a rise of ground, and when The Dutchman sees this light, he is greatly nonplussed, indeed, and speaks as follows:

"Well," he says, "this looks very much like my barn, but my barn does not call for a light in it. Let us investigate this matter before we go any farther."

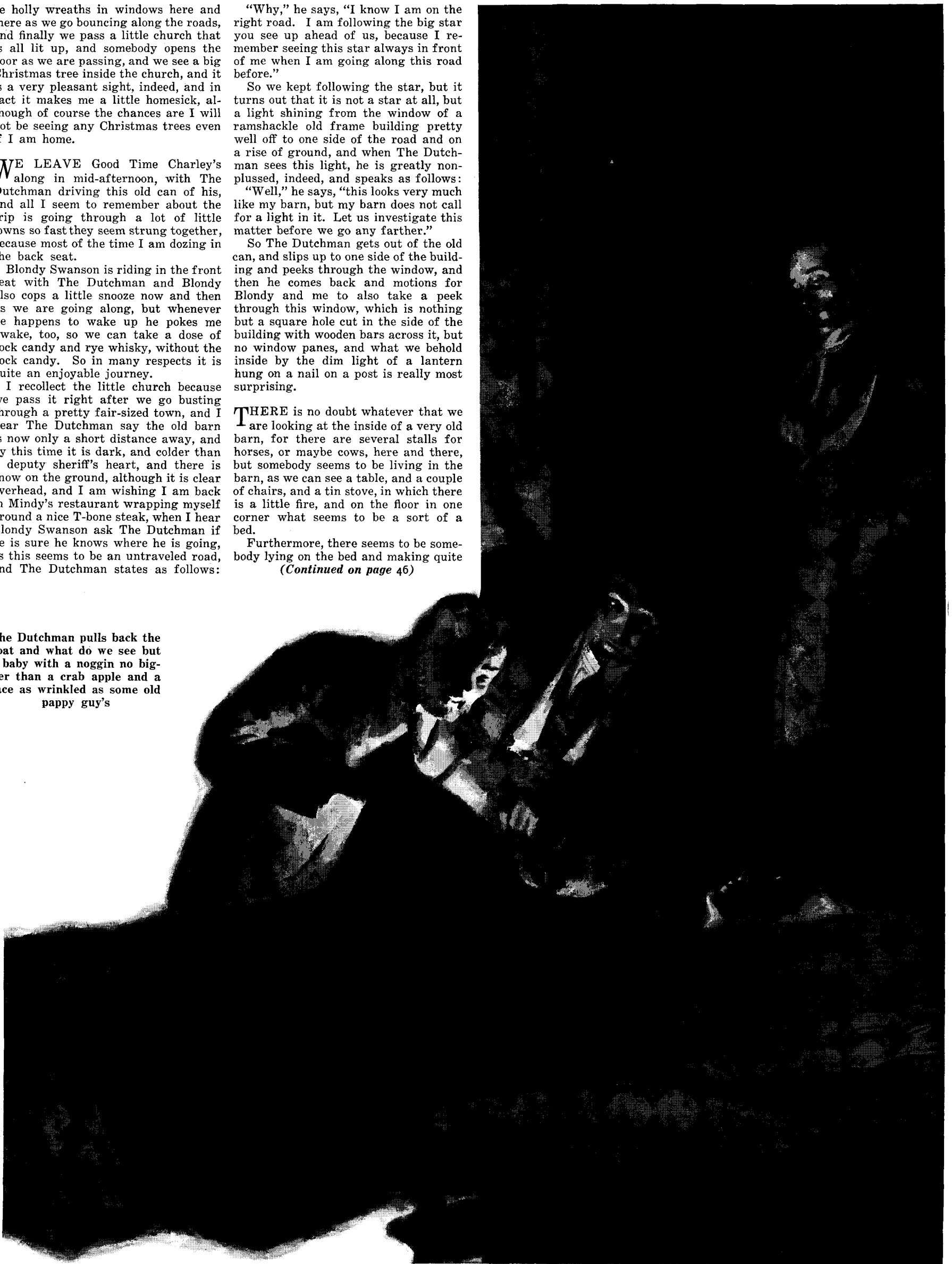
So The Dutchman gets out of the old can, and slips up to one side of the building and peeks through the window, and then he comes back and motions for Blondy and me to also take a peek through this window, which is nothing but a square hole cut in the side of the building with wooden bars across it, but no window panes, and what we behold inside by the dim light of a lantern hung on a nail on a post is really most surprising.

THERE is no doubt whatever that we are looking at the inside of a very old barn, for there are several stalls for horses, or maybe cows, here and there, but somebody seems to be living in the barn, as we can see a table, and a couple of chairs, and a tin stove, in which there is a little fire, and on the floor in one corner what seems to be a sort of a bed.

Furthermore, there seems to be somebody lying on the bed and making quite

(Continued on page 46)

The Dutchman pulls back the coat and what do we see but a baby with a noggin no bigger than a crab apple and a face as wrinkled as some old pappy guy's





Look—he's talked to that woman. She believes him. He's giving her money—her fare away from this place. That's why he came

Illustrated by
George Howe

A Job in the Legion

By Georges Surdez

One of those rare and beautiful episodes which only superb heroism makes possible. Heroism? Perhaps Legionnaire Clement would give it another name

NO, THERE is nothing much to see here. You can go into almost any house of this sort in North Africa and see the same pink plaster, the identical arches, the bar and the iron railings, with the big, square stairwell in the middle. You can find the same girls in Oran, in Casablanca, in Meknes, anywhere, as here, in Sidi-bel-Abbès. The drinks are not of the choicest quality, and I would stick to bottled beer in this establishment!

But legionnaires come here for a good time. When you asked me to take you somewhere to see men of the Foreign Legion at ease, I naturally thought of this dump, *Le Palmier*. Many thousands of men have passed through this town, even counting them only since the World War, but I don't believe you could find one who has not crossed the small bridge we just crossed, who has not entered this door—if only to have a couple of drinks and a look around.

Old Zorah owns and runs this place. "Zorah the Legion," there behind the bar. She's as much part of the Corps as the colonel himself. Types? You see that fellow over there, two tables from the bar? Big, broad-shouldered, quiet chap? That's Clement. He's a priest.

Odd sort of a man. I've been in the Legion since a couple of months after the Armistice; I've served in Morocco and Syria; in the Sahara. Before that I was six years in the German Army, four and a half of them on active serv-

ice. So I know courage when I see it, and nobody can fool me when it comes to guts. All right, take a look at Clement—

He is not handsome, is he? His nose is too big, his mouth too wide, and that short haircut makes him look like a convict. But he's a good legionnaire, and I have seen him do something bigger than anything you've ever heard about. You see a lot of men around here with crosses and medals. Clement has only a couple of campaign badges.

HE NEVER told me his story. I pieced it together as I went along, partly from what I heard from his pal, Moreaux, who talked a lot when he was drunk and got drunk a lot; partly from what I witnessed myself. It would be too long to tell you the story as I picked it up. You know what the Legion is: you lose sight of a man for years at a time, when you're in the Tonkin while he's in Morocco, or the other way around.

That woman he's talking to? She's rigged out like a Moorish girl, but she's Belgian, and a Roman Catholic. You see that sort here once in a while, slid down from the *Moulin Rouge* a couple of doors away. I thought that Clement would hear about her and come around. You'll understand why later.

Must have been around the middle of 1922 when Clement and Moreaux came to the Legion. The recruits who came in the same draft from Marseilles told us that they had been together, that they seemed old friends. Didn't have to know either one long to see that they were not from the city. Why? Did you ever see a man who played on pavements as a kid look at a field in a certain way? Or pick up clods from a plowed stretch to crumble between his hands? That love for the earth, that curiosity about soil, is in peasants.

This fellow, Moreaux, was shorter than Clement, not quite so big around the chest, but he was a sturdy fellow

just the same. Out of formation, he walked with his feet apart, and you could see he had put in his years behind a plow. As for Clement, he had a lot of gentle, easy gestures, walked something like a woman—he had worn the cassock. But, even before it became an open secret that he was a priest, nobody kidded him, because he was awfully strong.

He was so strong that Moreaux was afraid of him. Moreaux liked to drink, but would wait until Clement was on duty. He drank then, and he was a nasty fellow when he had stowed away a few quarts. But even when crazy drunk, so it took six men to handle him, he would start trembling when Clement came along. It was at one of those times that Moreaux gave the whole thing away by calling the big man "my father," although there wasn't ten years between them.

I STARTED to wonder, because being a priest is a nice, steady occupation, and not likely to lead a fellow to the Legion. Clement, from what I could see, had liked the work—yet here he was, second-class legionnaire, on five *sous* a day. I was a private then, and took to going about with Moreaux, to find out. It was queer to hear him talk. You could see that he felt he was doing wrong. But once started, he couldn't stop. His lips and his tongue would move, the words would come out, and all the time he had a desperate look in his eyes, as if he

were struggling to stop his mouth. Then he'd fall asleep and when he woke up would have forgotten what he had said.

But he never told me his real name, or Clement's real name. I found out that they were both Frenchmen, from somewhere in the east—Burgundy, I guessed.

Clement came from very poor people. His father had been a farm hand, when pay for that sort of work was all of three francs a day. From the time he had been old enough to walk Clement had longed to be a priest. The father was against it, and tried to beat the idea out of his head. But the mother and the village priest helped him. By the time he returned from the seminary both his parents had died. He was given a church not two miles from his home village.

THE people did not like him at first. They remembered him with dirty, ragged clothes, patches on the seat of his pants, and they were afraid of trusting their souls to him. The men who had played with him as a boy, who recalled that he had worn their cast-off garments, were amused. Then it all changed. Everybody soon knew that he understood the country as nobody else did, that he was on the job, always ready to go anywhere, everywhere, do anything, everything, at the first call. He was getting on all right.

A new guy came from Paris to open a repair shop for autos and bicycles. He brought a woman with him, a pretty, blond, young thing, who wore smart clothes. The two fought all the time, and she would have a black eye from time to time, too. Clement called on her, talked with her, and before long she tamed down a lot and attended church regularly.

The mechanic was sore at that, because he was a free-thinker, and did not like religion. His business was not going well—strangers have a hard time in the country—and he quit, left suddenly. The girl stayed, doing dress-making for the women of the village, who hated her because all the young

men were mad about her, but admitted that she had a knack for the business.

In a small place, it was soon noticed that she was in love with Clement. She made a show of herself, staring at him in church, sending him gifts, waiting on the roads, far from the village, to walk and talk with him. There was no harm in that, for he paid no attention to her that anyone knew, but some old woman or other must have written the bishop, because Clement was sent for and avoided her more when he came back from the interview with his superior.

She noticed this very soon, and got

angry. She talked about him, caused scandal. She would sneer at him and insult him on the street. Moreaux said that several times she had given him thick letters to take to Clement, which the priest would burn without reading, after the first one.

At last she gave up and said she was going back to Paris, to join the mechanic. People saw her start for the railroad station, about a mile from the village, with a suitcase in her hand. And the next thing that anyone knew, Clement came with blood on his cassock, said that he had found the girl's body behind a hedge, five hundred yards from

the last house. She was dead, murdered!

The mayor telephoned for the police. Someone had waited for the girl, had drawn her aside on some pretext or other, and had battered her head in. Clement explained that he had seen the suitcase in the ditch, thought it queer, and had looked for her. He claimed that he had got blood on his clothing when he had tried to help her, before he was sure she was dead.

Who had killed her? The mechanic proved that he had been working in a factory near Paris, six hundred miles away! The people working in the fields had seen no stranger, and could think of no one on the road except the priest. In a small village, politics are always bitter. There were some who were glad to attack a priest. Clement received word that he would be arrested and tried. He did not appear frightened, but he got Moreaux to take him to the city with his horse and buggy, where he went to see his superiors. What was said, what happened, Moreaux never knew. But Clement said he was going away.

MOREAUX insisted on going. He said he loved Clement like a brother, had a great veneration for him, and knew him to be innocent. He used to tell a long yarn of how they had dodged the police, until they had enlisted in the Legion. Clement was a model soldier from the start. He never was punished, never talked back. All the time I've known him, he has lived like a priest, as much as he could in the army. Only, he never actually fought, always contriving to be a liaison runner or to stick with the ambulance. He refused to become a corporal, and nobody insisted. A man's motives are his own, in the Legion.

Moreaux was not good enough to be promoted. He was intelligent, but he drank too much. I lost sight of them for over a year when I was promoted to sergeant in the Second Regiment, in Morocco. I had almost forgotten them when they came to my company, about two years back, with a reinforcement draft. That was the time a column was sent south from Taza to wipe up the rebel tribes. I've seen Verdun and the Somme, so I don't get excited easily. But that job was hard, tough on the legs, and there was plenty of fighting.

The Chleuh mountaineers were like fiends, and you can't blame them—they were defending their own homes. Even with our machine guns, automatic rifles, grenades and airplanes we had some hard days. Moreaux was the rifle-grenadier in my combat group. He was brave enough, but he seemed afraid to die then! That may sound funny: afraid to die—because everybody is afraid of that. I mean that he was scared in a different way from the rest of us—had something on his mind that worried him.

"LISTEN, Sergeant," he said to me one day: "We used to be pals in Sidi-bel-Abbès, didn't we? Will you do me a favor if I get hit and I'm not killed outright?"

"Write your name and address on a slip of paper," I told him, thinking he was worrying over being killed and his folks never learning what had become of him. "Stick it in a cartridge case. Then, if I can, I'll get it out and notify your family."

"That's not the idea, Sergeant."

"Well, what is?"

"Send for Clement if I get hit."

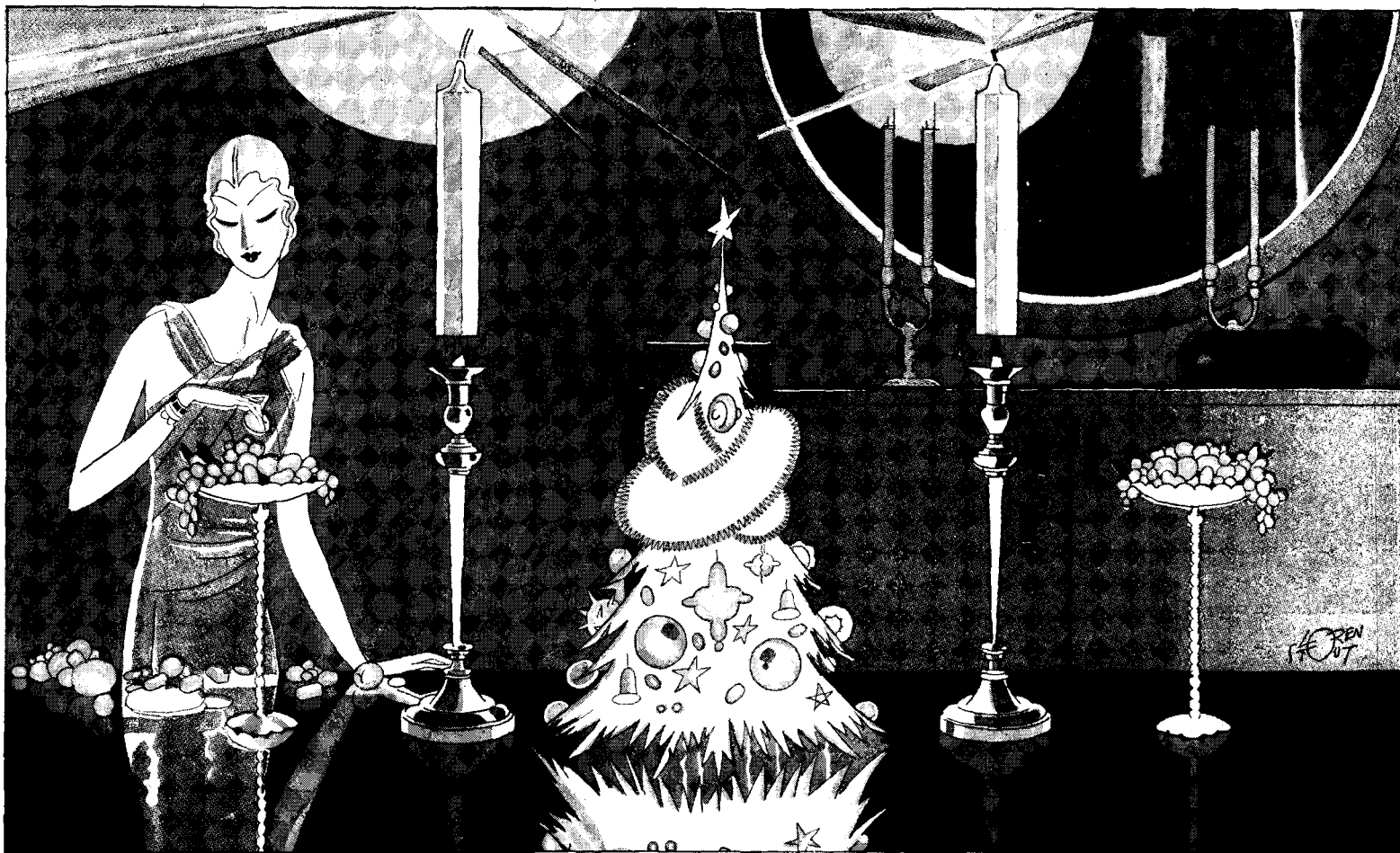
"Eh, you've talked a lot while drunk," I reminded him. "I know why you two beat it from home. Is that what you want to tell him? You know who did it?"

"Yes, Sergeant." Moreaux grew sort

(Continued on page 38)



I saw the big tanned fingers clasped around the crucifix whiten at the knuckles. Clement's free hand grabbed Moreaux's neck



Loren Stout

For the limited budget, party settings can be laid in magnificent simplicity

Set for the Season

By Marie Beynon Ray

Given a table, food and guests, is your dinner a meal or a party? Table decorations help give the answer. So, in the party cause, here are some table tips for the coming holidays

IT WAS in Mary Garden's apartment in Monte Carlo that this party took place. Grace Moore, who had the Garden apartment for the winter, gave the party, and when Grace Moore throws a party, it is a party, even if (and it *has* happened) she has to sell her little pink shirt to pay for it. There was one Christmas . . . but that was a long time ago.

This Christmas the goose hung high and there was no talk of deferred payments or making the old table service do, but only talk of how many cases of champagne should be ordered, of whether the butler and the second man could pull it off or if an extra footman or two would be ostentatious and of what celebrities and titled folk would have to worry along without an invitation. . . . It was that kind of a party.

What engages our attention at this moment is not what exciting dishes may be served at the coming festivals—Christmas, New Year's, and the February birthdays—nor even how the guests may be fittingly entertained, but how to decorate the table so that, as the doors swing open, the beholders will faint from sheer amazement.

This particular table was a triumph of decoration. Remember, it was Monte Carlo outside—sunshiny, sparkling Monte Carlo with the smart world drinking aperitifs at the sidewalk café just under the windows and those incredible Casino gardens where, if there's a light frost in the night, new plants, hastily substituted at dawn, bloom intensely the next day. Nothing too Christmasy, too blatantly red, white and green, would look right in such surroundings.

So on this table were no miniature Christmas trees or Santa Clauses, no mounds of mistletoe, no orgies of fruits and nuts, no phalanxes of bayberry candles—no, not even a little modest sprig of holly. But instead, down the

middle of the burnished mahogany, unblemished even by doilies, marched a procession of urns—beautiful, antique, black and green, Napoleonic urns, a large one in the center flanked by two smaller ones, all strung together by heavy, graduated ropes of deep green laurel tied to the vases with stiff bow-knots of gold and silver ribbon. Of course, there was the usual outlying array of place plates, glasses and flat silver, all in black and silver, but a clean sweep had been made of the entire middle of the table to permit the hushed, the dignified, the resplendent procession of these stately urns.

Atmosphere Within Reason

Now there's an idea! Christmas doesn't occur only where there's snow and holly. The twenty-fifth of December bobs up just as punctually in Florida and California, smothered in roses and orange blossoms, as it does in Maine or Alaska. Naturally there must be a Christmasy atmosphere, but within reason—not too much at odds with the burning golf courses and welter of flowers beyond the French windows. So you sun-dwellers consider these laurel-draped urns and try something in that vein.

Miss Moore—who is also Mrs. Valentin de Parera—gave the credit for this inspiration to Boni de Castellane who,

in his day, was such a party-giver as there has seldom been since Timon of Athens. But Miss Moore—whose grand-opera voice you doubtless tune in on over the radio or whom you may have heard as Juliet or Mimi at the Metropolitan or seen in the movies, and who, you've probably heard by this time, is starring this season in several new cinema productions—this same versatile Miss Moore has plenty of ideas of her own about table decoration.

"Even if only two or three old friends are coming," she once said to me, "I like to do something new and surprising with the table. The decorating of the table is the one thing which the hostess, no matter how butler-ridden, always looks after herself—a nice little attention to her guests. If it's only the color scheme in the flowers and candies—that's something, but personally I like to let myself go, particularly on holidays, and work out a scheme of decoration that is unique—different and exciting, you know."

There was one New Year's party. It was an afternoon reception in the good old tradition of everybody drop-in-and-have-a-cocktail; so there were punch bowls, hot and cold hors d'œuvres, finger sandwiches, fruit cakes—all that sort of thing. But even the thirstiest, before seizing his glass, paused a moment to gasp at the beauty of the setting—a small drama in red and white.

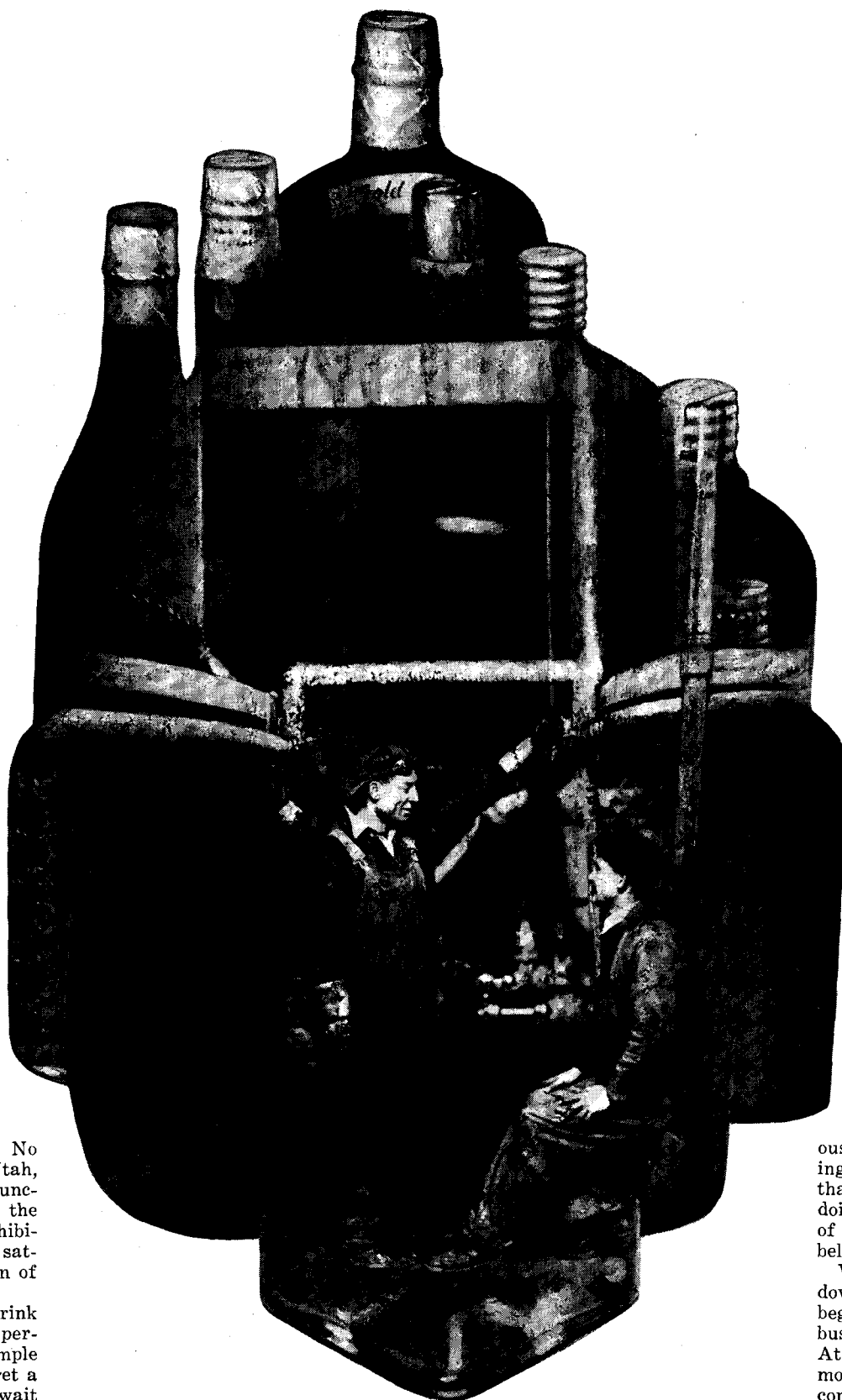
The table, laid with a white lace cloth, was centered with a long, low bowl of white opaque glass, overflowing with red roses (dozens of tight buds and a few full-bloom flowers) and white trillium trailing far out. Just out of reach of the last little tendril rose, at each end, an opaque white glass compote bearing a mound of red mints. The tumblers were of ruby glass, the plates of white china, and the whole effect was accentuated by the fact that the table stood in a red and white room—white walls, white chairs covered in crimson brocade, and enormous bouquets of red and white flowers in alabaster vases raised high on white tripods.

Left-Overs for Rich Effect

But Grace Moore remembers other parties where "Spare no expense" was certainly not the slogan of the day. She remembers, in particular, one Christmas when there almost was no party—when a musical comedy road company had suddenly folded up, not even paying carfares back to town, and she had slipped unheralded into New York. No money—no job—no home—so Grace Moore, who believed firmly that the future prima donna should never lack a Merry Christmas, rented a quite elegant furnished apartment (for one month), called up everyone she knew, borrowed here and charged there, and on Christmas Day entertained at dinner (with the assistance of a borrowed maid) a select group of friends.

"The table decorations were what worried me most," says Miss Moore, telling the story. "I knew I had to use ingenuity instead of money, so when I finished trimming the Christmas tree, I sat down to think it out. All about me lay the discarded ornaments from the tree—bruised and broken balls, battered birds, fruits without rings.

(Continued on page 49)



Our distilleries are filled with eleventh-hour workers whose job is to catch up with America's fourteen-year-old thirst

DOUBTLESS you too heard it. No sooner had the news from Utah, of all places, seeped in announcing that she had become the thirty-sixth state to renounce prohibition than a windy sigh of relief and satisfaction arose from a large portion of our population.

For now, you see, one might drink without violating the federal and personal constitution. At last the simple physiological rules were going to get a break. Of course we would have to wait a month until the late contributors to repeal should go through the formality of ratifying the will of the people by state convention vote; but with all this salvation at hand who would quibble over a matter of four little weeks? After fourteen years of waiting? Even the non-drinkers (by no means to be confused with the dries) agreed that it was all indeed true and that the outlook was a perfectly splendid thing for the country in general.

It would be fine for all concerned—for Uncle George for example. Uncle George had been one of that large army of consistent bottle tipplers who, come what might, and law or no law, were going to have their liquor—and had it. He was one of those independent souls who would as readily go out of an evening without their pants as without a drink or two. He had been having his liquor for years and nothing short of the last round-up was going to stop him. And, as his nervous and digestive systems had been none too husky for some time now, repeal was going to mend all that. Whatever it was that was slowing Uncle George up, it was generally and gener-

ously laid to the stuff he had been buying from Tony. Tony's stuff was better than nothing, we granted, but it wasn't doing his customers much good. Sort of dissolved you and promoted too much belching.

We might pause here a moment to set down something we never knew until we began looking into this whisky revival business. Perhaps it's news to you too. At Harvard University, after some months of painstaking analysis and comparison, the chemists have found that Tony's stuff wasn't so bad after all. Not, at any rate, as ruinous as we were led by the finger-shakers to believe. The pharmacologists at Cambridge took a whole row of samples of genuine bottled-in-bond whisky, known to the law and the trade as straight whisky—four years old and older. These samples were of what we have come to know as medicinal whisky, which we had been obtaining on prescription no matter how well we felt.

Against these legally distilled spirits were arrayed a similar number of samples of cut, compounded and imitation whisky made supposedly in circumstances and surroundings which might have sickened a Mississippi River barge hand. And what? They found that 93 per cent of the straight stuff, the medicinal whisky, was "slightly more toxic" than any of the spurious and cut stuff they had gathered from Red, Tony, Butch, Hoppo and the rest of the bootlegging lads. Moreover, the illicit samples were gathered from many cities. This higher toxicity was due, of course, to a higher percentage of fusel oil, acids, esters and so on which do the hu-

What'll You Have?

By Walter Davenport

Pedigreed whisky is about as common as hens' teeth in this country. The stuff on the market—all but a jiggerful or two—is rectified, blended or compounded. That's not to say that it isn't good whisky. It's what we drank with relish before prohibition. And, to quote the spirit of a decision by President Taft, the real judge of what constitutes whisky is the man who drinks it. However, just as a concession to fact, here's what you're getting and here's the reason

man interior no good. Similar tests with similar findings were made elsewhere in college laboratories and officially by municipal and state chemists who, at the bidding of their political masters, hastened to bury their horrid secret. And as early as 1928 the United States government chemists had come upon the same interesting information, and shut up about it.

All of which, we hasten to admit, has nothing directly to do with this yarn. Presumably all that is behind us. Prohibition has been repealed and you are assured that all its nastiness and evil attendants are gone with it. Which, as you know, isn't so. The bootlegger will diminish slowly. In some measure he'll be with us always. Bad whisky will be less frequent but there will always be some.

Don't Look for Old Whisky

But in their first jubilation the drinking masses envisaged beautiful things by Christmas. Before Christmas, we were told, there would be honest stuff to drink—fine old American whiskies—rye and bourbon made of grain and pure water and whatever else it is that distillers use, all in satisfactory, unlimited quantities. And it would be fine and old (we're accenting that word old) and made in sanitary surroundings by experts who, in the interests of a lasting and profitable business, to say nothing of the artist's pride, aimed at preserving the customer rather than corroding him. Let's see.

Understand, please. I am not saying that you aren't able to walk up and buy clean, potable liquor provided you are in one of the twenty or more states which permit the sale of liquor at this moment. But don't make the mistake of looking for old whisky. Never mind how fond you are of the chap who sells it to you as "ten-year-old stuff" nor how high-grade his character may be. There isn't any ten-year-old American whisky. Don't pay any attention to what the label says either. Of course if you're influential enough, important enough, rich enough, you might wangle a trifle of rye or bourbon that is fourteen or fifteen years old, or older. But you'd better be somebody before you start looking for it. Yet, don't be discouraged. Give repeal a chance. Give it time. Prohibition had both. Let's look into the subject.

When Liquor Comes of Age

If you go about asking distillers what good whisky is they will give you pretty much the same formula of manufacture but almost come to blows regarding its age. Here is one, an elderly gentleman of the "to-yo'-very-good-health-suh" school, a baronial gentleman with the expanse of soul and the tolerance of mind of one who has seen and tasted of virtually everything. He will tell you as he stands in his sampling-room that no whisky is fit to drink before its sixth birthday and that a true gentleman would ask for pistols at daybreak were he offered anything less venerable. And another who swears that "no doctor has ever crossed his threshold professionally" because (and he looks it) in all his well-ordered life he has kept his system well armored with true bourbon. But never a drop of the stuff less than ten years old.

But these and their elegant brothers are straight and unblended whisky men who would as soon quaff the muddy spill of a wayside ditch as swallow rectified stuff. They view the immediate future with no warmth. Very choosy gentlemen, although, pressed hard enough after a mellowing bottle, they may admit that blends, compounds and rectified whisky can be excellent drinking. For somebody else. What they fail to tell

you is that of the 155,000,000 gallons of whisky that America drank annually before prohibition, which seems to be a fair estimate although authorities differ a bit, slightly less than ten per cent was straight, aged-in-the-wood stuff which under the law had to be at least four years old. What the great common people, of whom you doubtless have heard during political campaigns, consumed was rectified stuff, which can be very good, or blends which can be right potable if cunningly contrived, or compounded whisky which is cheap and filling, or imitation whisky which can be downright awful if the imitator is careless. We shall tell you how they're made and of what, before we're through.

However, to cling tighter to our subject, which has to do with what kind of American whisky you are going to get now that we're rid of prohibition, let us be guided by government formula which is enshrined in our slightly limping pure food laws. The government decrees that straight, bottled-in-bond whisky, of which you hear so much and get so little, must be at least four years old and that it must have attained to that age in bonded warehouses which are privately owned but supervised by government inspectors. There it has to sit in oaken barrels whose interiors are charred, although you will find plenty of chemists who will tell you that charred barrels are of no particular value to the aging process. We char the insides of our kegs and barrels because, in days gone by and to a small extent even now, it was the custom to filter raw liquor through charcoal to relieve it of its inherent rank odor and harsh flavor. The charred wood does absorb some of the fusel oil but it also releases or frees tannic acid, which is very much the same as being socked on the jaw rather than the chin.

Mind you, we are speaking now of American-made whisky. There will be Scotch, of course, for those who can afford to pay tariff charges, import taxes and federal and local excises on it. Over in the British Isles there are 120,000,000 gallons or thereabouts of Scotch ready to be poured down the prohibition-seared gullet of America. Over there you would pay an average of about two dollars a quart for it. But by the time it reaches the retailers' shelves here that same quart (provided it hadn't been transferred to another bottle and become a fifth, or one fifth of a gallon

instead of a fourth) would stand you nearly five dollars, what with import duties, local and federal taxes, wholesaler, jobber and retailer mark-ups. And Canadian whisky would soar likewise. We were never much of a Scotch-drinking people anyway.

So we're talking about American whisky—at present at least. You'll be warned when we switch to other rewards of repeal.

Uncle Sam's Depleted Cellar

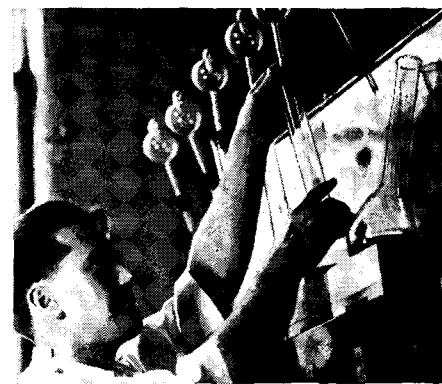
When this country went to the polls last month, in much the same humor that it proceeded to demolish ancient and somewhat tarnished American institutions in 1932's November, there were in America 14,764,700 gallons of new whisky in bonded warehouses. Let's call it 15,000,000 for expediency. And of this I am assured: that these 15,000,000 were just about all the new whisky in America because, whether you believe it or not, the amount of moonshine (whisky made outside the law and not stored in bond) was and is completely negligible. By new whisky we mean stuff less than four years old, made since 1929. For ten years prior to 1929 almost no liquor at all was made legally.

At that time there were 4,016,588 gallons of old whisky in the bonded warehouses of the country and, according to the government's relentless computers, compilers and record-hounds, there wasn't enough old whisky—more

than four years of age—in the United States out of bond on November 1, 1933, to keep the village choir out after nine. Let's call it none at all and feel safe.

The average age of this old whisky in bonded warehouses is—or was—eighteen years. And that being so, we find that we didn't have 4,016,588 gallons of old whisky at all but approximately two million gallons. What happened was this: the stuff evaporates at the rate of about eight per cent the first year and about four per cent every year it remains in barrels thereafter until, as anybody with any mathematical sense at all can see for himself, in about seventeen years you have lost half your whisky by evaporation. The whole discussion of old whisky becomes all the more baffling when you know that the government's figures—the 4,016,588—are as of the date the stuff was placed in the bonded warehouse as new whisky. After four years, remember, it is regarded as old.

But you get the idea. Furthermore, the figures we have gathered from official records regarding the amount of new whisky on hand are of the date when those gallons were trundled into



Checking and testing, step by step, the industrial chemist maintains close control over the multifold processes in the manufacture of hard liquor



The first step—fermentation. Grain in this huge pressure cooker will presently emerge in the form of mash—526,000 gallons of it in one batch

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer



Left, blending gin in thousand-gallon lots, while a government tester stands by with his alcometer to check its potency

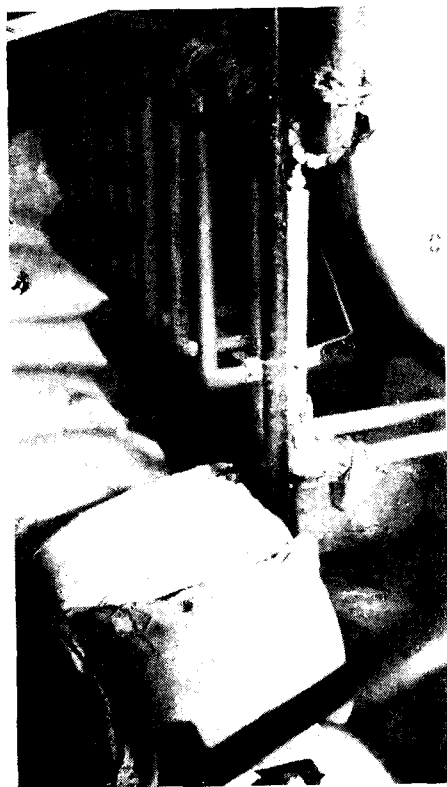
the warehouses. You can figure the evaporation there for yourself, provided you have absolutely nothing else to do and don't care how criminally you waste time. Leakage enters the scene, too, and some is lost that way. And nobody in this country ought to faint dead away if it were found out that some of those barrels the government is counting contain nothing but river water. You may recall that in the dear old dead days before repeal there was a certain amount of cheating in and out of bonded warehouses. Here we use government facts and figures, guaranteeing nothing.

However, we ought to stop all this speculating. The point is that for some time to come you will be lucky even to see a bottle or so much as a drink of straight, unblended or unrectified whisky. What you're going to get is blended stuff and rectified spirits. What the distillers are going to do until they get caught up with you drinking people is to cut deeply. You've probably heard of cut whisky. Well, you are going to hear more. And drink more, too.

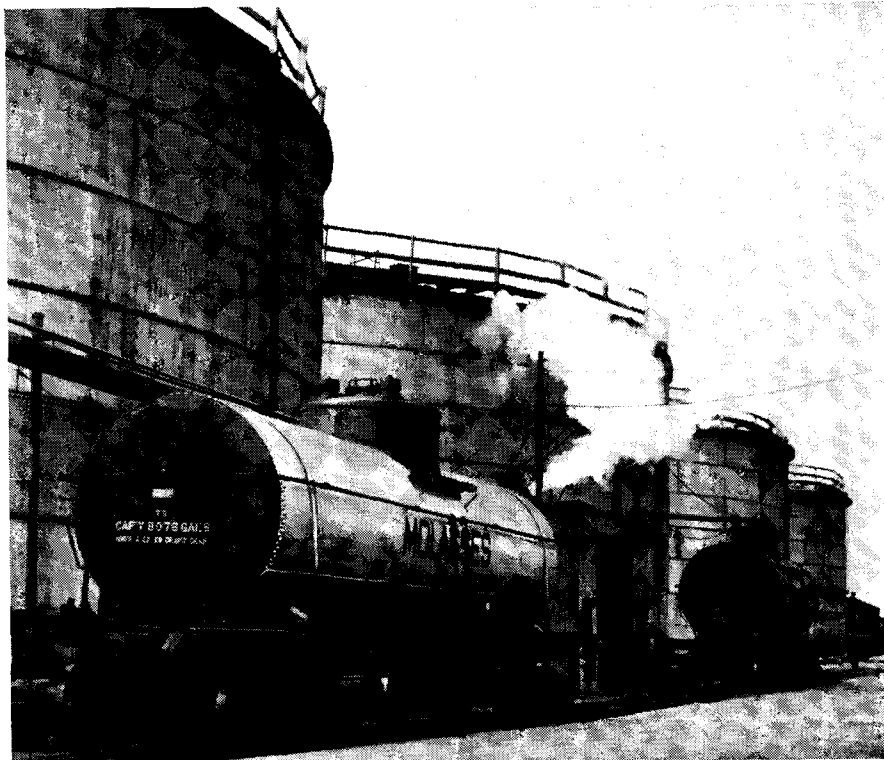
But it will be cut cleanly too, at least

Fine gin isn't mixed in bathtubs. It's distilled like any other liquor and bottled by machinery on a minor mass-production scale

Molasses from New Orleans in tank cars goes to Philadelphia to be used in making industrial alcohol, which in turn is used in a surprising number of things, including beverages



Grain is the basis of most of our whisky. Here it is en route to the cookers after the chemist has eyed it microscopically



is wholly likely that for a time, perhaps for two or three years, there will be very little difference in processing between the rectifier and the blender. A blended whisky, so that you may get this highly important thing straight, is merely the mixture of one grade of straight whisky and another grade of straight whisky, plus raw spirits fresh from the still or alcohol. To this a necessary amount of water is added to give volume and then burnt sugar to suit. Or the blender may use even three grades of straight whisky. Or four.

The Whisky-Makers' Busy Season

The lines between rectifying, blending and compounding can be almost imperceptible in times like these. What the compounder does is even simpler: He merely mixes grain alcohol with enough whisky to give the combination the whisky taste and then adds water and caramel. As for imitation whisky—well, there's no whisky in it at all. And, while we haven't been asked for advice, we see no one about us now big enough to stop us from suggesting that you refrain from drinking it. You've probably had enough of it anyway. It is merely alcohol, distilled water, flavor-

ing and coloring ingredients and there you are. Of course it's cheap—and should be.

At any rate these are what we're going to have for some time to come, for the excellent reason that there won't be enough bottled-in-bond American liquor at hand to perfume the national breath for more than an hour or so. The distillers, rectifiers, compounders and blenders know it, and you might as well be in on it. And when you consider that just before repeal America was consuming at least 200,000,000 gallons of hard liquor a year, a sizable increase over pre-prohibition guzzling, you can imagine the frenzy of the nascent whisky-makers. Naturally I don't guarantee that "more than 200,000,000 gallons" either. I'm merely striking an average of the numerous estimates made by investigators who spent a lot of time trying to find out how much illegal drinking we did.

Behold those whisky-makers. There's industry for you. At this moment they are distilling—distilling, mind you—more than a million gallons a week. And this is a mere eye-opener compared to what's to come if only a handful of the distillery license seekers get the permits they are after. You see, the aim of the distillers is simple and direct: They hope to make it faster than the rectifiers, the blenders and the compounders can work it over into what we'll drink. And they probably will, thereby setting aside a reserve which in the course of four, five and six years will sell at spirited prices to the lovers of straight, bottled-in-bond stuff, which frequently is likely to be less palatable than the mixtures.

There were in the United States, on November 1st, twenty-two large distilling firms and corporations controlling about fifty distilleries which were roaring with industry seven days a

week and twenty-four hours a day. In addition to these there were twenty-four industrial alcohol concerns with more than sixty operating plants to supply whisky blending and rectifying ingredients. I mention these not so much as a matter of hard and fast record as to give you some idea of the available whisky sources at the time of repeal. There will be more. There are a dozen building, most of them hastening to assure you that they will be the world's largest. Washington is completely cluttered up with men and combinations of men who seek permits to build and distill. Some of them have no idea how to distill and wouldn't be able to tell you the difference between a grain cooker, a drop tank, a still-house proportioning pump and a spent grain-beer heat interchanger. Some of them were corset manufacturers before the women folks took to stream-lining. Some were promoters before the depression left them nothing to promote.

How to Become a Distiller

It is possible that you are surprised that the country contained so few distilleries at repeal. You needn't be. It costs money—important money—to build whisky manufactories, warehouses to store the stuff in, materials to make it with. It is perfectly true that there are bankers today who will finance a would-be distiller where they wouldn't lend you ten dollars on your house and lot. But the bankers, one gathers, are driving hard bargains with the license seekers—demanding anywhere up to fifty per cent of the capital stock and exacting rates of interest for the mere mention of which they ought to be arrested.

To set up as a distiller of any proportions at all you ought to start your calculations at one million dollars. The mere making of whisky is but the simple beginning; storing it when made, maintaining idle money thus tied up and finally distributing what you've made. Add to that the manufacturing tax the distiller must pay. But why itemize it? Not that you need feel sorry for the poor chap. The profits he will enjoy are going to be enormous.

And there will be more distilleries—many more. The word from Utah had hardly crossed the Mississippi when the Department of Agriculture, the United States Treasury and Justice Departments, the Senate and the House of

(Continued on page 48)

Scoundrel's Choice

By Frederick Nebel

They called Hazen Pritchard "a man of iron." No doubt they still do, down there in Honduras. Only one man knows him for what he really is—and one woman. It makes a strange and fascinating story

DONOVAN felt her hand relax. Slowly, gently, he slid his own hand from beneath it and remained for a moment motionless, watchful, his deep-set, troubled eyes staring down at the wan face on the pillow. Her hair, rich gold still, lay sprawled out beyond her head. Beneath the single sheet, her slender form was quiet now. The nearness of Donovan, the limitless faith she had in him, had put her to sleep again.

He stood up, a lank young man in a wrinkled white suit. The heavy blinds blunted the hot Honduran sun, but light needles managed to penetrate and sparkle around the dark head of the swart Peruvian nurse. Donovan made a tired, negligible gesture in her direction, and she nodded, moved to the bed and stood beside it. A specter of a gentle smile appeared and then faded on her face. He wagged his head, shrugged, turned and made his way from the bedroom.

A Carib houseboy was moving in the broad, wicker-furnished living-room, filling cigarette humidors, replenishing decanters. Donovan went past him as though he did not exist; steeped in thought, almost sullen-faced, the young doctor picked up his panama, slapped it on his bony, black-thatched head, pushed open the screened door and jolted slack-legged down the long flight of steps from the stilted yellow house.

He crossed the small park, his hands weighting down his jacket pockets. He came to the narrow-gauge, where a gang of *mozos* were entraining for an outlying farm; noisy, bawdy and doubtless well primed with sugar-cane brandy—North Coast Hondureños with a chip constantly on the shoulder. He thought of the trouble on the Guatemalan frontier, shook his head ruefully. Someone shouted a greeting, and the doctor waved without raising his head; went on, climbed a long flight of stairs and entered the company offices. He went through to Susan's office, took off his hat and let himself down into a chair with a sigh that was not so much a sigh but rather an outburst of worn nerves and a badgered spirit.

SUSAN looked up from a batch of loading reports. The Chinese clerk, immaculate in a pongee suit, flashed a quick, covert look from Susan to Donovan but never for an instant paused in his addition of a column of figures. The lemon-colored frock that Susan wore made her look cool, fresh, and was aptly supplemented by a slender yellow ribbon that encompassed her head, kept her brown curly hair off her forehead, off her neck. But the presence of Donovan disturbed her inwardly; it always did.

She said, "McCabe again," and nodded toward the back office.

"I thought so," he muttered.

She studied his bony profile from beneath neatly plucked eyebrows. His forearm was on the chair's arm, his hand dangling from the wrist, cigarette

smoke curling and writhing sluggishly among his fingers.

"How is Mrs. Pritchard?" she said.

"Sleeping. . . . Tell him I'm here, will you?"

She dropped her eyes, rose and went to the connecting door. As she opened it, a flow of conversation barged out. The words stopped in mid-air, and she spoke, then turned from the doorway and said, "All right."

Donovan got up and slouched across the floor. She was looking up at him, anxiously, almost beseechingly, but his eyes rode past her and he entered the inner office, closed the door and leaned back indolently against it.

Hazen Pritchard said, "Well, here's McCabe again. . . ."

"So I see. What's eating you, Mac?"

"Plenty!" Booted, his bald head brown as old leather, the overseer looked hot, perturbed and belligerent. "We lost three last night again, and them that's well are gettin' soused on *guaro* and lookin' for trouble. I socked a few, but what's the use? Me and Hanley and Josephs ain't had time to grab forty winks in a week. We're played out and Josephs swears if they bust loose again he'll yank his automatic or take a swat at 'em with a machine gun!"

"Hannaford's doing his best, isn't he?"

MCCABE cracked a tight, sardonic grin. "Maybe he is. But you can't tell them *mozos* that. Say he is; okay, say he is. But"—he wagged his bald head—"where's it gittin' us? What do we hear night and day? 'The Donovan.' That's all we hear. 'The Donovan. We want the Donovan!' And I'll tell you why, Doc. You *know* why! Ever since you stopped the fever on the Chameleon two years ago. . . ."

He threw up his bare, brown arms, let them flop, let his whole chubby body sag, shook his head woefully. "I told 'em. I told 'em Doc Hannaford's been in the country for years—Colón, Limón, and all up and down the Mosquito Coast. And maybe that's where I done wrong. They all know him. You can't kid them Hondureños. They know he's a souse-pot and they still remember Puerto Barrios five years ago, where he was and where the buzzards ate their bellies full o' *mozo* stiffs for weeks. I tell you, *compadre*, them guys have got no faith in Hannaford and they got faith in you and you got to sashay up to Berlanga Farm. Maybe you won't save them mugs that are down now, but you'll pacify them *hombres* that are goin' around now fit to kill. You gotta!"

Sweat poured down McCabe's face, and his bloodshot, harried eyes darted about the office; anxiety tugged at his lips and he still kept beating hands upon his knees.

Donovan said: "Take the air a while, Mac; cool off some."



McCabe, a little ashamed of his explosive tirade, left the office in a bent-kneed rush, slamming the door.

Donovan walked slowly to the desk, slapped his hat down and dropped to a chair. "Sometime I'd like to see McCabe bring down good news—just once."

Pritchard made a slight movement of his well-tailored shoulders, opened his hands, patted the palms together reflectively. Fortyish, he was a handsome blond man with a well-kept heavy-weight's build—choosy about his linen, his ties, his haircuts. He was overpoweringly healthy—and looked it; he always had looked it, Donovan reflected, during the time he himself had known Pritchard—three years; and before that too. A man with a grand company record. Through fragile nose-glasses his eyes were cold as a glacial lake and he was rarely if ever marked by sweat. Strong and healthy himself, he had little patience—how well Donovan knew this!—with the illness of others.

"Regrettable, Doctor—regrettable." He moved a hexagonal blue glass paper-weight precisely from one corner of the desk blotter to the other. "How is Emily?"

"SAME story. She goes on living—God knows why—because I give her certain medicines and because I sit and talk with her and keep her courage up. If I can keep it up, the Helicon'll be in before the week's out. That's what I'm banking on. I'll go to New Orleans with her, and then to some spa." He made a fist, looked grimly at it. "If I can keep her alive till the Helicon arrives, half the battle's won. The sea air'll help her a lot—and the prospect of another climate. Anemia's bad, with the other complications, for a woman of forty."

Pritchard stood up, put his hands firmly behind his back and strode vigorously to a window. Donovan's eyes did not follow him. Donovan, so tired him-

self from sleepless days and nights with the ill woman, stared dejectedly at the floor. For a young man he carried a heavy, a severe burden. Importunate urgings to go upcountry to the stricken area had not so far dented his purpose; he had remained doggedly with the woman, always within call, day and night.

His eyes were sore, heavy-lidded from the hot Honduran damp and his own weariness. And it irritated him to find Pritchard so firm, so clean and cool and undismayed, as though the man had no blood at all. But the irritation passed quickly, as it always did; for everyone knew Pritchard for a man of iron, temperate, cool, competent—a slave to his company.

"McCabe's quite at the end of his tether..."

"Ah-r-r . . . McCabe!" Donovan growled.

Pritchard came back to the desk, stood there unbending, with eight neatly

manicured fingernails resting lightly on the spotless desk blotter. Through the fragile nose-glasses his cool, glacial eyes regarded the bowed and shaggy head of the doctor.

His lips moved precisely: "We've got to do something about it. The mozos will run amuck if we don't. For some reason they attach godlike powers to you; even," he added quietly, "as my wife does. You have the way, the touch, the manner—what it is, I don't know."

"For one thing," Donovan said dryly, "I'm a darned good medico."

"An excellent one."

"Learned a lot from that tank Hannaford too," he mused; and then suddenly, violently: "Hannaford can do as much for them as I can!"

Pritchard waited till the hot blast passed, and then he said in a low, grave voice: "We have got to take the chance. You have got to go to Berlanga Farm and quiet those people. If we don't quiet them, hell will break loose in earnest; they'll set fire to the farm, raze it—and the buildings—and the banana market can't afford it."

"If I ever eat another banana, I hope I choke!"

Pritchard was quietly didactic: "This is not a time for facetious comment, Donovan."

Donovan made a grating sound in his throat, heaved out of the chair and swung, long-legged, around the room; and then he stopped and turned to level a dark, contemptuous glare at the company manager.

"Facetious, am I! I like that!"

HE LOOKED hot and sweaty and haggard, with his tousled hair, his wrinkled suit, the cotton tie whose knot did not jibe with the inverted V of his white collar.

Pritchard looked gray-faced, steady-eyed, and there was stern determination in the little bulge of muscle at either corner of his wide mouth. His voice was still grave but edged with steel when he said:

"We've been jockeying for a week, Donovan. If you'd gone upcountry when I first suggested it, you might well have been back by now. Your moral support to those mozos—"

"How about my moral support to your wife?"

Pritchard almost winced, but not quite. "I thought you'd come to that, and I don't think it's just of you. She believes that only you can keep her alive and now she's got you believing it. You're putting me in the position of a brute, which surely I'm not. I'm sane, so sane that perhaps it hurts. I have a job of work to do here and I intend doing it."

"So far as I'm concerned," Donovan ground out bitterly, "every mozo in this blasted country could kick off—if it were a means of saving her. I've struggled too long with her, seen her through too much agony, to let down now."

Pritchard swallowed hard, and his face seemed a little grayer, a little grimmer; and his voice was low, with a curious thick beat in it: "By withholding proper medical aid from these mozos, which the company is duty-bound to give, a catastrophe will surely be the end. A revolution even. And we can't stand revolutions in banana land. My wife means a great deal to me, but this is a crisis, and she must share the burden as well as the rest of us. You've got to go back with McCabe."

"I tell you—"

"I tell you that you're under contract to the company and that I demand it!" He struck the desk sharply, not passionately, and his frail nose-glasses shimmered.

They eyed each other, Pritchard with a cold, overbearing stare, Donovan with

(Continued on page 40)



Illustrated by
Harry Morse Meyers

"Peter," Susan said. He looked up, his eyes dull, his reflexes blunted; and then he said thickly, "What you doing here?"

HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Fair College Day

By John Erskine

Introducing Felix—the worst argument we ever saw for a college education. Also Lucille—whose only fault is Felix

THE elevator stopped. The two seniors got out, Dave first, Albert close at his heels. They marched down the corridor single file, keeping step. At Room 713 they paused for a second and listened.

"He's at the drug store with her now!" said Albert.

Dave knocked. A discouraged voice sounded from inside. They opened the door, and surveyed the sophomore in his retreat. The sophomore had been surveyed before. He did not at first look up.

The window at the end let in a dull afternoon sun. Along the left side was a narrow bed. On the right, in the corner, was a bowl with the hot and cold water which the college advertised. Against the bowl crowded a small desk with three books on it and miscellaneous litter. Next to the window stood a dresser, and to the wall above were affixed several photographs, female.

The sophomore had turned the desk chair around, so that he could rest his feet on the bed. Though it was autumn he was wearing white shoes. Though it was indoors, he was wearing a brown hat of some antiquity.

From his outstretched legs dangled flag-like dark parallels of trousers, cut full. The jacket, gathered around his neck by the sinking posture, was gray. Against the chill of the season, in case he should go out, his chest was protected by a brown sweater, with another sweater on top of it, of the same color but in a lighter shade.

By way of grudging hospitality, the sophomore withdrew his feet from the bed and his fraternity brethren sat on it. Also with their hats on.

"Here's your mail, Felix," said Dave, giving him two letters. The top one, as the envelope showed, was from the dean.

"Where'd you get this?"

"In the box downstairs."

"Darn you!" said Felix. "You've no right to tamper with my mail!"

"Albert's just come from his office," said Dave. "You'd better read it."

FELIX stuck his finger in the envelope and pulled it open. Only a line, suggesting that he call on the dean at his earliest convenience.

"I've had those before," he said.

"Not one like this. The dean told Albert. That's why I brought it by hand."

"What's he want?"

"When he mailed that note, he was thinking of expulsion. Now he may give you one last chance. He'll decide after he's talked with you tomorrow morning. But this time, if you forget to see him, you're out!"

The other letter, the unopened one, slid to the floor. Felix picked it up and threw it on the desk.

"I doubt if I shall call on him," he said. "We don't speak the same language."

"Does the house mean nothing to you?" asked Dave, as though he were

applying the final test. "You can be a fool if you want to, but the rest of us get the disgrace."

"I told him you'd be there tomorrow," said Albert, "and I promised to coach you in math."

Felix shook his head. "I'm through."

"You probably are," said Dave in disgust, "but we're going to make an effort to save you. The house can't get on with only four sophomores."

"Five," corrected Felix.

"Not after tomorrow morning," corrected Dave, "unless you reform. You were all right till you met that red-headed dame at the drug store."

Felix became combative. "You lay off Lucille!"

"I like her myself," said Dave, "but in moderation. Your love has reduced you to idiocy. You forget to go to classes, you don't come to the house. When we made you write that apology to the dean, you didn't sign your name. He showed it to Albert."

"It isn't love," said Felix, "it's the dean and my father, and the old folks generally. Why should I study law? Why doesn't Father do it himself? Why should I inherit the Trenton iron foundry? I want to be somebody!"

"I recognize the grounds of your complaint," said Albert, "but you can't blame your father for getting on his hind legs when he sees your bills, and if you're studying nothing but Lucille and poker you might as well do it at home."

Felix for the first time smiled. "I thought of that just before you came in. I'm going home."

HE LAID the dean's letter on its opened envelope, tore the paper into small squares, and dropped them into the wastebasket. Dave permitted him to finish the gesture.

"Lucky you don't have to show the invitation to get in! Bert and I are deputed by the house to shove you through the door of his office tomorrow morning. We'll call for you at ten. Mind you're up!"

"Not going!"

"I said ten, promptly."

They left him. And now that they were gone, he seemed anything but defiant.

He was thinking that he liked the place. And the house. And Dave was a good egg to take the trouble. And Albert, that Phi Beta Kappa slob, who hobnobbed with the dean, and probably enjoyed the convulsions of the indolent when vengeance overtook them. And he wouldn't have minded studying, if they had taught him anything sensible. And his father would be angry as the devil. The folks wouldn't understand about Lucille.

Well, it was too late now.

His eye fell on the other letter, a long envelope, resting on the desk. He opened it. A list of names lined the left side of the page. The officers and charter members. What was the society, anyway? Oh, it was a bunch of pacifists. They wanted to know whether he in-



They kissed, finding out the areas which were not gory

tended to fight in case there ever was a war. Hm!

He read the body of the missive, having first skipped from the top to the bottom. Not bad, when you took it sentence by sentence.

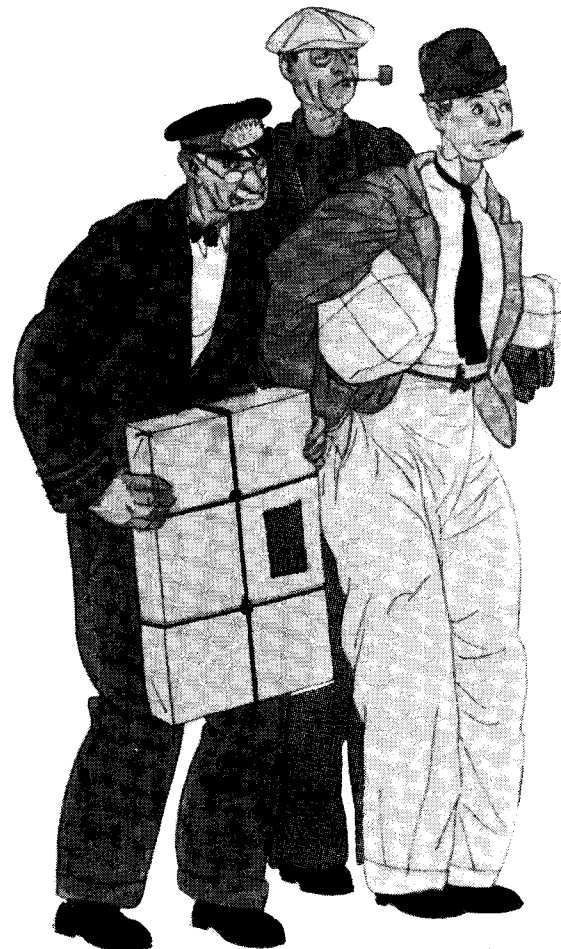
"In Europe the university student is in the forefront of every liberal movement, but in this country we submit to the unintelligent control of our least liberal elders. When their blunders bring on a war, we have to do the fighting."

By gad, it was true! He hadn't seen it in that light before.

"The remedy is to warn them in advance that we will not fight."

He remained staring across the room with the letter in his hand. If he went in for pacifism the fellows would ride him. It hadn't been his temperament. He had had occasion to thrash a large number of his friends. On the other hand, these words said what he felt. It was all the fault of the old folks. That fool uncle of his, who left a legacy not to be touched till he was twenty-one!

Illustrated by
Harry Beckhoff



If things were right, he could marry Lucille now.

At the bottom of the page was a detachable inch or so for a signature. Felix drew his fountain pen from his jacket, shook it on the rug, signed on the line, tore off the slip, printed the address of the pacifist society on the envelope, applied mucilage to a stamp which had been salvaged by steaming.

TO INSURE prompt dispatch and delivery, he went down to the street and dropped the envelope in the corner box.

It was half past four. The drug store shifted cashiers at five. In thirty minutes Lucille would be a free woman. He would break the news to her that from now on he was for peace.

In the drug store Lucille was busy at her desk, accepting tribute from a line of youths who had been fortifying themselves with hot chocolate. She had red hair, blue eyes, and a wide smile. When they lingered to try on her their wit and their compliments, she realized how well she knew men, having known Felix.

She had come to college in the same month with him, a year ago, and they had met when both were freshmen. The day her father wrote from St. Louis that he had lost his money, and she must come home, she got the job at the drug store, and stayed on.

Before the freshman spring was over he proposed to her on two separate occasions, and she accepted him both times, but he had other things on his mind, and nothing came of it. She had noted the same lack of concentration which Dave and the dean deplored. Now it was November, and so far this autumn he had not asked her to be his.

When he sauntered in this evening at four minutes to five she saw his look of elation, and the quick glance of annoyance at the flattering band of customers who loitered in front of her desk. She made herself more intensively agreeable to the customers. He pushed his hat back on his head, lounged

in a chair at the nearest table, and drummed his fingers on the glass top.

On the street he wanted to tell about the dean, and getting fired, but he didn't see how to begin. He affected a light tone. "Let's eat at Rand's!"

"Good boy! I'm being asked out to dinner!"

"Woman, I've all of two-seventy-five on my person, but I'm dedicated to a cause!"

Already they were walking toward Rand's.

"Lucille, I'm a pacifist! This youth movement, you know—I'm in it. I've signed a pledge never to fight."

Her wide smile was at its widest. "Would you, if you hadn't signed?"

He stopped, to stare at her. "Gosh, but you've got a chip on your shoulder! What's biting you?"

She put her arm through his and headed him for Rand's again. "You baby!"

THEY had reached the portals of Rand's. The cook in the window was turning flapjacks. Lucille squeezed his arm as they separated to get through the revolving door. "How much money did you say you have? I could eat!"

Inside the door, Felix took off his hat. The room was crowded. He looked around for a table. Against the farther wall a dark-haired youth was eating alone. Felix's heart sank.

"There's Dave." Lucille seized his arm. "Let's have a table by ourselves."

It was his own wish. Dave might mention the dean prematurely. Besides, he wanted to monopolize Lucille. But Dave might imagine he was cowardly, or grouchy, or something. Dave was an awfully good egg.

He pushed Lucille across the room. "We'll talk to him a while, and afterwards we'll do something by ourselves."

"Hello, Lucille," said Dave without rising. "Join the party. Jim will be here in a minute. How's the girl?"

Except for a certain subdued note, his manner was normal. Felix saw that Dave did not intend to give him away. His spirits rose.

"She's in a low mood. She hoped to eat in select society, that is, with me, but I tell her a little slumming now and then is good for us. What'll you have, Lucille? How about oyster stew?"

He gave her a meaningful glance, to recall the two-seventy-five.

"I'm off oysters," she said sweetly. "I'll take a steak."

"One steak and one oyster stew," he told the waiter firmly. "You're not drinking coffee, are you?"

"When I can get it."

"Make it one coffee!"

"Doesn't he give you a salad or a dessert?" asked Dave.

"Not since he's dedicated to a cause."

"It isn't a diet, is it?" Dave remembered Felix's usual performances at the fraternity table.

"Tell him, Felix," said she, "he might as well know the worst."

"I'm against war." He announced it in a low voice, portentously.

"Do I understand," said Dave, "you don't wish to be quarrelsome?"

Felix smiled, to show that he did not mind teasing.

"See here, I'm serious, you two! Josh all you want, but I mean it! I wish I'd gone to college in Europe! The students there use their minds!"

"There's Jim now!" exclaimed Dave, waving toward the door. "Hey, Jim!"

JIM got the signal and came over to them by a circuitous route, to avoid notoriety: a stocky youth, in his first year of law school. His manner was judicial if not blasé.

"Well, girls and boys, this seems to be one of the noisy nights!"

"Felix just called you a compromiser," said Dave. "Defend yourself!"

From the immense height of first year law Jim looked at the sophomore, then smoothed his brow thoughtfully with

his hand, consulted the bill of fare, and beckoned a waiter.

"Something light," he commanded with dignity; "scrambled eggs and a cup of strong coffee. I've a long evening's work." He folded his hands and attended to Felix. "What were you saying?"

"I'm opposed to war—that's what I was saying! When old folks like the dean and the president get into trouble, they expect us to get them out."

Jim looked up from his plate. "Has the dean appealed to you for aid?"

"He would if there was a war! They support the government, and they send us off to fight while they stay home safe and fan the recruiting, and when we get shot they stick another gold star on the flag, and orate!"

"If I get your point," reasoned Jim, "it's not war you object to but cowardice. If they did enlist and got shot would your objection to war be removed?"

"They shouldn't ask us to do their fighting for them," persisted Felix. "Fighting is unintelligent, anyway. That's my real criticism: they're unintelligent."

There was a sudden edge in Dave's voice. "Felix, you're the coward! This hot air of yours has taught me what a pacifist is! You're afraid!"

Felix clenched his fists. "You say that once again!"

"Keep your shirt on and finish your oyster stew," advised Dave. "I'm going to say more to you than that! The dean and the president may be poor fish, but they don't talk about you behind your back. You shoot off your face here to Lucille and Jim and me, but I can just see you giving this line to the dean, face to face!"

Lucille leaned over and patted Dave's hand. Felix in a rage stood up, then sat down again. "Did you say I wouldn't tell Prexy what I told you?"

Dave noted that Felix in his challenge avoided the dean.



Felix stepped toward the speaker. "You insult this woman and I'll knock your head off"

"That's what I said, son!"

"I'll tell him in the next twelve hours!"

"It's seven now," objected Dave. "He won't let you disturb his family life, and it wouldn't be decent to insult him before breakfast."

"I'll tell him by noon tomorrow!"

"Rats!"

"Bet you! Bet you ten dollars!"

"Felix!" Lucille put her hand over her mouth.

"I have ten dollars; not with me, but I've got it!"

"How would I know," asked Dave, "what you really said even if you got to his office? And he wouldn't let you in!"

"I'll write him, then! I bet you ten dollars I'll write him every word I've spoken, and then some, and you can read the letter and mail it!"

"If I thought you had the nerve," said Dave, "I wouldn't be an accessory to suicide. But since it's only a bluff, I call it! Jim can hold the stakes. Here's my ten. Where's yours?"

Felix turned slightly red. "Keep your money till you've mailed the letter! Come up to my room! I'll write it in ten minutes!"

THEY rose and moved in a body toward the door.

"Am I supposed to go home now?" asked Lucille. "I've been fed but not entertained. Was I by any chance superfluous?"

Felix took her arm but she drew back. "Aw, don't grouch!" he pleaded. "Come along till I write this letter and we'll go downtown and spend Dave's ten!"

Outside the door Jim offered to leave them. "I've a heavy night before me, and if I know the signs, you young things are starting something."

Dave laid a firm hand on him and dragged him along. "He can't do this—we've got to stop him."

When they reached the dormitory Jim protested again. "Women aren't allowed upstairs after hours, and you'll all get pulled. I'll wait till the janitor brings you down in handcuffs."

Lucille looked relieved. "I'd rather not go either. I might lose my job."

"Speaking of brave people!" said Felix sarcastically. "Stay here then, and we'll bring the letter down!"

There was a divan in the lobby, under a bright light, for safety, where the janitor in the post office could watch them.

"He's a great kid, isn't he!" confided Lucille.

"We've noticed you admire him," said Jim cautiously.

"He's so alive! And courageous," added Lucille. "He accepts a challenge!"

Jim smoothed his forehead. "Did you know he's going to be fired tomorrow?"

She was frightened. "Not for just a letter—they wouldn't put him out for a letter!"

"The dean was going to settle with him—now it will be the president. It's awfully rough on the house."

"I'll make him tone it down!"

"That won't help."

"I won't let him send it!"

"Isn't he a little young for you?" asked Jim.

Her eyes snapped. "That's my business!"

"It's certainly not mine," he admitted. "None of this is. I have work to do this evening, but we pledged him last year, and I suppose we're responsible."

Sorry for her sudden temper, she offered an explanation. "He has asked me to marry him."

"They will do that," assented Jim. "The first time it's an impulse, and afterwards they do it for practice." He spoke with the advantage of age. "I've been burned!"

Her lip trembled, and she paused until she was sure she could speak steadily.

"He's too nice a kid to—to get into trouble! I shan't let him!"

The janitor looked out from behind the mail boxes. In the silence they heard the elevator descending. It brought the letter-writers.

"Now then," said Felix triumphantly, squeezing between them on the divan. "Listen to this!"

Dave stood in front of them, perplexed.

Lucille held out her hand. "Give it to me!"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Tear it up!"

He laughed, as she thought, hysterically.

"Just listen to this, girl!"

"Dear Mr. President:

"I have this day enrolled myself among the more intelligent of my generation who can no longer subscribe to

is evenly distributed through the world. If you who caused the catastrophe would enlist, the resulting casualties would be unfortunate but logical. But when the tragic consequence of your mismanagement arrives, you will ask us to be your substitutes—us, the innocent, who pleaded with you in vain, as I am pleading now.

"I have dedicated myself to peace!

"When the crisis comes, if you do not do your own fighting, I will publicly accuse you of cowardice.

"Meanwhile, I deplore that lack of intelligence on your part which makes necessary this communication from me."

"My God!" exclaimed Jim.

"You needn't swear at it," said Felix proudly, folding the letter into the envelope. "It's the best piece of English I've composed since I came to this college, and I'll thank Dave for ten dollars!"

GRANTLAND RICE

THE ALL- AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

has traveled thousands of miles this fall to look at football stars, who really are not, as some folks think, all very much alike. He has talked to coaches from every section of the country and his Advisory Board have strained their eyes in places withheld by lack of time from the Rice gaze.

The result of all this expert activity will be, of course, The All-America Football Team, without which no football season has ended these thirty-five years.

the stupidity of yours. Frankness impels me to lay my point of view before you, and in order that you may read it without embarrassment, I begin by resigning from your college."

Lucille seized his arm. "Felix! Don't, if you love me!"

"Wait till I get through," said Felix. "The next paragraph is better:

"You will doubtless agree with me that the present misery of the world has been caused not by us youths but by our elders. I personally disclaim all responsibility. Can you say as much?"

"How is that, eh?"

Lucille groaned. "Don't read any more!"

He cleared his throat.

"Take war, for instance. It may break out anywhere, at any time, since the folly of you and your contemporaries

"You can't send that," said Dave. "Jim and I won't let you."

"Then why did you bet?"

"Oh, the excitement of the moment."

Felix stood in front of him, jiggling the envelope up and down.

"You called me a coward. I wrote what you dared me to. Now we'll mail it, and you'll come across with that ten or I'll lick the hide off you!"

"Goodby, then," said Dave. "Put it in the box. Here's your money, and I hope Prexy gives you what's coming to you!"

They watched him mail it at the corner, Lucille waiting at a little distance, thunderstruck.

"Come along, my girl!" he cried. "I'll blow you to a taxi! We'll all go downtown and celebrate!"

"My profound thanks!" said Dave. "I wouldn't be seen with you!"

"My work calls me!" chimed Jim.

"I'll have to put up with Lucille then," said Felix.

In the taxi she laid her red head on

his shoulder and burst into tears. "You've ruined your career," she sobbed, "and they'll say it's my fault!"

"Rot! Don't blubber so! If I hadn't met you, I'd never been anything at all! Here, do you want my handkerchief?"

"Felix dear!" she whispered. "I think you were grand—but you were foolish too!"

"One can't be everything," said he philosophically.

"What will you do, Felix?"

"Oh, I'll take my things out of the dormitory tomorrow, and then I think we'd better get married."

She held her breath. "You mean it?"

"Haven't I always? It was college work that was in the way. Now we'll get married and I'll look for a job!"

They were still engaged in one continuous kiss when the driver asked if he was to take them anywhere in particular, or was he just to keep on going south.

"Union Square!" called back the liberated sophomore.

"Why there, Felix?"

"Darling, we owe it to what has made us happy! A lot of liberals stand around and send out ideas. We'll listen to some of the speeches, and perhaps meet a few of the leaders. After that we can move on."

At Fifteenth and Broadway he paid the taxi driver, and they stepped up to look for the liberals in the middle of the square. The benches were full of men, obviously settled for the night.

"Isn't that awful!" sighed Lucille, clinging to his arm.

"Well, what can you expect?" retorted Felix with the bitterness of a veteran reformer. "This is one of the danger spots! War could start here any day!"

She saw no signs of war, but he was in noble form and she didn't like to spoil their betrothal hour. They walked over to a group of twenty or thirty, standing around a tired man with a husky voice.

"Do we want justice?" he was asking them. "Or do we want fair wages? Justice, what is it? But fair wages, yes, that I can herewith explain! You must get more as fifty cents a garment!"

"Are these the pacifists?"

"Listen!" he whispered. "He'll come to it in a moment."

THE orator kept at his sad monotone: "Ten hours a day do you work, or maybe only eight, but that is bad too, if a empty brain young womans will wear the dress you make and be proud because she paid only eight dollars and seventy-nine cents. Mein Gott, what you and me, we pay for it!"

Under the lamps of the square his eye caught Lucille as she leaned against Felix.

"What I tell you?" moaned the husky voice. "There is such a dress now, with such a cloak! Such a bargain! Lady, how much you pay for that dress?"

The crowd turned on her and she shrank closer to Felix.

"Lady, did you pay more as ten dollars?"

"This woman," roared Felix, "is my wife!"

"Ya, ya!" roared back the orator. "I ask not is she your wife; I ask was the dress more as ten dollars!"

The crowd broke into guffaws.

"Let's go quickly," pleaded Lucille.

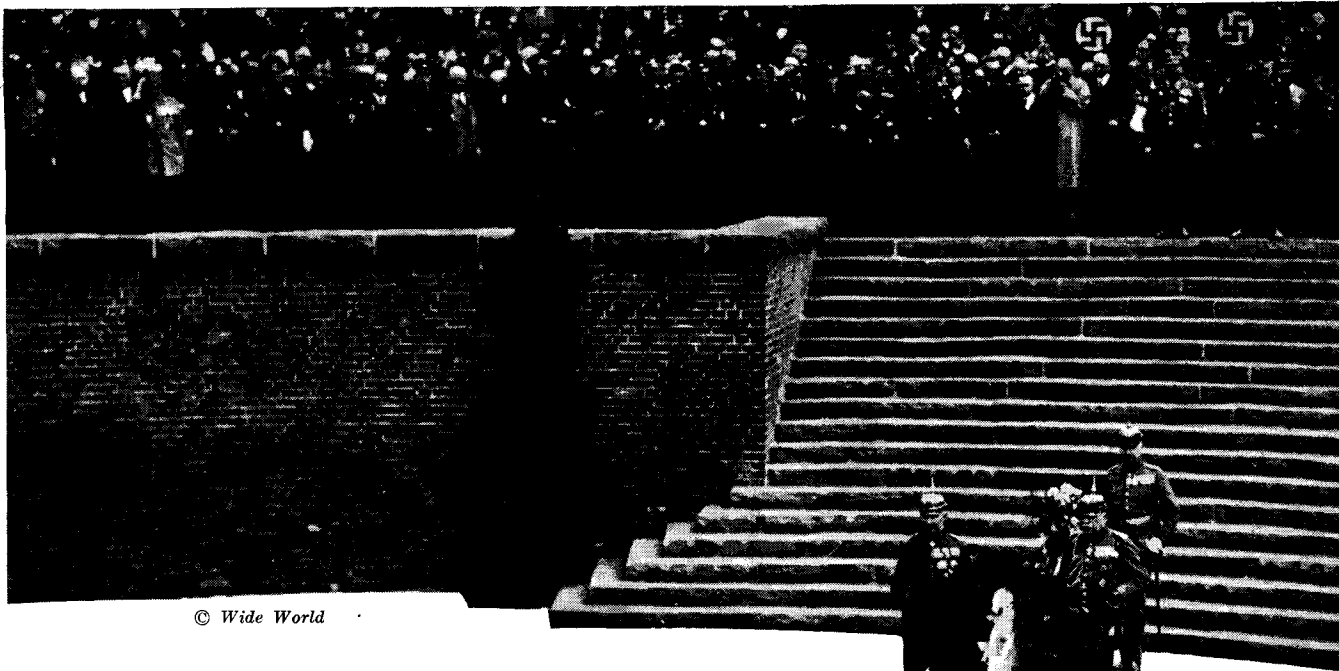
"They can't sass me!" said Felix. "I stay!"

"He will not answer!" complained the orator, turning up his hands to heaven. "Now I let you have a secret! When he make his wife happy, he spend on her a bargain! All of eight dollars and seventy-nine cents!"

The guffaws rose again, and Felix stepped toward the speaker.

"You insult this woman and I'll knock your head off!"

(Continued on page 45)



© Wide World

Hermann Goering, mailed fist and booted heel of the Third Reich, was born to ambition and violence. In all his mad career he has never tolerated authority. Now he is second in command; and second place is not enough. There's a rumor that Adolf Hitler is losing a little sleep



Hard-boiled Hermann

By T. R. Ybarra

The Power Behind Nazi Violence

Today, less than a year since the accession of the Nazis to supremacy over Germany, Hermann Goering is Minister Without Portfolio in Hitler's Reich Cabinet, Reich Commissar for Aviation, Minister of the Interior of Prussia, and President of the Reichstag. He who emerged from the World War a mere captain blossomed forth the other day as a full-fledged general.

Prussia, the key state of Germany, is in the hollow of his hand. A few months ago Vice-Chancellor Von Papen was supposed to be in control there; but Goering thrust him out of the way with contemptuous insolence. For the Prussian Legislature he has caused to be substituted a Council which, he arrogantly expects, will sign, with docility, any decree that he deigns to place before it. Around himself he has built up a secret police, modeled on the Cheka of the Russian Bolsheviks, which carries out his orders with ruthless thoroughness and without the slightest questioning. In addition, he has created and is daily strengthening a personal political "machine" for the furtherance of his ends, which, though still working to all outward appearance for Hitler, may easily be turned tomorrow against the Nazi chieftain.

It is a common belief among observers of how things are going in Germany that Goering is largely responsible for the violence and disregard for foreign opinion which have characterized Nazi policy so far. Now and then it has become evident that Hitler, having forced his way to power by strong-arm methods, wishes to exchange violence for conciliation, to transform himself from demagogue into statesman. But whenever he leans toward moderation he is constantly encountering Goering, the iron man, vindictive to the uttermost, hard-boiled to the last degree, openly averse to diplomacy and tact.

In the Richthofen Tradition

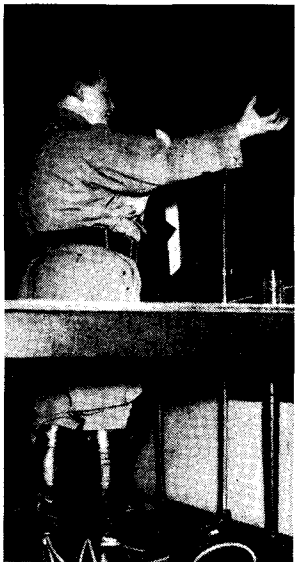
Shortly after he had smashed his way, with Hitler, to domination over the Germans, somebody asked Goering:

"What do you intend to do now that you are on top?"

"Enjoy myself!" snapped Hard-boiled Hermann. And there can be no doubt that enjoyment, for him, is something born of roughness and force, of the clenched fist and booted heel.

What manner of man Hermann Goering is may be summed up very briefly. At the end of the war he was in command of the "flying circus," most dreaded and deadly of German aviation squadrons, formerly headed and made

(Continued on page 36)



Keystone



Keystone



European



© International

Hermann Goering, Germany's second in command and most active of Nazis. Above: Homage to Hitlerism's hero, Leo Schlageter. Below: Addressing a Nazi rally; after the hunt; Hitler and Goering, as rabble-rousers in 1929, and as statesmen in 1933

ONE million people, massed on one field. Acres of human beings, vast squares of them, densely packed together, stretching, to right and left and straight ahead, as far as eye can see. Solid regiments of gray-uniformed German regular soldiers; solid blocks of the brown-shirted storm troopers of Adolf Hitler, master of Nazi Germany. Clusters of streaming banners, thickets of snapping flags; and the sonorous crash of military music; and, from hundreds of thousands of throats, the tremendous rhythmic throb of martial song.

Tempelhof Field, Berlin. May Day, 1933. Nazi Germany's stupendous Labor Festival. Light of a sickle moon, airplanes roaring across a starred sky, huge searchlights roving from one mass of people to another, picking each mass

out from the darkness, making each look, for an uncanny moment, like an enormous patch of underbrush touched with silver frost.

One million human beings, all packed together in the starlight, to see and hail one man.

They peer. They shift their feet. "Why doesn't Hitler come?" They crane their necks. "When is Hitler coming?" "Ha!"

To the front of the big official grandstand, elbowing his way through knots of Brown Shirts and Steel Helmets, pushes a stocky, thick-set man.

"There he is!"

The multitude stirs excitedly. Cheers crackle.

The thick-set man, head thrown proudly back, breast covered with medals, audacity in his eyes, arrogance

in his bearing, bows this way and that, raises his right arm in the Nazi salute.

"Why, of course it's Hitler!"

But it is not Hitler. Adolf Hitler does not arrive until some minutes later. Quietly, unostentatiously, he worms his way to the front of the official grandstand, and he makes no fuss when he gets there—a few nods, a few words in low tones, while the searchlights play over his unsmiling face. Then he steps to the speaker's rostrum. And then—oh, yes, then it comes!—a thunder of cheering such as no imagination would dare conjure up, while thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of arms shoot upward in rigid salute and solid acres of humanity sway and shake and sob with emotion.

Thunder in the Dust

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

The Story Thus Far:

JUAN AMADOR, foreman of Tom Cloud's Flying K ranch in the Lower California peninsula of Mexico, is murdered by cattle thieves. The authorities decline to investigate. Cloud, a young American, feels that other raids, other killings, are sure to follow.

The ranchman has other troubles. He is in love with Kathleen Boyce, the wife of John Boyce, a neighbor. And, fully aware that Kathleen—a sensitive and beautiful woman whose husband is a brutal weakling—returns his love, he must stand by, powerless to save her from the man she has come to loathe. . . . A mysterious personage known as "El Fuerte" arrives on the scene. He, it develops, wishes (for reasons of his own) to form an alliance with Cloud. Such an alliance, Cloud has reason to believe, would be dangerous. El Fuerte has an enemy—the powerful Solano, a neighbor of vast wealth, whose enmity few would care to incur. Warned by "Old Beard," a wise old cattleman who understands the country, Cloud resolves to make no decision until he knows more of the new arrival.

Whereupon, El Fuerte gives striking evidence of his ability to give the American the protection denied him by the authorities. With two of his henchmen—Bravo and Carlos, both, like their master, experts with rifle, revolver, and knife—he intercepts six raiders who are sneaking away with a bunch of Cloud's cattle, and shoots their horses. Then, riding to Cloud's ranch-house, he dismounts, tells the story. "I have here," he concludes, "the six saddles of the horses I killed." He smiles. "May I suggest, Señor Cloud, that you present six of your own horses, bearing these saddles, to our friends, the thieves? It may serve as a gentle warning!"

The man then suggests a partnership. Cloud hesitates. Who is this boastful, swaggering fellow called "El Fuerte"? Rumor has it that he has been run out of Sonora. But why? Obviously, he is a man of superb courage, albeit an egotistical one. According to his "secretary"—one del Pino, who regards his employer as a hero—he is a man one can trust implicitly, a man of vast and mysterious power, a stalwart fighter to whom no task, no difficulty, can ever prove too formidable. . . . El Fuerte awaits Cloud's verdict impatiently. Then—"Yes or no?" he exclaims. The American must decide—at once. "Done!" he replies, little dreaming what adventures await him, because of that one word.

IV

CONTRERAS Y CANEDO, called El Fuerte, moved in upon Tom Cloud's camp late that afternoon. And here, for Tom Cloud, began new surprises.

In the first place, El Fuerte's removal into the Flying K camp required no less than six pack horses—most of which Cloud recognized as Flying K horses, evidently caught up on the range by El Fuerte's own ropers. And those horses were not led under pack as a mere form; they were loaded high and wide, loaded until they shuffled and stumbled, raising a dust that could be seen for four miles.

Obsequiously and gently, but with his usual gay assurance, El Fuerte moved Cloud's stray effects entirely out of the smaller adobe's second room, installing himself therein. Yet that decent-sized second room seemed no more than a pigeonhole by the time El Fuerte's pack animals were unloaded.

Prominent in El Fuerte's furnishings, and very interesting to Cloud, were twenty or thirty small wooden cases labeled "CANNED TOMATOES! Que No Agarre! DO NOT TOUCH!"

"What in all hell—" Cloud protested.

"Mister," said El Fuerte expansively, "I would not fool you. I would not fool you for anything in the world! Those are not the canned tomatoes. Those, they are a few necessary shells."

"Shells?"

"For different size guns," El Fuerte explained.

"What the devil do we want with forty different sizes of ca'tridge?"

"We have not yet unloaded the other three *caballos*," El Fuerte pointed out. "Anyway, suppose a man—he finds a gun. What good if he cannot find shells?"

From the pack horses now came a singularly large and varied collection of guns; and though many of these were hunting weapons, Cloud counted no less than fifteen heavy-caliber rifles of various makes. A number of long boxes carried in with care might have contained further rifles for all Cloud knew.

"You sure go in for weapons," Cloud said dryly.

"Some are trophies," El Fuerte explained, "some are the souvenir, and some are my hunting guns. Those others I just happen to have with me; I did not know what to do with them. You see, a frand gives them to me to keep for him."

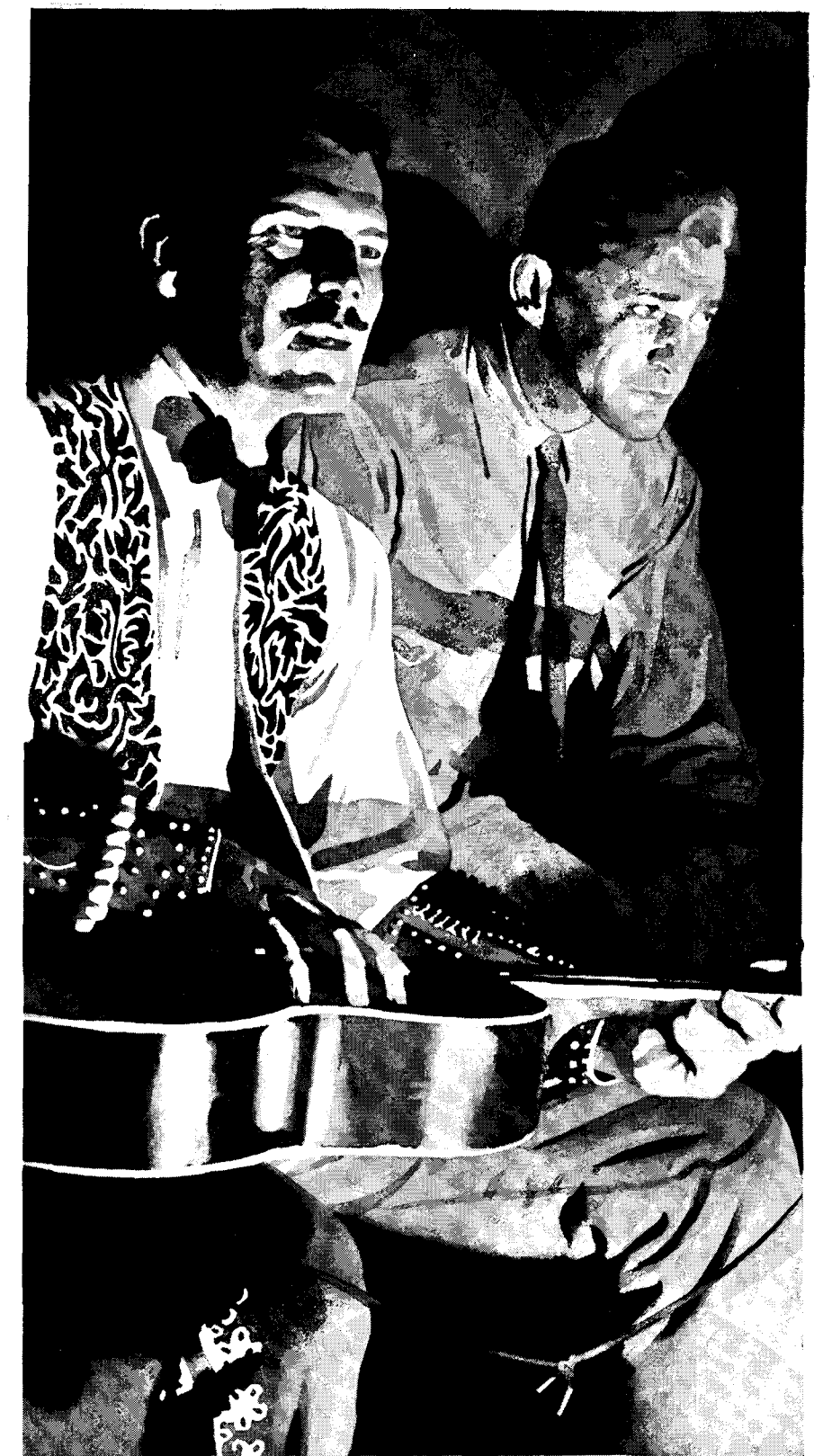
"Seems like more guns than anybody could find any use for."

El Fuerte sighed. "In times like this, it never hurts any man to know where there are a few good guns. Mister, in this world things are very uncertain."

CLOUD was thinking of Beard's hint—that there is such a thing as a tool that will turn in a man's hand. He admitted to himself that he knew less than nothing about El Fuerte; even that Beard might have been right that he was taking some obscure sort of long chance in bringing El Fuerte into his brand. But as he turned away he grinned. He was amused by El Fuerte's arsenal; very likely, he supposed, El Fuerte had taken some kind of part in the North Mexican revolution of four years before, and still clung to some of the tools of the trade from which he had been driven. He did not believe then that any situation could arise—at least not here in his own camp—in which he would not be able to control the men about him. Tom Cloud was a man who believed in himself.

Not all of El Fuerte's belongings consisted of the materials of war. Among the possessions which El Fuerte was moving in were other items varied and unusual. Two long-legged game chickens appeared in small hampers woven of sticks and rawhide. There was a case of whisky whose labels alleged it to be American, though why American Cloud could not conceive. There was a small live pig, and a light *metate* for grinding corn by hand, and a wash boiler evidently used for making huge quantities of coffee. Most of these possessions, except the live pig and the fighting cocks, were stacked neatly in El Fuerte's room, and covered over with travel-worn but finely woven old ponchos of all the colors in the rainbow and two besides.

While this was being done, Cloud had a chance to get a better look at El Fuerte's followers than he had had before. The most striking of these was the tall Indian called Bravo. Except for a broad belt elaborately embroidered in red and gold thread, this rider was dressed like any border cowboy. But the lean face of the man, with its high bony nose, and thin-lipped mouth loosely set in a broad, straight line, was made striking by its effect of contem-



tuously cruelty; and the small, unrelenting eyes were somehow snake-like rather than human.

The other was a little bow-legged man whose prematurely seamed countenance showed a self-sufficient sense of humor and a watchful wit. This was the man named Carlos; his history Cloud could not even guess.

"THESE are good men," said El Fuerte. "One of the first things we do, Mister—I urge this very much—we get rid of these riders you have. Mister, they are no good. But we can hire these men of mine instead. These men can get more work out of a horse than any men in Mexico. They will work the cattle twice better, I promise you. Sometimes maybe they will be useful in other ways."

Thinking of the quick information that El Fuerte had somehow obtained in the case of Juan Amador's death, Cloud thought that he knew at least a part of what that last suggestion might mean. Almost exultantly he felt that he was getting into a position to get somewhere at last.

Del Pino appeared last of all, an hour behind the pack train that had brought El Fuerte's singularly assorted possessions. He rode a little black saddle mule, and was leading a beautiful golden palomino mare with pure silver mane and tail.

Ahead of him, del Pino was pushing one more pack animal—a burro which appeared to be loaded with a couple of long water kegs, covered with blankets patterned in black and white.

"You sure have a mighty complete outfit, El Fuerte," Cloud commented. "Even carrying your own water?"

El Fuerte was silent for a moment. "You see that mare?" he said finally with expansive pride. "That is the finest she-mare in all Mexico. Now there is this about palominos: they do not know how to eat."

"Eat?" Cloud repeated.

"In the hills they starve," El Fuerte explained what he meant. "But this mare I have made to know how to rustle for herself in the rocks."

"Broke to eat, is she?"

"Yes, Mister," said El Fuerte in a glow of pride. "Me—I taught her!"



When del Pino had turned the palomino mare into Bravo's hands he seemed for a moment to hesitate. Then, with ostentatious indifference, he led the burro behind the house. Cloud experienced a sudden clutch of curiosity. He waited two minutes, then strolled casually to the back of the house. Del Pino had cast off the ropes which packed the burro.

"Those are the funniest shaped liquor kegs I ever saw," Cloud commented.

For a moment a faint confusion seemed to be suggested by the immobility of del Pino's face. He fiddled pointlessly with the packsaddle, visibly wishing that Cloud would go away and let him unpack alone. "Señor, sir," he said, "these are not whisky kegs."

"Then what in all hell are they?"

"These are—the drums."

"Drums? Come off!"

Del Pino threw back the black-and-white blankets and showed him. Cloud saw a pair of three-foot wooden cylinders a foot and a half in diameter, black with age, and covered all over with a scratched-on design. They had heads of rawhide.

Her eyes were frozen pools, inexpressive, but behind them Cloud somehow knew that there was stirring a deep, hypnotic—fear

"Well, I'll be—" Cloud began.

"Sometimes," del Pino began, "it is not possible to know always what will be useful, maybe."

TOM CLOUD gave it up and went to the corral side of the house again. Bravo was just finishing the saddling of the palomino mare with El Fuerte's rig; El Fuerte's heavily silvered black saddle and elaborate bridle made the mare the most barbarically magnificent mount Tom Cloud had ever seen in the southwest. El Fuerte swung leisurely into the saddle and the mare became very still and watchful, head high.

"I have one little ride to do, Mister," El Fuerte said. "I will see you pretty soon."

"We better figure to eat pretty quick."

"Buena." El Fuerte called out some order to Bravo in a language that was

neither English nor Spanish but something Cloud did not understand; then turned his horse and went down-valley at a quick singlefoot.

Immediately El Fuerte's four men swung aboard the horses which they had not unsaddled, and turned up-valley. Suddenly it was borne in upon Cloud that nothing these people did was clear to him. On a sudden impatient impulse he shouted after them: "Where the devil you going?"

Del Pino wheeled his black mule courteously. "We look at the country," he said with a blank face. "We look at the country and the cattle, so that tomorrow's work will go more quick." They put their animals into a run, sloping quickly out of earshot.

Cloud went and stood in the door of the adobe, listening to the bawling of the weanlings and thinking about starting a fire for supper. But his eyes were on the elegantly mounted figure of El Fuerte, moving off down-valley. He was about to turn inside when he saw in the clear twilight that El Fuerte had paused at the quarter mile to speak to a rider who came swiftly up the valley. He saw them exchange a word or two briefly from the saddle, then El Fuerte proceeded down-valley, and the other came on.

Suddenly Tom Cloud forgot about supper. Old Beard was coming in on a tired horse at a shambling lope.

OLD BEARD rode like a centaur, but as he eased down from the saddle in front of Tom Cloud's door a certain stiffness of the joints was noticeable; after all he was very old. By the last of the failing light Tom Cloud saw that the pale nondescript green eyes for once did not give their usual effect of great peace. Old Beard looked a little worried, a little sour.

"Come on in," Cloud invited. "Pretty soon now we're going to eat."

Old Beard stood for half a minute looking about him, his hand still on the horn of his saddle; then he pulled his pipe out of his mustache. "Well, I see he's already moved in," he said wearily. "Just this afternoon."

Beard stood motionless a moment more, staring vaguely up the valley, after the fashion of the old; then let go the saddle and walked slowly and stiffly into the house.

Cloud lighted the kerosene lamp. "Set down," he suggested, and Beard obeyed. "In a way," Beard said, "it seems like I've come too late."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Cloud," said Old Beard, "what is it you're trying to do here?"

"Run cattle," Cloud said promptly. "Yep. I seen you was running cattle. But I'm asking you something different now. I'm asking you straight—is that all you're aiming at?"

"You know damn well that's all I'm aiming at," Cloud said impatiently. "Beard, I want to know what you mean by that question."

"Well, I'll tell you," Beard said with reluctance. "It kind of seems to some of us that you're a little different organized here than what's necessary for just running stock."

Cloud grinned sardonically on one side of his face. "A little too much on the warrior side to suit you, huh?"

Beard looked uncomfortable; he knew well enough that he was upon uneasy ground. "There's people that kind of feel that there wasn't hardly any call to—"

"You know why I got El Fuerte in here," Cloud told him. "I came down here for the long pull; I paid for my range rights and I paid for my cattle; I paid my way in everything. I never asked any odds from you or Solano or anybody else. All I've asked of anybody was what was due and coming to me."

SLOWLY Beard refilled and lighted his pipe. "But your cattle ain't increasing," he said. "And so you got sore."

"Plenty," Cloud grunted. "And I'm not lying down, either."

"Son," said Old Beard, "ten years is a very short time to learn about running cattle in Baja. You can't hurry things down here, my boy, like you can the other side of the line."

"I admit it's panned out that I don't know how to run cattle down here," Cloud said harshly. "But I aim to get men in here that do know how."

"So you rung in El Fuerte," Beard said.

"I'm trying El Fuerte. If he don't work, I'll get somebody else—and keep trying, until I'm beat and broke."

"Way things are," Old Beard said through a concealing screen of smoke, "I don't know if your outfit or any outfit can last through a good siege of El Fuerte—let alone trying on any others later."

Cloud opened his mouth to reply sharply, but closed it again and considered. In the silence the bellowing of the weanlings and their unhappy cows bore down heavily, seeming to fill the valley with mournful sound. "Yesterday," Cloud said, "I came to you and asked your advice about El Fuerte. Seemed like you didn't want to give me any advice. That's all right. That's up to you. But—"

"Maybe I kept my mouth shut a little too hasty," Beard admitted; and there was another silence.

"Beard," Cloud stated flatly, "there's something on your mind."

The old man shifted stiffly, leaned back against the wall and crossed his knees. "Did it seem to you, maybe," he said at last, "that this El Fuerte was a little bit overanxious to make this hook-up with you?"

"No," said Cloud.

"So anxious even," Beard elaborated, "that he took it into his own hands to come onto your lease, with his own riders, and start working for you, and riding guard on your stock—before you and him even come to terms?"

Cloud made an impatient gesture. Repeatedly it annoyed him that Old Beard—like El Fuerte himself—seemed to command some unknown grapevine telegraph system. "Well?" he demanded sharply.

"There's all ways a man has to look at a thing," Beard said. "Yesterday (Continued on page 30)"

Roman Candles

By Marian Sims

*The story of a girl who
"couldn't be saved"—and
her father, who knew
when to call a cop*

HOWARD WELBORN'S first impulse was to stop his own car and see whether Cynthia needed any help in dealing with the policeman. Not, he reflected grimly, that he could imagine his daughter's needing help with anything under the sun; she was as independent and self-sufficient as an alley cat. But something in the attitude of the pair arrested him—the officer's intent pose as he leaned against the roadster's door, or the light in Cynthia's laughing face, glimpsed as his own car passed them. He had never seen just that expression on Cynthia's face before.

Howard's order to the chauffeur died unspoken, and he leaned back thoughtfully. Unquestionably Ed had recognized Cynthia—her flamboyant emerald roadster was unmistakable—but he had neither turned his head nor slowed his pace. Ed, then, must know something of which he himself was ignorant. Funny, Howard mused, how much more servants knew of families than families knew of each other; probably because the servants had no reticences, and were quite willing to pool their information. Cynthia and a policeman.

Arriving home, Howard went straight to his study and gave only half his mind to the evening paper. The other half was filled with questions—questions to which Cynthia alone knew the answers. He found himself listening anxiously for the sound of her footsteps in the hall.

CYNTHIA had cruised shamelessly until she found Sergeant McGuire, occupied just then in telling a stout, harried woman with bundles that the Hoskins car left from this corner on the quarter hour. She drew the green roadster even with him and stopped.

"You're off your beat, Donn. I've been combing the town."

A light flamed in his eyes and was as quickly smothered. "I don't have a regular beat. And—I hate to mention it, but you're obstructing traffic."

"If I agree to pull over to the curb will you talk to me a minute?"

He gave a shrug that was half resignation and half desperation and followed her car, stood for several seconds looking at her with tortured blue eyes.

She smiled. "I said 'talk to me.'"

He grinned mirthlessly. "It's hot today, isn't it?"

Cynthia sighed. "You're the most difficult man I ever pursued. Flirting with you is worse than plowing."

"Then," Donn McGuire suggested dryly, "why don't you try plowing for a change?"

She laughed, and veered with characteristic suddenness. "There's a brawl at the club tonight. Will you be on hand keeping order?"

"No, thank God."

"That's a gallant thing to say after—the last time."

Dull red flooded his clear skin; his mind tried to eject a memory of Cynthia, driving him home after the dance, stopping the car and lifting her face; a memory of the bitter sweetness of Cynthia's mouth. He said sarcastically:

"Surely you've got more sense than to expect a policeman to be gallant."

"I know, but you're so darned beautiful, Donn. I keep hoping you'll surprise me."

The flush deepened. "Well, I won't." He glanced over his shoulder at the crowded street. "Sorry, Cynthia, but I've got to get back."

"Wait." The mockery had died out of her eyes, leaving them almost wistful.



"Come in a few minutes, Cyn, if you've got time."

She went to the doorway, dragging off her hat and gloves, and her beauty was like a torch in the dim room. Wisps of sunlight still clung to her hair, and the creamy tan of her skin was almost translucent. It occurred to Howard that she was much too beautiful for her own good. Women who looked like that were apt to coast through life breaking all the rules, were apt to be forgiven too much.

"Hullo, Pop. If I didn't have time I'd take it." She crossed the room with a noiseless, feline grace, and sank into a deep chair, swinging her long legs over its arm.

Howard pushed the cigarette box towards her and made his voice as casual as possible: "Having dinner with me tonight?"

She lit her cigarette and inhaled deeply. "No, hang it. Snake Tysdale's giving a party at the club tonight. It'll be poisonous."

"Then why go?" Howard demanded humorously.

She shrugged. "What else is there?"

There were a great many things, he thought, but if people didn't recognize them it was useless to point them out. Instead he said carelessly: "I noticed

you in consultation with the law as I came home. No trouble, I hope."

If he had expected her to be embarrassed he was disappointed. Her face lighted amazingly.

"Oh, you mean Donn McGuire. Did you see him?"

"Only his back. But that was—impressive."

She smiled. "You should see his front. He's the most beautiful male that ever walked. Just having him look at me gives me the shivers."

HOWARD felt as if a hand had closed over his heart, but he managed an answering smile. "A friend of yours, I take it."

She grinned—the elfin, wicked grin of a small boy. "And how!"

Howard wished for the thousandth time that Cynthia's mother hadn't died so long ago. Being president of a bank for the past four years had taken all his time and energy, and in those four years Cynthia had grown up and beyond him. He contented himself momentarily with a humorous protest:

"But, a policeman, Cyn. Isn't that drawing it pretty fine?"

Her face was suddenly hard and old—far older, he felt, than a girl of twenty-three had any right to look. "Not half as fine as it might be. Adele Somers is all steamed up over a slimy little filling-station operator, and Jane Caruthers is that way over a fellow who used to have a speak in First Street. It's the rage just now."

The hand tightened about Howard's heart. Dusk was creeping into the beautiful book-lined room and he snapped on a lamp before he spoke. I'll have to be unconcerned, he thought, otherwise I won't find out a thing.

Illustrated by
John H.
Crosman



"What's wrong with your own crowd?" Her laugh was short, and as hard as her face. "Those mollusks? You tell me something that's right with 'em."

"I can't. But you seem to see a lot of them. I wonder why you bother." Again the shrug. "The same answer: what else is there? Except—police-men."

He laughed, hoping Cynthia wouldn't catch the false note. "You aren't very specific. Just what is wrong? I'm not being paternal; my interest is entirely academic."

"Everything." She spread her hands expressively. "Drunk seven nights a week. No brains and no guts. If they didn't have rich or important parents they'd starve."

The hand was at Howard's throat now, but he knocked ashes from his cigar with a finger that was admirably steady. "You'd think the past four years would have taught them something. Hasn't it?"

"Morons can't learn."

"What about you? What's your reaction to it?"

SHE swung her beautiful legs meditatively. "Well—I've found out that practically all the big guns—with the exception of yourself—are crooked. And that the bigger they are the harder they fall."

"You might deduce from that," Howard said with a smile, "that honesty really is the best policy, although no-

body ever suspected it until recently. What else have you learned?"

She considered. "Well—I've learned to supplement a depreciated allowance."

"How?"

"Bridge, poker—anything. They used to take me for a ride regularly, and I was too dumb to understand why. Now I've got my signals perfected."

He felt suddenly sick. "Cheating, you mean?"

"If you want to call it that. I call it self-defense. Of course it burned me up when I first found it out. But when you're in Rome you've got to shoot Roman candles."

He changed the subject suddenly, because he would have lost his temper in a moment, and because there was one more thing he wanted to find out—about Donn McGuire.

"Have you ever thought of marrying, Cynthia?"

Again that elfin grin. "Constantly. And always with a slight nausea."

"What about your—policeman?"

"Sergeant," she corrected him. "At twenty-six. No, I'm not that crazy. He's just my big moment, and it's fatal to marry those, even when they're your own sort."

Her own sort, he thought contemptuously, would hardly bear marrying either. He asked unsmilingly: "Have you any redeeming features, Cynthia—besides being as beautiful as sin? And Lord knows that's something you can't take credit for."

She absorbed the thrust calmly. "Well, I'm crazy about animals, and decent to the servants, and I never welsh a bet or get drunk, or lie to you. Too fond of you."

He bowed ironically.

"I wonder," he said, "what would happen if I decided to play the heavy father?"

She unfolded herself and rose. "You wouldn't, darling. You've got too much sense."

"I wonder."

She crossed the room and kissed him lightly, and he caught the faint odor of alcohol. "Warn me a little in advance so I can start saving my allowance against the day I have to leave." She went out, still with that silent, catlike grace.

Howard sat motionless for several minutes, then he reached blindly towards his desk and picked up the telephone.

CYNTHIA hadn't underestimated Snake's party. He was entertaining a dozen guests at the country club's weekly dinner dance, and while the early arrivals found him almost sober the later ones were not so fortunate. Cynthia sighed and took a drink to armor herself.

The one bright spot was Jarrett Land, and even that spot, she discovered later, was decidedly tarnished. He was a stranger and, to all appearances, promising. She noticed him as she came in, standing beside Snake, and let her eyes linger on his for a long, unsmiling moment before she dragged them away. It had never failed to work, and it didn't fail this time; he spoke to Snake and Snake immediately brought him over.

"This is Jarrett Land, Cyn—Richmond's entry for the National Menace Contest. Miss Welborn, Jet, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls." With that he left them.

Jarrett Land appropriated her at once. He said calmly: "I don't know who you came with, but I'm taking you in to dinner," and slipped her arm through his.

She didn't argue; it wasn't that important. Nothing was. And Donn wasn't even outside to add zest to a stale evening. She followed him to the dining-room with deceptive meekness.

Jarrett Land was rather smooth. Smooth-looking, a smooth dancer, a smooth line. She let him play out all his line without a protest, only partially aware of what he was saying. You didn't need your mind to answer this sort of stuff.

He cut in on her frequently, always with a proprietary air. "I was leaving tomorrow," he said into her hair, "but if you'll give me a date I'll stay over."

"And leave Richmond prostrate?" she mocked him. "I couldn't bear it. Besides, I've got a date." She hadn't, but she was hoping to slip away and worry Donn into driving with her. Just sitting shoulder to shoulder with Donn and having him scowl at her was better than being mauled by Jarrett Land.

He led her through a French door to the terrace. "This is serious. What'll I do to change your mind?"

"Nothing. It's already set, like concrete."

He shrugged. "Well, come out to the car with me while I replenish this flask. I'm dry."

SHE went with him across the parkway to a roadster that glittered darkly under the electric light, watched him refill the flask from a quart bottle. He poured a drink into the silver top and handed it to her and she drank it silently, then he poured a second and larger drink for himself, took it at a gulp and put the flask in his pocket.

"Let's sit here a while and talk."

She smiled. "Talk? You wouldn't kid me?"

They were protected by the car's shadow, and Jarrett Land took her in his arms. He didn't as a rule need to kiss a girl more than once to end any argument.

Cynthia kissed him, experimentally, and decided she didn't care for it. His mouth was too hot and urgent. She tried to draw away but he held her closer than before. "Cynthia, you little devil—"

"Don't!" she panted. "I'd hate to go Victorian and scream for help—"

Leisurely footsteps crunched on the gravel and, still breathing heavily, he released her quickly.

The footsteps belonged to a police officer, and Cynthia realized with sick surprise that the officer was Donn.

Impulsively she ran towards him. "Donn!"

He swung around, touched his cap. "Yes, Miss Welborn?"

They were under the light now, and she knew from the look in his eyes that he had seen. She said eagerly: "You told me you wouldn't be here."

"I didn't think I would be, but this is my unlucky day." His voice was brittle.

She laughed shakily, decided to grasp the nettle. "I'm glad you were. It was getting—difficult."

"What did you expect when you came out here?" he demanded contemptuously. "That he'd show you the Big Dipper?" He turned and walked away.

Jarrett Land was beside her again. "Don't tell me you let a policeman walk out on you?"

She moved towards the clubhouse without looking at him.

IN HIS office the next afternoon Howard appraised Donn McGuire carefully and realized that Cynthia had been right: Donn McGuire was the handsomest man he had ever seen. Broad-shouldered and slim-hipped, with thick dark hair and blue Irish eyes. Cynthia's enthusiasm had prepared him for that, but not for the fine modeling of the man's head, or the fearless directness of his look. Those surprised him, made him uncomfortably aware of his own temerity. His smile was apologetic.

"I'm grateful to you for coming."

(Continued on page 43)



He asked unsmilingly: "Have you any redeeming features, Cynthia—besides being beautiful as sin? And Lord knows that's something you can't take credit for"

Marriage for Revenue

By George Agnew Chamberlain

The Story Thus Far:

DON MULHOLLAND is killed in an airplane crash. He leaves a widow, the pampered Dora Mulholland; and a sister, Regis, a lovely girl who, at twenty-three, can look back on a life of ease and comfort. Dora has a small income; but Regis, hitherto dependent on Don, has nothing beyond a few dollars a month from her brother's estate. She must find a way to support herself.

She finds it, by the simple expedient of learning stenography and submitting her problem to Adsit Abbott, who, she knows, was one of Don's classmates in college. Abbott—senior member of the firm of Abbott, Raglan and Company—gives her a job, at twenty-five dollars a week. He has never seen her before; he has never even heard of her; he had always disliked Don Mulholland. But he admires her personality—and her beauty.

The girl leaves the office. Larry Raglan, Abbott's partner, enters. Unlike the sturdy, dark Abbott, he is lanky, tow-headed—a most attractive young man. "Ad," he announces, "I had it out with Ellie last night. She's leaving me." He then describes his marital problem. He has, he says, bought back the old Raglan home—a dilapidated structure on Stuyvesant Square. He wants to live there. Eleanor, who prefers Park Avenue, has declined to do so. "So," he concludes, "we're separating; and I'm giving her half of all I have."

Abbott seems much surprised, shocked. He is eager to dissuade Raglan from taking his fortune out of their thriving stock-brokerage business. Why, he wants to know, should Raglan do anything so foolish? "Larry," he says, "let me have a talk with Eleanor. I can save you a lot of trouble." And Raglan, weary of the whole distasteful business, tells him to go ahead. Whereupon, Abbott asks Eleanor to dine with him that evening. Then, making his plans carefully, he begins operations! XL, a speculative stock into which Raglan will not permit him to put the firm's funds, is, he feels certain, going up. He phones a broker, buys a thousand shares "in the same name as before," and promises to get the necessary margin money during the day. Smith, the office manager, overhears the conversation. He tucks it in his memory, for future use. . . . Regis her day's work done, hurries to Dora's apartment (which she shares), tells her what she has done. Dora, living beyond her means in hope of marrying some wealthy man, is furious. "You've ruined us both!" she exclaims.

II

THREE days later Abbott sat facing Eleanor Raglan. They studied each other speculatively and no pair was ever better fitted to match swords. There was something cool and adequate about Eleanor; a gloss like the gloss of shining steel. She was lovely, polished—a model of precision.

Her blue eyes, framed by plucked and penciled brows, were exactly right, as was her delicate nose. Her mouth, though too small for generosity and too thin-lipped for genuine passion, was set in the curve of classic beauty. As much could be said of her skin and figure. God had made them basically correct; Eleanor and art had actually succeeded in painting the lily. She was young, short of the ledge of thirty, yet gave an impression of agelessness, of a fixity that would endure, with care, until death. Abbott admired her for the very quality she admired in herself—the ability to put on a breath-taking show.

Raglan, returning from a hard day on the floor, was about to enter his own door when he noticed with surprise that Abbott's was ajar. He started to go in, but halted abruptly upon catching sight of two slim legs, extended and crossed at the ankles. He recognized them, not by the sheer silk stockings nor the expensive footwear, but because their contours were indelibly impressed on his brain and somehow woven into his being. They belonged to his wife. He had lived with them for almost five years. Though they were immobile at the moment they seemed to symbolize a will-

o'-the-wisp which he had followed stumblingly along a zigzag course without ever quite being able to catch up.

Only gradually did he become conscious of Eleanor's voice and still more gradually did the words she was uttering attain meaning. "Adsit," she was saying, "you're making a big mistake. You're assuming that I'm such a fool as to use my own poor brain in a thing like this."

"There's nothing the matter with your brain," said Abbott quickly. He added deliberately, "Nor with the rest of you."

"I admit the brain part of me knows its limitations," continued Eleanor coolly. "It knows, for instance, it can equal any mule's when it comes to balking. I'm saying my last word, take it or leave it. Either Larry hands over half of everything he's got in a lump sum or I hold out for a straight Empire State divorce. No Paris, Reno or Mexico for mine. New York is where Larry is going to live, here is where he is going to make his money, and right here is where I can keep a hold on him that nobody can break."

RAGLAN awoke to the fact that he was eavesdropping and the discovery mortified him. He drew back and entered his own office, opening and closing the door so silently that the two people in the neighboring room remained unaware of his arrival. Soon he heard a vague commotion and realized that Eleanor, having delivered her ultimatum, had wasted little time in saying goodbye. However, several minutes elapsed before Abbott rapped on his door and opened it.

"Well," he cried, an odd elation in his eyes, "was I right or wasn't I?"

"I still don't admit she'd take my last shirt," said Raglan, "but I'll say you're a fast worker."

"What on earth—" began Abbott and then caught his tongue. He frowned, not at Raglan. He had just been checking a few of the closing prices as a blind and had got the news of a phenomenal rise in XL. He realized how nearly he had given himself away and now escaped adroitly through attack. "So you were listening—you heard us!"

"The tail end. Your door was open."

Abbott pondered for a moment, then his brow cleared. "It's just as well. Now, look here, Larry; never you mind if it does have to be New York. There are ways and ways at the call of pull and money. I've been putting myself wise the last couple of days—ever since I hunched that Ellie was going to plant her feet. Before a referee, and with the machine well oiled, how long do you suppose it will take?"

"I don't know and I don't care. I'm tired and I want a bath."

"Two weeks for the interlocutory if there isn't a hitch," persisted Abbott, "and three months more for the final decree. Does that sound credible? I can hardly believe it myself."

At that moment anyone endowed with normal kindness would have perceived a pathetic figure behind the mask of Raglan's powerful frame. In his eyes, his matted mane of hair, in his whole slouching body, there was the forlorn note of a still green but uprooted tree. Abbott's enthusiasm left him more than cold; it stirred his resentment.

He eyed him with a glimmer of dislike. "I said you were a fast worker," he murmured.

Mr. Smith, office manager for Abbott, Raglan & Company, though he had never attained to the rank of a partner, had yet survived many partnerships. With his eyes shut he could draw a graph of what constituted a workable combination and another of spectacular elements which he was willing to wager could not be made to fuse. The ideal team was a hare and a tortoise, a mole and a butterfly, or best of all a Missouri mule hitched tandem with Man o' War.

But two striders, neck and neck? No; it simply wasn't in the cards. A man with a stride necessarily keeps step with nobody else. Now Adsit Abbott was a strider and Larry Raglan another; they were of the chosen few born to seven-league boots. They actually visioned themselves as marching arm in arm, but Mr. Smith knew better. To him they were two sea-going tugs traveling away from each other, and when a hawser contends with an irresistible force, look out for the flying ends!

One other matter troubled him—the new girl, Regis Mulholland. For a week he had been trying to break her on a wheel that never before had failed. His attitude alone had been enough to warn others not to speak to her; as for active persecution, it had consisted in his tossing her work casually into the wastebasket day after day and as casually telling her to do it over again. A treadmill could have exercised no more cruel strain and most girls would have surrendered the minute they realized what was up. But it was exactly her recognition of Mr. Smith's objective that stirred Regis' fighting blood; this was a battle and she was going to win it. She turned red with mortification one day and white with the effort to control her temper the next, but her teeth remained set in a single determination. He could fire her whenever he liked but she would never quit.

As a result she attained to a species of calm so puzzling to her tormentor as to arouse his talent for discovery and put him on his mettle. In his philosophy, if you ran across a nut you couldn't crack, then the nut had cracked you. No longer could he dismiss her from mind as a strange importation from the vague outside. His interest thus thrown into another channel, he began studying her, which necessarily entailed looking at her. To his genuine astonishment he perceived she was by far the best-looking girl he had ever seen at such close range.

HIS reaction to this discovery was quite natural and without conscious guile. Two things stood out in his calculations: she was a protégée of neither of the heads of the firm nor was she one of those social lights who take on a job as a lark, since she worked as if she needed the money. In his experience anybody who needed money was at the beck and call of those who controlled it. Deliberately he assigned her a special task which carried into overtime and in the solitude thus assured asked her point-blank if she would care to go out with him for a bite to eat. That silly phrase, more than the intent behind the invitation, aroused her ire. She rose from the typewriter and faced him.

"I won't go to dinner with you, Mr. Smith, but I'm glad you asked me because it shows some kind of interest. It's practically the first time you've spoken to me except to give me some

useless thing to do. I've worked hard. I haven't earned the money the firm is paying me, but it isn't my fault. I'll say this for your system: I'm far better prepared to earn my pay than when I came here. Perhaps that's what you've been driving at. Is it?"

Taken aback, listening to a language he had never learned, Mr. Smith turned red but did not answer.

"I'd like to believe so," continued Regis, "but I can't. You can't either. Now we come to the matter of your invitation. If we were two genuine people—if you were as lonely as I am and merely wanted to eat and talk in the company of somebody else—I could go. I mean I haven't any other engagement. But I'm not going with you. I realize you can make things even harder for me than they have been, but I don't think you will. You're a sensible person or you wouldn't have the position you hold. I'm sensible too, and, though you may not think so at this moment, you and I are going to be friends."

SHE left him staring in a sort of wordless confusion, astonished that he felt no anger at her or himself. She got her things, hurried out of the building



LARRY RAGLAN

and started to walk around two sides of the churchyard to the nearest subway station on Broadway. As she reached the corner she was surprised to hear her name. She turned to face Kit.

"What is it?" asked Regis. "What were you doing?"

"I was waiting," said Kit.

"For what?"

"For you—in case you came out alone."

"I see," said Regis, her eyes hardening. "You were spying. If I hadn't come alone you would have been first with a nice bit of gossip."

Kit laughed in her face. "Climb down off the horse. I'm not Mr. Smith—I'm me. I like you. They've been giving you a rough deal in the office and you've stood it like a soldier. Today, when work kept Mr. Smith as well as yourself so late, I thought you might be feeling pretty raw. That's why I waited for you."

Regis had to bite her lip to keep it from trembling; she was amazed to find how much she wanted to cry. Unable to speak, she threw an arm around Kit's shoulder, drew her through a gate into the churchyard and sat down with her on a flat tombstone. Only now that it began to lift was she conscious of the full weight of the load she had been carrying. Looking back on the double horror of the office and her home she was astonished at the repercussions of a little sympathy.



"Do you mind if I talk to you, Kit? I'd like to, awfully"

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

"You're right—I'm raw, Kit, raw as a skinned knuckle. You're a wonder to have guessed it and—and to have waited. A minute ago I thought I was going to cry."

"There's nothing to cry about," said Kit. "They don't mean anything—only you're kind of queer."

"Oh, that!" exclaimed Regis. "Nothing in the office could ever make me want to cry. It was you—what you said, what you've done. Do you mind if I talk to you, Kit? I want to awfully."

"Of course not. I'd like to talk to you too."

"Do you know why I took a job, Kit?"

"No. I've wondered, and so have the rest of the crowd."

"BECAUSE I've got only half enough to live on, and that's almost worse than having nothing at all. My brother left me about seventy-five a month. It made staying on with Dora—she's his widow—a special kind of torture. It wasn't enough to let me finish college or keep on doing any of the other things I used to do. To make it worse, Dora seems to think all I have is part of a general fund to be devoted toward our straining to live as if nothing had happened. That's the way things are at home, and you know how they've been at the office."

Kit frowned. "With your pay you've got a lot more than I have. Why don't you get out and live on your own?"



ELEANOR RAGLAN

"That's just what I want. I'd do it in a minute, but I don't know how. You see, every time I've gone away, it's been to friends or a ship or a hotel."

"Why, there's lots of places," said Kit. "You can go to any one of a dozen nice places just for working girls."

"Is that the way you do?"

"No. I've got a room and half the use of a bath in a house that's tumbling down."

"Tumbling down?"

"Well, it's been going to tumble for ages, but I guess the landlady has a pull. Anyway, it's been the way it is ever since I can remember and long before that."

"Are there any empty rooms?"

"The nicest rooms are always empty. People who can afford them are so scared they go somewhere else."

"Kit!"

"What?"

"Let's go see your place. Please!"

"All right. I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll stop to buy some things, take them home and cook ourselves a swell supper."

"Oh, could we? I'd love that!"

Half an hour later the two girls stood before an ancient edifice on the south side of Washington Square. Regis studied it quizzically. It looked its age.

"Let's go in," she said with an odd breathlessness. They climbed to the third floor back. "Is this your room? Why, it's lovely. And the bath—what

a big one! It's a room, with a refrigerator and a real shower!"

"A crazy short-haired dame put that in on account of having headaches. It broke her so she had to move out."

"Who has the rest of the floor now?"

"Nobody."

"Is the front room locked?"

"Yes, but the key is on this side."

Kit opened the door and stood back. Regis passed into a large, square room with two high, curtainless windows which stared out on the foliage of the Square. At one side was a white marble fireplace and mantel, quaint though ponderous. The floors were in a terrible condition, suggesting an easy access for mice or even rats. The paper on the walls, where it had not fallen off entirely, was stained and faded. The whole place was indescribably unclean, yet she yearned to possess it. Here was peace, here she could live on nothing at all, her body and soul sustained from the primal sources of content. She insisted on interviewing the landlady at once.

Madam Duchanel proved to be a large, somewhat frowzy but entirely good-natured proprietress.

"So you want the big room, eh? How much can you pay?"

"How much do you ask?" countered Regis.

"Oh, no!" roared Madam Duchanel, "I was first."

"I can pay ten dollars a month more than Kit," said Regis after a pause.

"Done!" cried the landlady. "You pay each month in advance."

"I accept everything," said Regis, still held by the spell of breathlessness.

THAT evening, dinner and dishes disposed of, she insisted on dragging Kit's two chairs into the front room. There the girls sat in the gathering darkness, each peering through an open window across the shadows of the Square and up toward the northern, murky red of the city sky.

"Kit," murmured Regis after a long silence, "I'm ashamed of myself."

"Why?"

"I don't even know your last name." There ensued a long pause, so long that Regis turned her head inquiringly, to find Kit's bowed, her chin buried in her breast. "What's the matter, Kit? What did I say?"

"You asked about my last name. Hardly anybody knows it, and the few that do have almost forgotten. I wanted them to forget. It's terrible. If I tell you, will you promise never to use it?"

"Of course. I'll promise anything. But don't tell me if you feel like that."

"No. I want to tell you, because you'd find out anyway. It's—it's Bilderback."

"Bilderback!" cried Regis. "Why, Kit, that's a lovely name. It's colonial. It goes back for ages."

"What?" gasped Kit. "Isn't it Swedish or Dutch or—or Ellis Island?"

"It's a lot more American than mine," said Regis. "It's almost as American as Plymouth Rock or Bunker Hill."

Kit got up slowly, came close to Regis and laid a trembling hand on her shoulder. "That's the nicest thing—" she breathed, "the nicest thing anybody ever said to me."

STENOGRAPHERS might gape at Abbott and whisper at his passing, but that did not mean that Raglan's progress went unnoticed. His appeal, however, was to a smaller and distinct division. Downtown, though he belonged as a master thread in the local weave, his garb of careless tweeds set him apart; he was property, a cherished freak. But uptown it was different.

There was a bronzed look about him that drew only the knowing eye. By virtue of driving an open car winter and summer, of playing a round of golf

whenever he could snatch two hours of daylight, of going clean away during slack months to sail a boat in unfrequented waters or drive through untraveled byways, he had acquired a store of health and magnetism calculated to stir the curiosity of the imaginative.

While Abbott would have been aware through his shoulder blades of the interest aroused, Raglan's mind lived secure within a world of its own, especially on this early morning when he was bound on a breath-taking mission. He walked down the Avenue as far as Eighteenth Street and turned east. A

few minutes later he was slipping a key into the area doorway of a sandstone front off Stuyvesant Square.

Some weeks had elapsed since he told his wife he had bought the house in which he had been born, but only today was it definitely his. During the negotiations he had discovered the sum his impoverished father had received for the property and it amused him that he himself should have had to pay exactly five times as much to regain it. The joke, however, was not altogether on him. While the deal had still been in the option stage he had refused an offer

representing an astonishing advance over the price of purchase. What was happening to the world? Had it gone completely mad? Anyway, he reflected philosophically, a mad world is invariably interesting.

He stumbled through the gloom of the basement into the big kitchen and raised the blind of one of the windows opening on the back yard. The light brought to view desolation—desolation within and without. Could it be that his childhood had found this grim interior a place of warmth, cleanliness and delight? As for the yard, it would have mocked at memory even more completely had it not been for a single feature, a tree. The grimy enclosure had so shrunk both in size and attraction as to make it seem impossible the tangled wilderness of his infancy could have been compressed within those limits.

Turning, he climbed the narrow stairs, to find a barren expanse. Only by the aid of two square archways could he revive the established boundaries of old. This had been the dining-room, with two high windows opening on a gingerbread ironwork balcony, a trellised wistaria, the drooping fronds of the ailanthus and the garden of his fading dreams. Here had been the library, warmed by the mottled backs of books—calfskin, buckram and board. Facing its central fireplace had stood the deep couch which had been his playground, flanked at each end by a chair, one his mother's, the other his father's immemorial habitat. Lastly, this had been the parlor. . . .

HE DREW a deep, quivering breath as he went up the main stairway to the floor above. Here had been his child's world, his domain. Here his feet had pattered and his wails resounded with the authority of possession. Ghosts crowded about him—not only the ghosts of his father, of his mother and his two sisters, but ghosts of himself. He remembered the round-eyed boy who had stood before a pier glass and stuck out his tongue at his counterpart. Which of the two first took offense? Anyway, while both had evinced rage, one had picked up a sturdy little chair, swung it high and brought it down, its four metal-capped feet plunged into the splintering mirror. Licking? What a licking!

Smiling and sighing simultaneously, he descended, retraced his steps and emerged into the areaway. It was part of his aspiration to walk from his new home to the office daily. How far was it? How long would it take? By what rule of thumb could one measure distances in the jumble south of Union Square? He slanted westward through Stuyvesant Street and arrived at Astor Place. There he hesitated, finally crossed to Lafayette Street and as he reached the curb almost collided with two girls walking arm in arm. He saw them without seeing them, as was so often his habit. He turned south; they turned south. At a corner all three were held up by the lights. The proximity of the girls troubled him vaguely; he had an uneasy feeling something was expected of him. He half turned toward a taxi on an impulse of escape, but at that instant a voice spoke his name.

"Hello, Mr. Raglan."

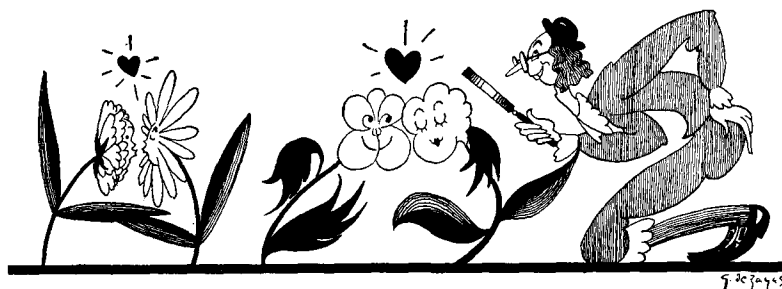
He looked down into a pair of black eyes, bright as shoe buttons, and his brows gathered in a frown. It cleared and his generous mouth spread in a grin. "Why, Kit! It is Kit, isn't it?"

"Sure," said Kit. "Who did you think it was?"

"I don't know," he said, wagging his head from side to side. "I'm sure I don't know, or what I was thinking about."

The lights changed. He nodded, still with the friendly grin on his face, plunged forward and went striding ahead. Even when he had gained more

(Continued on page 47)



Keep Up with the World By Freling Foster

About the middle of the 18th Century, the Swedish botanist Linnæus discovered the sexual system in plant life, and it so shocked the religious world that his famous writings were banned in a number of European countries for many years.

Approximately 1,700,000 men and 1,300,000 women in the United States today wear wigs and toupees.

A personal letter is a legal form of manuscript and therefore is not the property of the recipient but that of the person who wrote it. Even excerpts cannot be published without the permission of the writer, his heirs or his executors.

A neon lamp that is used in television is so sensitive that it can be flashed on and off at the rate of 500,000 times a second.—By Paul Kanarek, Belleville, New Jersey.

Of all male animals, only two species of birds and one kind of insect present gifts to the female during courtship. The Adelle penguin brings stones, the bower-bird presents flowers and berries, and the *Empis* fly calls with food enclosed in a glistening bubble secreted by himself.—By E. B. Meyer, Cleveland, Ohio.

Basket-making is one art in which primitive tribes still excel the civilized peoples.

Under Paris lies the greatest mushroom-producing center in the world. It is a complete subterranean city, with a perfect ventilating system and eight miles of illuminated streets lined with mushroom beds and the homes of the people who cultivate and ship them.

A new British pump for filling stations supplies 15 brands of gasoline, 15 kinds of oil, distilled water for batteries, plain water for radiators, air for tires, a vacuum cleaner for upholstery, and shows the correct time and the exact amount owed by the customer.—By A. W. Robertson, London, England.

The most abhorred caste in India today is a group that is so "untouchable" that the very sight of a member, at any distance, is considered to be very polluting. Consequently they are not allowed to leave their huts, or even look out of their windows, during daylight, for fear someone might see them.

The largest estate in the world is the Kidman Ranch in Australia. It occupies 39,000 square miles, which is equal to the combined areas of New Jersey, Delaware, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

The fastest piece of machinery ever made by man is a new centrifuge for separating metal alloys. It attains a speed of 11,000 revolutions a second and exerts a centrifugal force nearly 3,000,000 times greater than that of the earth's gravitation.

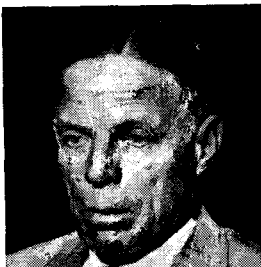
Although alcohol is widely used as an antiseptic and a 10 per cent solution is known to kill many kinds of germs, there is an organism called *Coleothrix Methystes* (from the Greek for drunkard) that will live in a 70 per cent solution.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.




 as Daniels
Mexico


 Joseph C. Grew
Japan


 William E. Dodd
Germany

The Diplomatic Race

*The Foreign Service is having a good deal of its thinking done for it—
in Washington—but the strain on its legs is terrific*

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer


 Hugh S. Gibson
Brazil

LOITERING about State Department corridors one day, Charles G. Dawes huffed and puffed at his upside-down pipe and blew out his contempt for career men in our foreign service. With a side glance at a fairly well-known diplomat who was limping down the hallway on rheumatic legs, the then Ambassador to the Court of St. James' growled:

"Diplomacy may be easy on the head, but it's hell on the legs."

When the comment was relayed to Hugh Gibson, perhaps the best example of the American who makes a profession of diplomacy, he retorted: "It all depends on which organ you use—the head or the legs." Besides being an unfeeling reference to the heavy leg work which Mr. Dawes had performed in preparation for the London Disarmament Conference, the undiplomatic remark gave expression to the trained diplomat's low estimate of politicians and bankers who find themselves transformed into international statesmen overnight by the scratch of a presidential pen, the "success boys" who yearn to cap a career of profitable gadget-making by swapping cocktails and did-you-hear-this-ones with the Prince of Wales. It also reveals that they don't always sing Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here when diplomats get together with the world's problems on the table and the solution in the air.

They don't sing at all. They do what Hell-and-Maria did—they growl. For many years these two types of foreign servants have been quarreling as to which best represents Uncle Sam abroad. The professionals sneer at political and campaign appointees, and the latter call their friendly rivals such hard names as "cookie pushers" and "teacup contortionists."

The situation grew tense when President Roosevelt took office. Besides the changes which would re-

sult from the shift of political control, Mr. Roosevelt's personal attitude was a question. From outposts on the rim of the world, where consular officers getting \$1,200 a year sweat in the sun over "condition reports," came pathetic letters asking friends in the department and around Washington about the "new chief." Would he, as a man who had clearly incurred many political debts in his march toward the White House, try to pay them off with diplomatic coin? Or, as one who had made a study and a career of government, one who had relied upon experts in so many other fields, would he show favoritism to the Gibson boys?

A Break for the Career Men

Although Mr. Roosevelt has not taken open sides in this controversy, both historical and hysterical, he has pleased the career men, who admit that they "are getting a fine break." He has exalted their spirits by promoting their most prominent representatives, and by assigning them to the most difficult and important posts in this topsyturvy world. He has also said that he will advance more of them as soon as he discovers sufficient men ripe for greater responsibility. Although he has appointed friends, politicians, campaign contributors and others with no discernible equipment for the service, he has exhibited a definite leaning and liking for the more experienced diplomats.

Trained men are on the spot in those sections of the world where smart observers and advisers are most needed, and where a blundering amateur, no matter how well intentioned, might upset somebody's appletart. From Havana, where Sumner Welles observed, if he did not sit in on the Cuban revolution, to Moscow, where William C. Bullitt has hung out the Stars and

Stripes over an American embassy in the Soviet capital after sixteen years of non-recognition, our diplomatic top-sergeants have been mobilized. Though not a career man himself, Mr. Bullitt has had far more training and background than most of them. Nelson T. Johnson and Joseph C. Grew at Tokio keep an eye on the military maneuvering across bleak Manchurian plains, and follow political decisions which may affect our interests in the Far East. Hugh Wilson, the rheumatic fellow whose limp precipitated Mr. Dawes' remark, is stationed in Switzerland, whence he may keep track of the didoes of Herr Hitler and the League of Nations.

At Rome, where Il Duce seems to hold at least one key to the turbulent situation in Central Europe, sits Breckenridge Long, whose political record is somewhat offset by his three-year service as Third Assistant Secretary of State. Further reflecting Mr. Roosevelt's confidence in skilled servitors is the fact that he has sent Mr. Gibson and other experts to South America, where this country may have to turn for future political and economic alignments. If difficult assignments are any measure of the President's regard for a skilled diplomatic personnel, there is no doubt of his attitude.

It is to Europe that the political appointees have been sent, whether Europe likes it or not. But the career men profess no concern, having all kinds of explanations. For one thing, they say that there are not enough of their sort to fill all the major posts, even granting that the President cared to make such a radical change. Then again, in such countries as Great Britain, France and Germany, distinguished names are held to be a real asset.

It may be due to their belief that they have arrived, but the professionals stationed at the State

(Continued on page 45)


 John F. Cudahy
Poland


 Breckenridge Long
Italy


 Sumner Welles. He
watched the Cuban
revolution


 John F. Montgomery
Hungary


 Claude G. Bowers
Spain


 Nelson T. Johnson
China


 Robert Worth Bingham
Great Britain


 George H. Earle, 3d
Austria

Thunder in the Dust

Continued from page 23

we was speaking of Solano—the biggest Mexican cattleman in all this part of Baja. Maybe you gathered that I thought it was kind of bad medicine to go rooting up unpleasantness with Solano—the squarest-shooting neighbor you got.”

“Well?”

Old Beard leaned forward to tap Cloud's knee with the bowl of his pipe. “Cloud,” he said, “turn back! You can clear your skirts of this thing, and square yourself with Solano, even yet. With me to help you. But youngster, turn back! There's more war than you're looking for in this thing.”

“I'm not looking for any war,” Cloud said dryly; “but I'm not refusing any either. If I've got to fight for my rights, I'm ready.”

Old Beard leaned back. “If you want to go warring against Solano, I can't stop you,” he said, as shortly as Cloud had ever heard him speak. “But the country won't hold the two of you—not if you stick with this El Fuerte after what's happened.”

“If I haven't got the right to—” Cloud stopped suddenly, a new suspicion as to Beard's meaning entering his mind. “Maybe,” he said slowly, “I don't know what you're talking about, Beard.”

“I'm speaking of José Solano. He was a wild, foolish kid, hard to control. But he was Solano's son. A man's son is his son.”

Cloud jerked suddenly alert. “Was?” he repeated.

“You mean to set there and tell me you don't know what's busted?” Beard said, nonplussed. For a moment more the bellowing of the cattle bore down dull and heavy, wave upon wave of dismal, echoless sound. “José Solano,” Beard said at last, “rode in to La Partida last night shot through the body, half dead in the saddle; this morning he died.”

TOM CLOUD absorbed the shock of this news not all at once, but slowly. The unexpectedness of this country, the violence of its uncertainties, had never played about him more hostilely, more threateningly, than now. More than ever he felt himself a man fighting blindly in a dust cloud against elusive but deadly shadows. Through the haze of smoke that Beard kept pouring out in front of him he heard the old man say, “Now will you turn back?”

For a moment more Cloud was silent, and there were many pictures in his mind. He saw again the face of Juan Amador who was dead, and the smiling face of El Fuerte, and he heard the easy, delicately ironical tones of John Boyce. But mostly now he saw again the eyes of Kathleen as she had looked at him with an unspoken appeal.

Suddenly his temper thrust up like the frosted edge of a blade: “Hell, no! If they want trouble they can have trouble. Now, and all the time, from here out!”

“Solano—”

“Damn Solano! He never raised a hand to help me in his life. And neither did you, by God! Smoke that over.”

For a moment Old Beard sat as if he had been struck; then he came to his feet with a movement astonishingly agile. Behind the fog of smoke the old eyes took on a queer, luminous blaze.

“You damned young fool, if you aim to—”

His voice stopped, checked by a curious thing. Across the earthen floor spun a small object that turned out to be a black, twisted cigarette; it made a little fiery pinwheel through the shadows as it slid twirling, then stopped against a table leg and smoked. In the rear doorway behind Tom Cloud stood El Fuerte, leaning relaxed, his thumbs hooked in his broad belt. He was smiling faintly, and his eyes were sleepy; but Cloud had a quick, eerie sense that El Fuerte had been just outside that door for a long time.

For what seemed minutes the eyes of Old Beard and the sleepy, smiling eyes of El Fuerte met and held; and it was Old Beard who turned away.

BEARD flicked a quick glance through the other door. There was something in that jerk of the old man's eyes that made Cloud's eyes follow; and now he saw that fifteen paces away, leaning against the trunk of one of the giant trees, the man Carlos stood, a rifle dangling casually in the crook of his arm. A peculiarly wicked gleam of humor showed in Carlos' seamed face; but what was more noticeable to Cloud was the fact that in spite of his unobtrusive distance the rifle clearly commanded the segment of the room in which Beard stood. Somehow Cloud knew at once that Bravo was some-

El Fuerte sat down on the table, took the black, twisted cigarette from between his teeth and studied the upward curl of its smoke until his face had subsided into an expression of sincere sobriety. “By heaven, Mister,” he said, “I swear I tell you the truth. I do not know it myself until this noon.”

“Until this noon,” Cloud echoed, a curious note of strain going through his voice. “What's the matter with you, man? Isn't a killing here on my own land worth mentioning?”

El Fuerte looked him in the eyes with an appearance of ingenuous frankness. “This is an unfortunate thing,” he said, “but it is not perfectly unusual, Mister. Me, I have learned this—if a man, or a man's son, he rides on a night raid with cow thieves, Mister, he is taking a fearful chance.”

“Which of you killed him?” Cloud demanded flatly.

“That I do not know. Me, I did not even know a man was hit.”



“I have a package for you”

Louis Priscilla

where in the rear, just as casually commanding a different segment of the room from a little way off. For a moment it gave Cloud a queer, eerie sensation to see how El Fuerte's followers—apparently without need of prearrangement or command—covered their captain foresightedly at the first sign of a clash. Cloud wondered if sometime he would find himself under the eyes of those inconspicuous, watching rifles.

“I'll be moving on,” said Old Beard tonelessly. He moved deliberately, leisurely toward the door.

When he was gone El Fuerte picked up the black twisted cigarette which he had spun across the floor and stuck it between his teeth—all of which were now showing in the most merrily triumphant grin that Cloud had ever seen.

Cloud stood motionless until the slogging beat of hoofs died away, as Old Beard moved off down the valley. Then he swung about abruptly to face El Fuerte. “Why the devil didn't you tell me that you and your people killed Solano's son?”

“Do you realize that there'll be all hell to pay for this?”

“Mister, I do not see why.”

“You don't, huh? With Solano the biggest Mexican cattleman in—”

“See what he must prove,” said El Fuerte reasonably. “First he must get the other cow thieves to swear that last night they are stealing beef and somebody is shooting at them. But who? Then he must prove that his son is also stealing beef, or else why is he shot? Mister, I do not even know myself that this is what happened.”

“You know hooting well that is exactly what happened!”

EL FUERTE shrugged. “I cannot prove it myself, even I. Maybe young Solano shoots himself. Maybe he is found in the wrong bed; that too is a very fine way to get shot. Maybe even old Solano gets mad and shoots—”

“Bunk,” said Cloud.

El Fuerte turned serious. “We cannot run cattle, Mister, if we must guarantee that cow thieves are perfectly safe among our things. It is impossible!

Now I would like to know what you expect here, Mister?”

Cloud considered for a moment, lit a cigarette and grinned. “I expect to fight 'em right down into the ground,” he said. “You already heard me tell Old Beard that. But just the same—how are we going to handle Solano?”

“It's his move, Mister.”

“And when he moves?”

“Then is soon enough to handle it, I think.” El Fuerte stood up, shot the cigarette stub out the doorway, and stretched luxuriously as a man stretches who is pleased with himself and the world. “We better wash our faces, Mister. We are going some place.”

“When? Now?”

“Mrs. Boyce, she says you and me come call tonight.”

“So that's where you went,” Cloud commented.

“Who? Me? No. I only ride past, Mister. But a man must stop a minute sometimes to say ‘Dios’ to a neighbor, no? Me, I change my clothes now.”

THE tall Indian Bravo rode behind them as they jogged the two miles to the hacienda, for a curious feature of El Fuerte's beautiful horsemanship was that it did not seem to include an ability to tie the palomino horse, if there was anywhere a lesser man to do it for him. When they had given their reins to Bravo, Kathleen Boyce let them into the main room of the house.

El Fuerte, quietly gorgeous in his brown suede, bowed obsequiously to Kathleen; then, with the propriety of the Spanish stranger, appeared to ignore her utterly.

“Do you mind if it's a little dark?” Kathleen said; for the room was lighted only by the fire that burned under a bronze hood in the corner of the room. “The kerosene is all gone.”

“I send for kerosene,” El Fuerte said instantly. “Bravo!”

“No, no, please don't do that. I really like just the firelight. Don't you, sometimes?”

“Very much, me,” El Fuerte agreed. “Bravo, go away.”

John Boyce, sitting in the shadows in white flannels, rose and nodded. “A coolish evening,” he suggested.

“Coming on winter pretty quick,” Cloud agreed.

“How odd,” said Boyce.

SEEING no sense in this remark, Cloud did not answer it. He was taking advantage of the poor light to look at Kathleen. After a saddle day of steaming horses and thick white dust, to look at Kathleen was to obtain an effect of cool cleanliness, unbelievably refreshing. In the little light her blue eyes looked nearly black, and very deep; but sometimes they caught the red-gold flicker of the fire, as if somewhere within them lived sad, half-hidden little points of flame.

“How are the various cows?” John Boyce said.

“They stood the summer pretty good; they'll be all right if we get rain.”

El Fuerte was strolling about the room now, looking at the objects in it. The flickering firelight glinted on certain metal buttons and the silver studs of his belt. Almost caressingly he reached out to touch a serape so ancient that he probably would not have deigned to throw it over the back of a mule.

“This”—El Fuerte's low tones boomed softly through the room like a gentle touch upon a big drum—“this is like my mother's house.”

It was a bald-faced lie, and Tom Cloud knew it; but though the courtesy of El Fuerte was removed a thousand miles from the courtesy of John Boyce,

(Continued on page 33)



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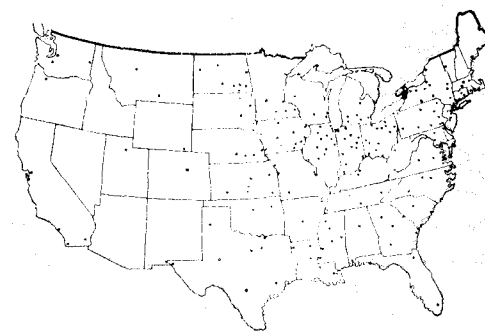
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Thunder in the Dust

Continued from page 30

there was a certain deep-grounded instinct there, like the instinct of a cow pony which places its feet with instant surety over uncertain ground.

"Won't you sit down?" said John Boyce. He did not offer them anything to drink, but Kathleen brought brandy with a tray of cheap blue Mexican glass, and presently the odd undercurrent of strain in this room was eased somewhat.

El Fuerte tested an ancient rawhide chair to see if it would sustain his considerable weight, then sprawled comfortably upon it with that odd combination of grace and indefinable awkwardness which marks all horsemen.

"I didn't suppose," Kathleen Boyce said, "that it would ever get so cold here in Baja as it sometimes does, at night."

"Me, I think it is strange, too," said El Fuerte.

"I don't see how the palm trees live in La Partida."

"Very strange," agreed El Fuerte. "I did not expect such things about palm trees."

"Land of surprises," Boyce murmured.

"It is very hard to get some of our people to work when it is cold," El Fuerte said.

"How true," said Boyce. "And in the heat—impossible. Don't you find it so, Señor—ah—"

"Contreras," El Fuerte supplied. "Contreras y Canedo. I remember once we plan to take a small city. We plan to take it by storm with the cavalry, for the artillery is empty. Suddenly it turns cold. The heart goes out of our people. Yet we cannot wait, or the city will not be surprised. Me, I must lead the cavalry attack. Of one thousand men, I find at my back only fifty."

"Did you take the town?" Kathleen prompted.

"Ah, yes. But with what difficulty!"

"Amazing," said John Boyce without expression. "There must have been a furious resistance."

"Tremendous," El Fuerte agreed without resentment. "I remember one time other. It is while we are still with Villa. The enemy is all around us. Then suddenly it turns cold. But maybe this is not interest to you. Me, I talk too much, very often."

CLOUD saw that Kathleen was about to speak, but John Boyce was before her. "I understand that the Colorado sugar beet crop is very inferior this year," he said to Tom Cloud.

Cloud did not answer, and a thorny silence came upon that strangely assorted group. El Fuerte's eyes seemed lost, sleepy, in the fire.

"This is one of the most remarkable countries I've ever known," Kathleen said at last, with an effort. "I'd give almost anything, I think, to know this country as you must know it, señor."

"Me? I don't know this country," said El Fuerte, rousing himself slightly. "I am in it two months only."

"I mean to know Mexico," Kathleen said.

"Mexico is very many different things," said El Fuerte. "I would not say that I know very much all of Mexico. Only just before I come here, I see a thing I do not understand. I am in the Yaqui country. The Yaquis are a fighting people. For four hundred years they fight everyone, unbeaten. Me, I try to learn some of the Yaqui tongue; but this thing I do not understand: I sit apart on a hill while the Yaquis dance. All night long they dance, singing a sorrow song. Now why do they dance? Nobody is dead; there is no war, it is not time for rain, the corn is very good. Me, I don't know."

"What kind of a dance was it?" Kathleen asked.

In more involved descriptions, El

Fuerte's English appeared to flounder; but he tried to answer her. He spoke slowly, often groping for words. And yet a born story-teller was in this man. As he talked he managed to bring to the side of this little fire a vision of other fires, many of them, tall and slender in the blue-black dark. The drums were booming in broken, intricate rhythms, their thunder filling a cup of the hills under the vast, empty night; and among the fires trailed in and out long lines of people, half-naked people, with bowed heads. For a reason lost in ancient mystery, they wailed a strange off-key chant—a song that was old when Cortez came, a song as old as the coyote song, and as little understood.

JOHN BOYCE'S face was faintly weary, faintly ironic. Tom Cloud sat relatively unmoved by the account of what he would have called an Indian shindig. But in the eyes of Kathleen Boyce was an interest like a wistful hunger.

"I wonder," she said, "if ever in my life I will hear such a song."

he placed in El Fuerte's hands a guitar, and a great lariat-like coil which the others did not recognize.

This latter object looked like a string of big, white beads. As El Fuerte took it, the coil spoke aloud, with a rustling sound something like the talking of wind in dry brush.

"These are the rattles," said El Fuerte proudly. "There is a butterfly called the butterfly of the four mirrors, and these are the little houses of that butterfly. Only they are rattles now." He wrapped the long string of dry cocoons about a forearm and took up the guitar.

Almost idly El Fuerte began to work upon the instrument; and though it was a big guitar, his huge body and big hands made it look small. But the curious thing was that he struck no strings, not then nor later, but only beat with his fingers an odd fluttering tattoo upon the resonant box. Thus the guitar began to speak like the sound of distant drums.

For perhaps three minutes El Fuerte seemed to be warming up that drum-



"How in the heck did that piccolo get in my bag?" Bill Holman

El Fuerte opened his sleepy eyes. "You would like to hear that song?" he said courteously. He came to his feet and went quickly to the door, his big, silver-marked spurs ringing nobly. He sent a low whistle into the night, and they could hear Bravo trotting across the sandy loam. El Fuerte gave an order in an unknown tongue.

"I have learned that song. I sing that song very good," El Fuerte said expansively, turning away from the door. He seated himself, this time on a bench with his back to the shadows and the blackness of the open door. "You shall hear this song." Suddenly a perturbed question came into his face. "You do not understand any Yaqui words?" he asked Kathleen.

"Not a word."

"That is too bad," said El Fuerte with evident relief.

Tom Cloud stirred with a minor annoyance; for he knew by this that the song which El Fuerte was going to sing was not truly a grief song, but a hunger song of a peculiar kind. And for reasons vague to himself he already resented the unknown song, as a liberty no less presumptuous because Kathleen did not understand what it meant.

"Seems like—" he began.

But now Bravo stepped into the door;

beat, while the rattles whispered irregularly. Then there came into the tattoo a subtle, syncopated undercurrent, gradually growing stronger until the sound-box of the guitar boomed and thumped with a compelling tom-tom rhythm. Without rising in strength it seemed to fill the room, holding them all in a dull hypnotism of sound.

THEN softly El Fuerte began to sing drawn-out, wailing words to a tune that made a strange, savage use of what was in truth a conception of the diatonic scale:

"Ay, doraka manja hane. . .
Ay, doraka wahma brone. . ."

The song cried and whimpered huskily through broken, suspended phrases, over and over dying away behind the sustaining drum pulse; while the coil of butterfly rattles talked huskily, sometimes marking the beat, sometimes varying it, but never still.

"I tell you what this part of the song means," El Fuerte spoke through the distant travail of the drums. "It is called 'The Sorrows of the Chief.' It says—'He is crying like the river. . . He is crying like the sea. . . He is crying like a woman, alone. . .'"

The beat changed, became slower, heavier, seeming to sink into a deeper, duller key; but the illusion of far-off booming drums strengthened, so that the insistent beat seemed to press outward against the walls. It was as if a deep, hopeless hunger had come into the drums, an unassuageable torment. But when the song began again it was high and thin and crying; so that though El Fuerte's voice lost none of its timbre, there were women singing in that room, heartbroken, the age-old victims of an unsatisfied desire that was the essence of all pain.

The song wailed and sobbed and ached, so that into that hacienda in the Valley of the Witch there came a sense of strain almost unendurable; the strain of a keyed-up violin string that is ready to break.

The high, thin variation trailed off, losing itself in the insistent rising of the drums and the dry, hysterical rustling of the rattles. When El Fuerte began to sing again his voice was deep and strong. El Fuerte's face looked half asleep, very faintly smiling; but dark fires were behind the sleepy eyes, and his voice seemed not to come from him but through him, the voice of the deep-bosomed desert hills themselves. "Charanda, randa lo . . . karev charanda lo!" Subtly the song strengthened and rose, following the irrepressible, increasing violence of the drums.

It was not possible that fingers tapping a guitar box could fill a long room with booming sound; yet that was what El Fuerte could do, playing his guitar without ever touching a string. Into the song came the smothered violence of war, the violence of a defeated hunger which, unsatisfied, turns to destruction, frustrated but unconquerable. The drums filled the room with their heavy tom-tom beat of war and hunger, and the rattles seemed to storm, crashing against the drum-thunder, weaving behind it, like ragged mountain winds. And strong above the rattles and the drums rose the Yaqui song, a terrible and savage song, a song of defeat that cried out against defeat, a song that cursed all gods and wished for death, yet bristled with a myriad weapons of stone and bone.

WHEN the song that had smashed itself against the adobe walls subsided once more, its long dying was like the rushing away of vast waters that have broken and destroyed their barriers; an unsatisfied subsidence, full-bodied and insatiable, dying only because the peak of its strength was past.

Cloud was frowning, made angry and resentful by a thing that had swayed him against his will. The mad, savage rhythms, rising slowly, with almost a surreptitious stealth, had come into forgotten primitive fibers of his body against his will; instinctively he drew himself out of it, denying the luring passion of the drums, and looked at the others.

El Fuerte, still half smiling, even though he sang, seemed almost to sleep. Only glancing at this man whom he had made his partner, Cloud studied John Boyce. To his own surprise he found that he had to peer through the shadows even to find John Boyce. The man had somehow become a pale, thin non-entity, as if he in large part no longer existed. It was almost as if Boyce had left the room.

But Kathleen—it was when Cloud looked at Kathleen that he came down to earth, turning hard and sober. Her face was a composed mask, but within the curve of her body Cloud sensed a curious rigidity. Her eyes were frozen pools, inexpressive, but behind them Cloud somehow knew that there was stirring a deep, hypnotic—fear.

(To be continued next week)



**READ A NEWSPAPER
AT 80 MILES AN HOUR
ON A DIRT ROAD!**

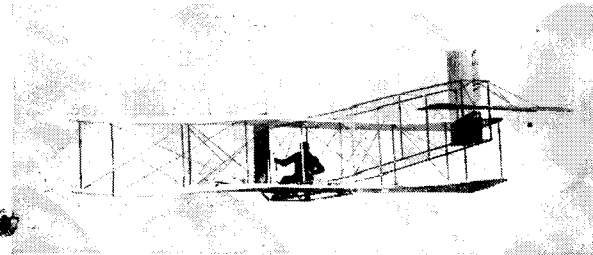
A car that *Bores* through the air...that *Floats* over bumps as if they weren't there. Get ready for the most surprising Ride of your Life!

SCENE . . . A DIRT ROAD. Time . . . next month. You're driving along in your old car . . . trying to dodge the bumps.

It's bad enough for you . . . pity the passengers in back . . . you apologize . . . can't be helped.

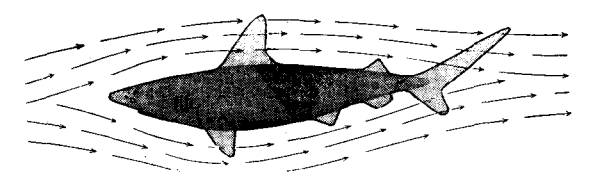
Suddenly a horn . . . you pull over. A strange car flashes by. You catch sight of the man in the back seat. Is it possible . . . he was reading a newspaper!

It was an AIRFLOW De Soto. Today, everyone is wondering what it will be like. We cannot reveal the complete story. But a few of the amazing facts are here, made public in advance.

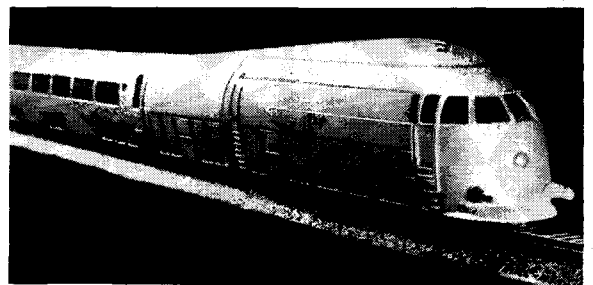


Conquering the Air

One of the first problems that the pioneers of flying had to solve was . . . wind-resistance. The more they could overcome it, the lighter they could build their planes . . . the less power they would need. They studied the shapes of the fastest birds . . . petrels, albatrosses, condors . . . also the fastest fish . . . the Greenland shark . . . the blue whale.



The study of aero-dynamic design became a science. Today, aircraft builders have learned how to "airflow" every inch of a plane's surface. You know the results. Speeds better than 300 miles an hour. Coast to coast in ten hours!



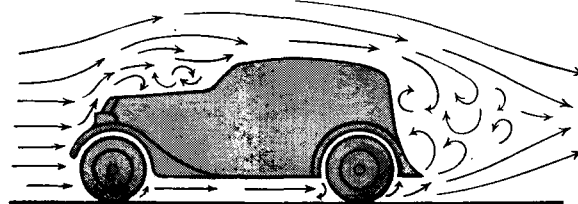
© Norman Bel Geddes

Ships, Trains Follow Suit

Gradually we have awakened to the fact that what we learned about planes applies to other forms of transport. Airflow ships have clipped Trans-Atlantic records. They're building new airflow trains to cross the continent in 50 hours!

The Motor Car must Catch Up

What about an airflow car? Manufacturers have toyed with the idea . . . a radiator here . . . a fender there. But that is not true aero-dynamic design. Look what happens when the typical car of today speeds through the air:—



At 60 miles an hour, it actually uses one half of its engine power fighting wind-resistance!

Why has no company produced a scientifically shaped car? For one thing, it requires a tremendous investment . . . for research and for manufacturing. Moreover . . . it means a complete departure from all the traditional ideas of automobile design.

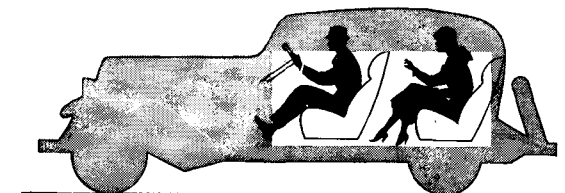
De Soto has undertaken to pioneer the way because it enjoys the unequalled research and engineering facilities of Chrysler Motors. It believes that the public will not merely accept, but will enthusiastically welcome a car that is more modern, more comfortable . . . and safer than any low-priced car ever built.



Five Years of Research

Work on the new AIRFLOW De Soto began five years ago. Wind-tunnels, similar to those used by the United States Government, were installed.

Scores of models were made . . . thousands of drawings . . . then more than twelve months of gruelling secret tests over the worst roads that could be found. And now it is ready . . . a new kind of motor car . . . that will start a new era in the history of road travel.



Most Sensational Ride in Thirty Years!

The diagram above shows the seating arrangement in the car of today. The back seats are directly

over the back axle . . . the equivalent of travelling "steerage" on a ship. Not a single bump escapes you. No wonder that there are straps on the side for you to hold onto!



The design of the AIRFLOW De Soto (*above*), allows every passenger to sit "amidships." Add to this a revolutionary new method of weight distribution throughout the car and you have the reason why your first FLOATING RIDE will be a never-forgotten experience.

Sleep . . . at 80 Miles an Hour!

In an ordinary car, whether you know it or not, your nerves and muscles are tensed . . . waiting for the jolts. In the AIRFLOW De Soto you can relax utterly. Close your eyes and you will hardly know that you are moving. At 80 miles an hour . . . you can read the small print of a newspaper . . . write a letter . . . sleep comfortably. That's why there aren't any hand-straps to hold onto in *this* car. Nobody would ever use them!

No question about it . . . you'll gasp at De Soto's daring new-day beauty. Its luxurious interiors will delight you. But the BIG sensation . . . the most significant motor car news of 1934 . . . will be the breath-taking AIRFLOW De Soto *Floating Ride*. Its importance is fundamental, not just a matter of new springs. It's a new way to BUILD a car!



Ride Three in Front . . . in Comfort

No more "crowding up" in the front seat. The new De Soto has settled that! Its front seat is eight inches wider. Plenty of room for three. Yet the car itself takes up no more room on the highway!

Make a Date with a Dealer

More people will want to ride in the AIRFLOW De Soto than in any other new car for years. Be one of the first. Ask any De Soto dealer to send you a Preview Invitation as soon as the first model arrives.



COMING THE AIRFLOW DE SOTO

* © 1933 BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Hard-boiled Hermann

Continued from page 21

renowned all over the world by Manfred von Richthofen, most daring and successful of German flyers. A few months before Goering became leader of the "circus" von Richthofen had been killed in aerial battle; and, soon after that, his successor, Reinhardt, had plunged hundreds of feet to death.

Goering, who took Reinhardt's place, managed, by one miracle after another, to stay alive until the end of the fighting. On the day of the Armistice he had under him, instead of fifty planes, a mere battered dozen—the rest had all been shot down and those who had manned them were either dead or disabled.

Yet, though hopelessly beaten, Goering remained arrogant. Still clutching in his hand the cane always carried by Richthofen, which that daredevil ace had made famous in the whole German army, he refused to surrender what was left of Richthofen's "circus." Flatly disobedient, he withdrew his dozen planes farther and farther into Germany, while Allied commanders raged and officers from Marshal von Hindenburg's headquarters pursued him with angry orders. Finally he dissolved the "flying circus"—still bluntly refusing to make a formal surrender of it. And he took with him, into the shadows of defeat, the cane of Manfred von Richthofen.

That was Hermann Goering, war ace—proud to the point of arrogance, audacious to the point of insubordination. And now that he has become Hermann Goering, second among Germany's overlords, he remains proud, arrogant and audacious. Will he also prove himself, as in the past, insubordinate? Many think so. Among them (so run those insistent whispers) is Adolf Hitler.

Stage Setting

Goering is a man of square build and blond complexion. He has a big head set on a pair of broad shoulders, a pair of cold, blue eyes and a cold, tight-lipped mouth. He is handsome, in a brutal sort of way; and, since there is in him a strong tinge of the actor, he likes to emphasize his virile good looks and robust figure by striking effective attitudes in public. He delights in adding new and bizarre touches to his brown Nazi garb—indeed, "Have you seen Goering's latest uniform?" is becoming a commonplace query in Berlin nowadays.

On the left side of his brown shirt he wears an imposing array of war medals. He has the Iron Cross, of course; and, best of all in the estimation of martially minded Germans, he proudly displays the "Pour le Mérite" Cross, most coveted of German military distinctions.

When he is discharging his varied official duties in Berlin, he divides his time between the sumptuous apartment across the street from the Reichstag building, which is his perquisite as President of the Reichstag, and a more modest abode in the fashionable West End of the metropolis, which he took and furnished for himself shortly before Hitler and Hitlerism became supreme in Germany.

In the former home his histrionic traits are allowed full play. Recently, when he received a group of foreign correspondents there, in his official reception room, they found him seated, with a somber frown on his face, at a big oak table on which the only ornament was an enormous naked sword. Behind him two big candles, in silver candelabra, shed their light on a portrait of his wife, a young Swedish noblewoman of appealing loveliness and pathetically sad expression, who died last year, and whose memory is worshipped by her husband with a tender-

ness entirely at variance with the rest of his character.

On one of the walls hung a huge map of Germany, showing where and in what numbers the storm troops and other units of Hitler's private Nazi army were concentrated.

In front of the portrait of Goering's wife was a bunch of flowers; and in the background, half visible among the shadows cast by the flickering candles, were portraits of individuals very different from the gentle lady whom he mourns so sincerely—Frederick the Great, toughest and most warlike of Prussian monarchs; Mussolini; ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II; the ex-Crown Prince; and Manfred von Richthofen.

Always in Front

Goering, scowling from behind the big oak table, spoke vigorously to his visitors, the foreign correspondents, in defense of the persecution of German Jews, then at its height in Germany. And he scowled more darkly than ever at the thought of some of the things written by these correspondents about

climbing and nearly broken his neck at it, Hermann decided to be a soldier. He entered the German army as a second lieutenant. At the very outset of his career, instead of deferring respectfully to superior officers, in accordance with the rigid rules of German discipline, he coolly contradicted one of them and got from him this stinging rebuke: "Goering, are you mad? I forbid you to talk to me in that way. Don't you remember who I am?"

Goering calmly waited until the outburst was over and then contradicted the other again. Whereupon—after bringing upon himself another furious verbal bombardment—he proceeded to prove that he had been right and his superior wrong!

"Always he wished to be in front," said one who knew him in his youth. "Always he was a born revolutionist!"

The World War, of course, was just what young Hermann wanted. Having been placed in command of a small patrol and ordered to reconnoiter the advancing French somewhere in Alsace, he promptly disobeyed orders, led his squad of horsemen into a town swarm-



"If you loved Mamma, you'd learn to stand three high an' dust off th' top of things, too!"

Frank Owen

the treatment of the Jews—which, they all felt, was largely due to the ruthlessness characteristic of Hitler's second-in-command.

"Take care!" he warned them. "I know all about every dispatch that you wire out of here, and every message that you telephone to your papers. Look out! German patience has its limits!"

Hermann Goering is in his forty-first year. Paradoxically enough, this Prussian of the Prussians was born at Rosenheim, in Bavaria, most un-Prussian of the states composing the German Reich. This, however, was merely an accident; the Goering family, genuine Prussians, simply happened to count among their possessions a Bavarian country place. Hermann's father was an officer in the Prussian war against Austria in 1866 and in the Franco-German War of 1870-71; later on he became the first governor of German Southwest Africa.

From early boyhood his son was unruly and audacious; that refusal of his, at the end of the World War, to obey orders to surrender his squadron of airplanes to the Allies was just one of many acts of insubordination sprinkled through his life.

After having gone in for mountain-

ing with French soldiers, and almost captured a French general.

Then he suddenly decided to become an aviator—after a talk, by the way, with Bruno Loerzer, then beginning his career in aviation, now Goering's right-hand man in developing aviation in Nazi Germany to the highest possible point of efficiency. His colonel told him that it would be impossible for him to be transferred into the aviation corps without permission from officers high up. This, Goering knew perfectly well, would take a long time and use up lots of red tape. So he simplified matters by flying off one morning in a plane, after reporting to his commander that he had become a member of the German air forces. Somehow, he got away with it.

Then He Met Hitler

A little later, being in a hurry to obtain a new plane, he calmly stepped into one destined for somebody else and made off with it. For that exploit he was placed under arrest. But, three days before his sentence was up, he got bored, escaped to the front, reported for active service, and did so well in fighting French airmen that his superiors

thought it best to forget his outrageous breach of discipline.

Soon after that he became mixed up in a fight high in the air against a dozen Allied aviators. With a serious wound in his side and his plane shot to pieces, he dropped, in long spirals, toward what he supposed to be the German lines, only to find, when he was a short distance above the ground, that he was directly over the French positions. The French received him with a hot volley of rifle fire. In spite of this, he managed to guide his shattered plane upward once more, and, finally, fainting from loss of blood, he literally tumbled into a German field hospital.

Within a few minutes orderlies had extricated him from the ruins of his machine, doctors had administered anesthetics, and—an operation was on. As a souvenir of that adventure Goering to this day has a scar nearly ten inches long on his hip.

As German collapse drew even closer, the tasks set the decimated and exhausted German air force grew steadily more arduous. Goering fought almost without rest; there was no time for anything but killing and avoiding getting killed.

Casting about for a means of livelihood after the war, he turned to commercial aviation. He got a job as a flyer for a Swedish company. In Sweden he fell in love and married. Returning to Germany, he happened one day to stroll into a hall where Adolf Hitler was speaking. Completely carried away by that spellbinder's hysterical emotionalism, Goering sought him out after the speech.

"You are the leader for the new Germany!" he exclaimed. From that moment he was enlisted, heart and soul, in the cause of Hitlerism.

Prussian to the Core

When Hitler led some hundreds of his early adherents to bloody discomfiture in the streets of Munich in 1923, Goering was one of the foremost among them. His friends managed to spirit him away, badly wounded, and saved him from the captivity which befell Hitler. Goering's wife accompanied her husband as he was carried, feverish and in acute pain from his wound, over roadless mountains, where they were never for a moment out of danger from surprise and capture.

Finally Goering, in a pitiable state, reached Austrian soil and from there contrived to get into Italy. His robust constitution soon put him on his feet again. But the unflinching young Swedish girl whom he had married never recovered from the terrible ordeal of that escape. Her death, last year, was partly due to it.

While Adolf Hitler still waited in prison, Goering availed himself of the amnesty granted by the German republican government, and returned, after a long exile, to his native country. As soon as Hitler was released, they joined forces. Together they harangued and plotted, until, at the beginning of 1933, success at last swept all opposition from their path; and, together still, amid relentless persecution of their foes, they climbed to domination over all Germany.

It is an open secret that the "Prussianization" of Hitlerism—which was so potent a factor in making Austria, under courageous little Premier Dollfuss, thwart Hitlerist attempts to annex her to Germany—is largely due to Hermann Goering. Hitler is an Austrian, and hence, despite his roughness, not entirely without understanding for the courtesy and tact which are typically Austrian traits. But Goering is Prussian through and through. Hitlerism

(Continued on page 38)

"HERE'S A RADIO THAT SAYS Merry Christmas in English, Spanish, French...any language"



For the new G-E All-wave sets bring in both American and foreign stations!

IF YOU'RE thinking about a radio for Christmas—here's one—the new General Electric All-wave set—that holds all records for radio globe-trotting...puts both American and foreign stations at your finger tips—with good overseas reception, depending, of course, on weather conditions.

Gives entertainment refreshingly new...adds a dash of adventure to your radio hours. No wonder G-E owners are enthusiastic about it.

They'll tell you they've never heard their favorite American programs with such tonal brilliancy and color as they do over these new G-E's—blood brothers of the sets that "won the tone tests."

But they always add that when they reach out into the world for far-flung distance, they experience the greatest thrill of all.

From across the sea—new entertainment

They go adventuring all around the short-wave band...listen to tangos from Madrid, operas from Rome, symphonies from Berlin.

They thrill to police calls...the voices of aviators...the cross-country chat of amateurs—often tapping headline news before the "Extras" are shouted.

Such outstanding performance as these new all-

wave sets give is founded on General Electric achievements in the short-wave field—achievements that enabled Kingsford-Smith, British flier, to talk from Schenectady to Australia...Admiral Byrd to flash his discovery of the South Pole to waiting America.

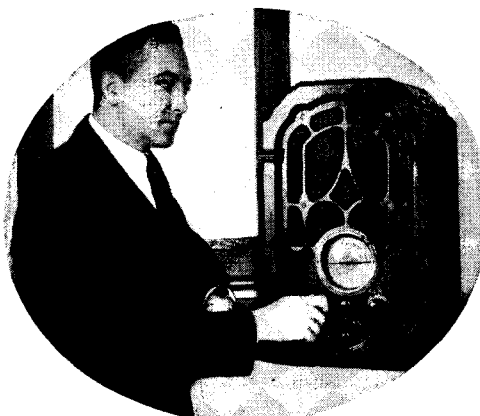
A smartly-styled G-E set for every purse

If you want a thrill, hear these new G-E All-wave sets today. At your nearest G-E radio dealer's. They're the distinguished leaders of a new General Electric line that embraces standard-range receivers in table models, consoles, and radio-phonograph combinations, priced from \$24.95 to \$179.

Model K-85, shown above, is the new G-E All-wave console with four separate wave bands that put the whole radio world at your finger tips; \$128.75. Table model \$92.50. Write Section R-1812 Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

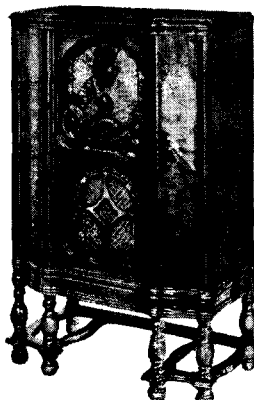
"Now is the time to buy"

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO



With Byrd at the Pole

Before sailing for the Antarctic, Admiral Richard E. Byrd selected the new G-E All-wave table model as his personal radio set. During his months of exile at Little America, this set will keep him in touch with his homeland—9000 miles away...provide entertainment for him and his men as it brings in special broadcasts, emanating from the G-E short-wave station at Schenectady.



Model K-107 (at left)—Renaissance console in which three varieties of walnut veneer are combined for color and character. A-c. superheterodyne circuit—standard range with police call switch. Priced at \$119.50. Other consoles from \$72.50 to \$149.50.

Model K-78 (at right)—A distinctive lowboy in which radio and phonograph are combined. Doors of bias-matched walnut and wide panel posts are impressive cabinet features. Priced at \$137.50. Other new G-E radio-phonograph combinations from \$39.75 to \$179.

All prices F. O. B. factory. Slightly higher in West, Mid-West and South. All prices subject to change without notice.



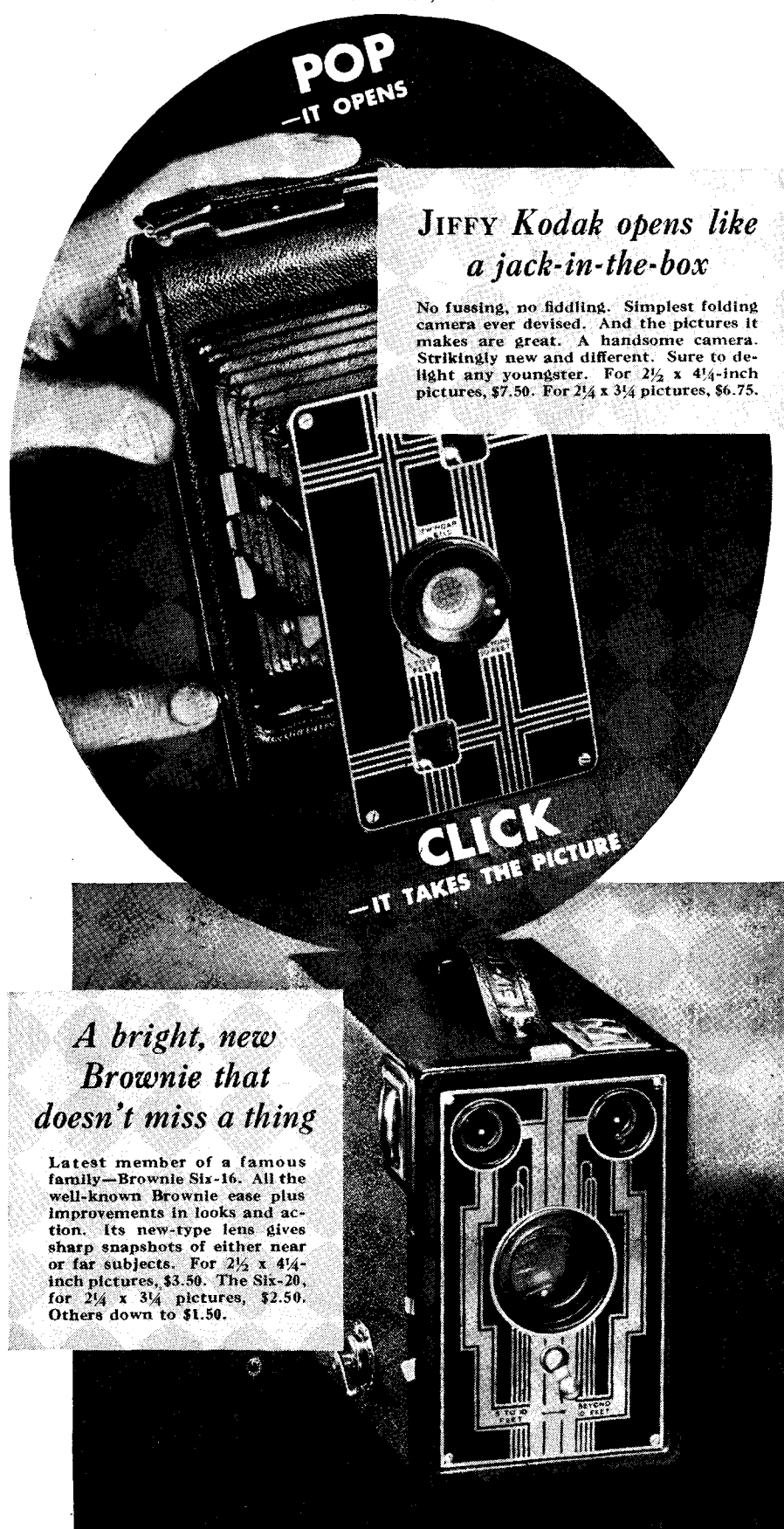
GIFTS

for the girl or boy

• There never was a girl or boy who wouldn't welcome a camera. The wonderful fun of making snapshots is only part of the pleasure it brings. Because it also adds to other fun—by keeping pictures, week after week, of the good times and good friends that

mean so much to youth. A new Kodak or Brownie is a really important Christmas gift—and you'll find it agreeably low in price. See your Kodak dealer today—he has these models and others. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK



POP
—IT OPENS

JEFFY Kodak opens like a jack-in-the-box

No fussing, no fiddling. Simplest folding camera ever devised. And the pictures it makes are great. A handsome camera. Strikingly new and different. Sure to delight any youngster. For $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$7.50. For $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ pictures, \$6.75.

CLICK
—IT TAKES THE PICTURE

A bright, new Brownie that doesn't miss a thing

Latest member of a famous family—Brownie Six-16. All the well-known Brownie ease plus improvements in looks and action. Its new-type lens gives sharp snapshots of either near or far subjects. For $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$3.50. The Six-20, for $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ pictures, \$2.50. Others down to \$1.50.

GIVE A KODAK

Hard-boiled Hermann

Continued from page 36

began in Munich, the southern metropolis of Germany, the capital of Bavaria, whose people are much like the Austrians in cheerfulness. But now that the Nazis dominate all Germany, Berlin has become their citadel, and Berlin is northern and Prussian to the core, and Hard-boiled Hermann Goering is the incarnation of Prussianized Hitlerism.

An American whose official duties took him now and then into the presence of Adolf Hitler, in his office at the Chancellery on Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse, told me that Hitler, in conversation with him, would sometimes show impatience and even anger when he spoke of Goering.

"These Prussians!" he would exclaim. "They are never satisfied! They want everything!"

Germany Whispers

Often Germany's supreme overlord, Austrian by birth and Bavarian by adoption, must yearn for a whiff of the milder southern air in which Hitlerism was born. He unquestionably feels that Goering and the rest of the hard-boiled wing of the Nazis are steam-rolling whatever there is in him of moderation, just as he himself (with their extremely rough and efficient aid) steam-rolled all opposition to Nazidom early this year. As a rebuke to them, Hitler decided to hold the monster Nazi mass meeting, scheduled for last summer, not in Prussia but in Bavaria. Munich, of course, was the logical choice—Munich, scene of Hitler's "beer putsch" of ten years ago; Munich, where the Brown House, Hitlerism's center until Berlin swallowed up its chief, still stands in somewhat tarnished grandeur.

But the Prussianizers, disciples of Goering, would have none of Munich. They insisted that if the mass meeting was not held in Berlin there must be some sort of compromise. So Hitler was obliged to hold it in Nuremberg, which, though a Bavarian city, is many miles nearer Berlin than is the Bavarian metropolis. Score one for Hard-boiled Hermann!

Nothing could be more significant of how average observers of German politics look on Goering than the persistent suspicion prevalent among them that it

was he who was responsible, directly or indirectly, for the fire which destroyed the Reichstag building in Berlin early this year.

Whoever set that fire played straight into the hands of the Nazis. They raised the cry of a Communist conspiracy to terrorize Germany and seize power there, prevailed upon President von Hindenburg to give them control of the government in order to combat the conspirators, and proceeded without delay to make themselves supreme in the land by ruthlessly crushing all opposition, Communistic as well as every other kind. Ever since, there has been a strong feeling, inside and outside Germany, that the fire was not the work of Communists but of Nazis. Nor has that feeling been dispelled by the results of the trial at Leipzig of the alleged Communist incendiaries.

Whenever people voice their suspicions in the matter, the name of Goering almost always crops up. How often do you hear anyone say, "Hitler burned the Reichstag"? Hardly ever. But how about "Goering burned the Reichstag"? You hear that all the time—whispered, in Germany; proclaimed aloud in other countries.

That is typical of the attitude toward the two men. Hitler, the potential statesman, seems to be sheering away from violence. Not so Goering. Violence was in his blood at birth; it has swayed him all through his life as soldier and civilian. Proof may never be forthcoming that he had anything to do with the Reichstag fire; yet people feel that it is just the sort of violent act which would naturally appeal to him.

Some day, some day soon, there must come a showdown between Adolf Hitler and Hermann Goering. That thought has occurred to Germans and foreigners who have watched Goering, most brutal and unscrupulous of all the Nazis, help push his chief to despotic control over Germany. That thought was in the minds of many as they saw Goering, out on Tempelhof Field last May Day, steal those first few moments of limelight from Hitler. Only a few moments they were, few and fleeting, but they were valuable moments, moments which drew the first thunderclaps of that day's stupendous ovation. And they were significant—perhaps, also, prophetic.

A Job in the Legion

Continued from page 11

of white and spoke quickly: "I've suspected somebody right along. But murder's a pretty nasty business, and I wouldn't send any guy to the guillotine. Yet, if I was going to die, I couldn't slide off without telling him what I think."

"Clement is too fine a man to act on suspicion."

"You don't know him," Moreaux replied. "He's got a terrible temper. Since he was a kid, everybody knows that. That's what made them all think he'd killed—that girl." He grabbed my arm hard. "Listen, Sergeant—never let on to him that I gabbed."

"Didn't I keep quiet for years already? Don't be a fool," I told him. Just the same, I understood a lot more than he said. You do, too.

Moreaux must have had a hunch, for it was only a couple of days after that talk that we ran into a bunch of Ait Zegoutia tribesmen. Our company was

point for the whole column, and they opened fire on us from the crest of a steep hill. We thought it was the usual thing, that they'd empty their guns and run.

Not much—they made a fight of it when we started up the slope in combat groups. There must have been more than a thousand of them, against one hundred and eighty of us, with the column miles behind.

THE legionnaires at the automatics were fine soldiers. No better gunners than those of my group in the regiment. They made hash of what came in front of them. But we were flanked, so I ordered the riflemen to face right, while Moreaux and I faced left.

A rifle grenade is like a little shell. Does a lot of damage when it lands right. Nobody ever did better work than Moreaux did that afternoon. You would see him raise himself, peer at a

bunch of snipers, mutter the range under his breath. Then he'd prop the rifle at the correct angle, braced on his knee, press the trigger.

We were behind a big boulder—I'll always remember that spot. There was some rusty-looking moss on the bottom of that black stone, and small, shiny brown bugs crawled where the earth was damp. When you're very excited, your brain works like that, taking photos of things. The sobs on our left soon found out where the rifle grenades came from, and many of them started to pot for Moreaux, so I ordered two guys from the right flank to support and protect him with their guns.

THEN they sent in more guys on that side, and I had to make the best of it, because I was afraid of being tricked into leaving my right side open for a rush. It went on like that for a while. Moreaux heard the bullets slapping all about him, but he grew cocky, because they missed him, and rose to take a good look. That was what they had been waiting for and they got him plenty.

He had slugs in the stomach and in the chest. When you've seen enough men slide over, you get to know when a fellow has been hit right, as well as any doctor can. I stuffed a dressing under his shirt, to kid him that he had a chance to live.

"Nothing real bad," I said to him.

"You're a liar, Sergeant," he replied. "I've got mine. Call Clement."

"You're crazy," I told him over my shoulder. "He's with Group Four, Third Section, 'way down the hill."

"You promised to call him."

"Even if he wants to chance it, his sergeant won't let him—"

"Oh," Moreaux said, grinning with pain, "he'll come—he must come. Nothing can happen until he speaks with me—God wouldn't allow it!"

"Well, if you've got inside information," I said, "that's something else again—"

"Call him," he insisted.

I thought that, even if I called, Clement did not have to come unless he wished to. And I had promised. So I rose a bit and yelled over to the next group:

"Eh! Pass word down the line that Legionnaire Moreaux is badly hit and wants to see Clement right away!"

When you are fighting in close, you should never yell, because it attracts attention. They got me before my mouth closed on the last word. Below the right elbow, and here, over the right eye, where you see this dent. The blood blinded me right off, and my arm hurt severely. So I was swearing and biting my tongue, and missed seeing Clement coming up the hill.

I have heard fifty guys tell about it since.

Clement just rose to his feet and walked through the mountaineers, trotting easily in the open stretches.

Next thing I knew, he was kneeling over Moreaux, kissing his cheeks, hugging him like a woman. "My brother—my son—"

"I want to confess—I want to confess," Moreaux said.

"Have no fear," Clement told him. "I know your sins—you have shared my sufferings—"

"Listen to me, listen to me—" Moreaux panted.

"I hear you, Jean Mathieu." Clement gave him his real name, I suppose, to bring some sense into him.

What Moreaux said after that rang out, because everything was still, suddenly. It was like a miracle to me at the time. Guns had been shooting everywhere, and as quick as shutting off a machine there was no sound except that voice. I understood what had happened

later—the battalions of the columns had reached the bottom of the hill, and the mountaineers had run.

"Father, I killed her!"

I have never seen a face like Clement's when he heard that. I understood why Moreaux had been afraid of him. His short hair bristled like a brush, his big teeth showed fiercely. I saw the big, tanned fingers clasped around the crucifix whiten at the knuckles. Clement's free hand, twitching like an animal, grabbed Moreaux's neck.

I was sure he would strangle him. I had lost a lot of blood in those few minutes, and I suppose I fainted, from weakness and emotion. Probably I turned over, because when I opened my eyes I couldn't see anything but the bottom of the boulder, and Moreaux's hobnailed boots dragging his limp feet down.

"She loved you—and you could never love her—for her love was guilty—I thought that—after—a while—she would—forget—because—all the time—she knew I loved her—and made me—run errands—to you. Then I was working—in the fields—I saw her go by—with her suitcase—and knew she was going—forever—forever. So I called her—behind the hedge—just to talk and beg—for there was no harm—in my heart—but she laughed at me—and all of a sudden she was down—she was dead—and I was wiping—my honing-stone in the grass. I just walked back—and the others thought—I'd gone for a drink. Then they blamed you—I was afraid to talk. My people would—be ashamed—and I hated you. I only went with you—because I still loved her—and she still loved you—would love you—dead or alive—always—it made me feel near her—to be near you—and often I wanted—to kill you—because I was still jealous—even with her—dead—"

"*Quaesumus clementiam tuam—confirmare digneris—mereatur ad vitam—*" For a long time I could remember what Clement was saying. I heard him talk: "I forgive thee—be at peace—repent, my son—"

The next I remember, Clement was dressing my wounds.

"Legionnaire Moreaux has died," he said when he saw my eyes open.

"I heard him, Clement," I replied. "I'll testify to it. You can go back now—"

"Forget what you heard, Sergeant," he told me then, smiling. "That was a confession." He went on unrolling a bandage, talking. "I'm alone in the world. He has people who would be ashamed. I shall pray for guidance. Perhaps my place is here." He finished patching me up. "You'll be all right, Sergeant. Have I your permission to leave?"

What could I say? I let him go.

CAN you imagine the courage he showed? Clement believes and has never stopped considering himself a priest. His faith has lasted throughout. So far as he knows, as he feels, he saved Moreaux from hell, after what the man had done!

Look—he's talked to that woman; she believes him. He's giving her money—probably her fare away from this place. That's why he came. It's still his job. Now he'll leave this place, go back to the barracks to pray a while, then turn in. That's all he does, and he'll keep on for years. Probably until he dies.

Queer fellow!

No, you don't want to meet him. He thinks legionnaires should be left alone. He's too kindly to say anything rude, but he would make you feel badly about using other people's misfortunes. That's a way he has.

There he goes, the man who got Moreaux into heaven!

GIFTS for the grown-up

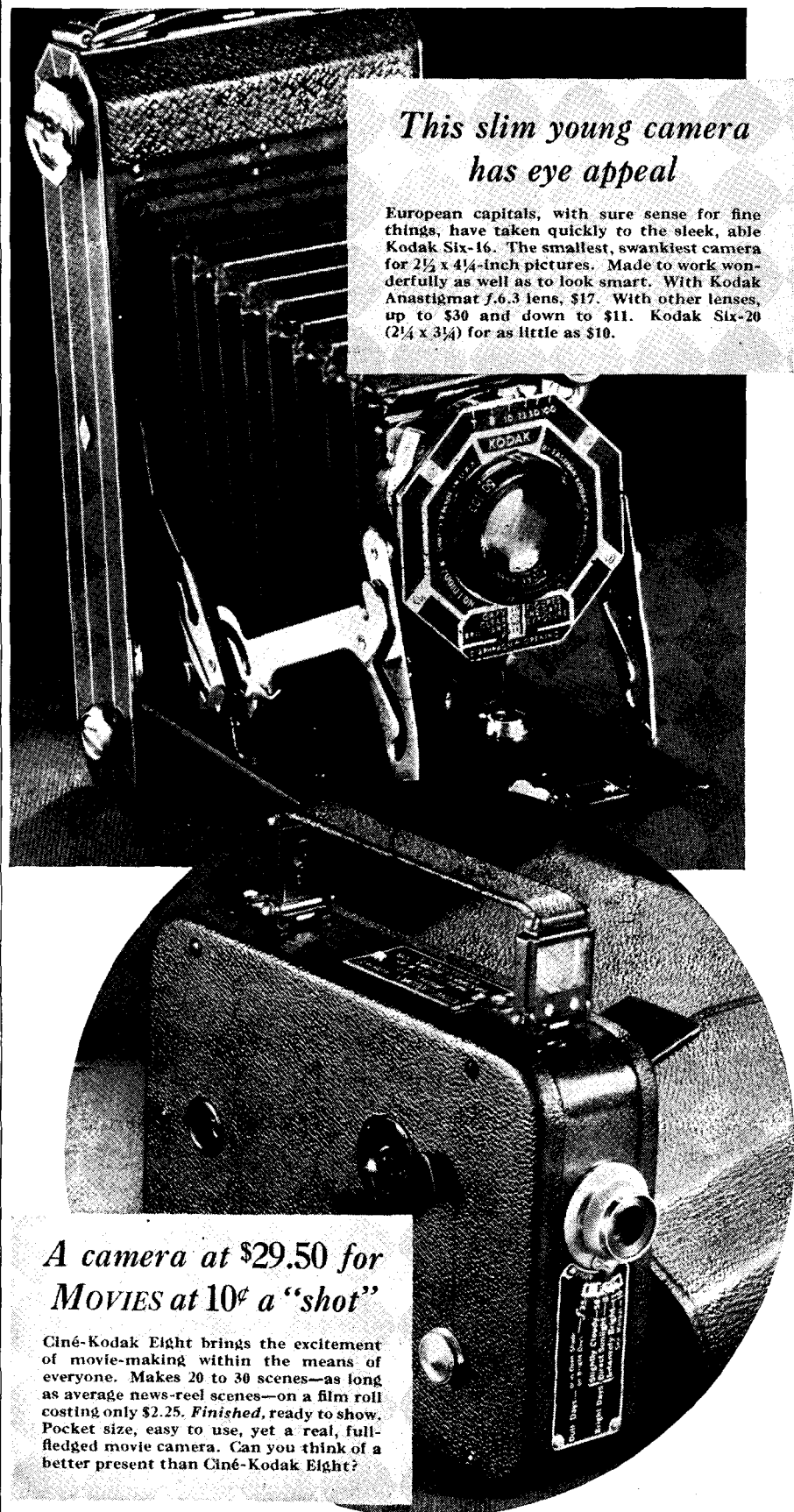
Recent advances in Kodak design have been numerous and notable. Hence many an owner of an old camera is hoping for a new one this Christmas.

Hoping for a modern Kodak that will do what others couldn't. Hoping

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European capitals, with sure sense for fine things, have taken quickly to the sleek, able Kodak Six-16. The smallest, swankiest camera for 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures. Made to work wonderfully as well as to look smart. With Kodak Anastigmat f.6.3 lens, \$17. With other lenses, up to \$30 and down to \$11. Kodak Six-20 (2¼ x 3¼) for as little as \$10.

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Ciné-Kodak Eight brings the excitement of movie-making within the means of everyone. Makes 20 to 30 scenes—as long as average news-reel scenes—on a film roll costing only \$2.25. Finished, ready to show. Pocket size, easy to use, yet a real, full-fledged movie camera. Can you think of a better present than Ciné-Kodak Eight?

GIVE A KODAK

Scoundrel's Choice

Continued from page 17

a dark up-from-under look full of bitter turmoil.

And Pritchard said: "Don't you know what giving this order means to me? My wife lying on her back, deathly ill, needing you! Do you think for one minute that this is routine with me? Is it possible for you to realize the agony I'll go through while you're upcountry?"

DONOVAN was getting his kit together when the screened door of his stilted bungalow opened and Susan came in. Her face was a tawny, anxious oval beneath the flop-brimmed sun-hat she wore; her step was light, hesitant on the mat. Donovan, looking up, saw again how young and fresh and beautiful she was; and he dropped his eyes back to his packing, scowled, said nothing.

She moved and took a seat a dozen feet away from him, put her hands in her lap, watched him pack while a lump in her throat found hard going on the way down. When she had come to banana land, a year ago, Donovan had been a care-free, laughing man, and they had danced a lot at the little club, gone riding, drunk long cool drinks on the veranda. He had never kissed her, never attempted it. It had been common gossip then that he was running around with a girl named Inez, but then one named Carlotta had succeeded Inez. And Susan was wise enough to realize that this was all right, that Donovan was leaning toward no ties; and it had never interfered with their friendship. But none had come after Carlotta, and during the past two months Donovan had gone about like a man with a bur in his sock.

She stammered now, "You—you're going with McCabe?"

"Yeah."

"Peter . . ." She sat on the very edge of the chair, a little afraid of her voice. He looked up darkly. "What?"

"Peter, what's the matter?"

"Anything the matter?"

Her eyes shone. "Peter, we used to be such good friends. I don't want you to leave mad at me."

He said desperately toward the floor: "Who's mad at you?"

"Peter, you—you can be so dreadful, so dreadful—so awful!"

"I'm a mug. All right." His lip curled and he said: "If you don't hurry, you'll be late for your luncheon with the manager!"

She said, "Oh!" in a small stifled voice and stood up, backed across the room. Donovan felt heat rush through him and he had a strong desire to curse violently and aloud, but a curious suffocation took hold of him and he could only stand up and glare humbly at her.

"Why, Peter—"

He was shaking. "I'm no iron man! I'm no iron man like Pritchard! Iron man—iron man: that's all I've heard since I came here!"

SHE held her cheeks between her hands, and her eyes, her mouth were round. "You hate him, Peter, you hate him," she said in a quiet, stunned whisper.

"I hate him! The guy's an iceberg—and that's why he's a man of iron. All he thinks about is the company—which means that all he thinks about is himself. . . . And you look nice on his arm, Susan; damn it, but you look nice on his arm. Especially while his wife's flat on her back—"

"Peter!"

He rasped savagely: "You'll be late for luncheon, Susan!"

Stricken, dumb-faced, she pivoted and ran from the bungalow.

It was an automobile in every detail except that it used flanged railway

wheels instead of pneumatic tires and ran on rails. The Carib who drove it wore a regulation railway cap which he had picked up in a Syrian's second-hand shop in Puerto Cortés. Donovan and McCabe sat in the rear and every once in a while McCabe took a drink from a pint flask. The car wheeled steadily through the scrub jungle, past sidings where bananas were being loaded, past mangy settlements of thatched manaca huts. McCabe had the blues.

"Day after day," he complained, "and where am I? What do I do? Up at 5 A. M., drunk or sober—you gotta be up. Drink all you damned well please, the company says—you gotta be up at 5 A. M.—sharp. And work! But a great guy—Hazen Pritchard! Yezzu— a great jefe! Him with his wife half dying—and still he thinks of us babies upcountry. He's got what it takes. Yezzu!"

Donovan turned his head, spat. He made no comment. . . .

It was dark when the car rolled into

tor, down on a cot, his mind rambling, sweat glistening on his matted beard. He patted the old man's shoulder, muttered, "Hold everything, Jake." But Hannaford neither heard nor recognized him. Donovan went out and made his way through the huts, the groans and cries and whimperings. Here and there he stopped and sat and talked; he talked in his low, husky voice, roughly and reassuringly.

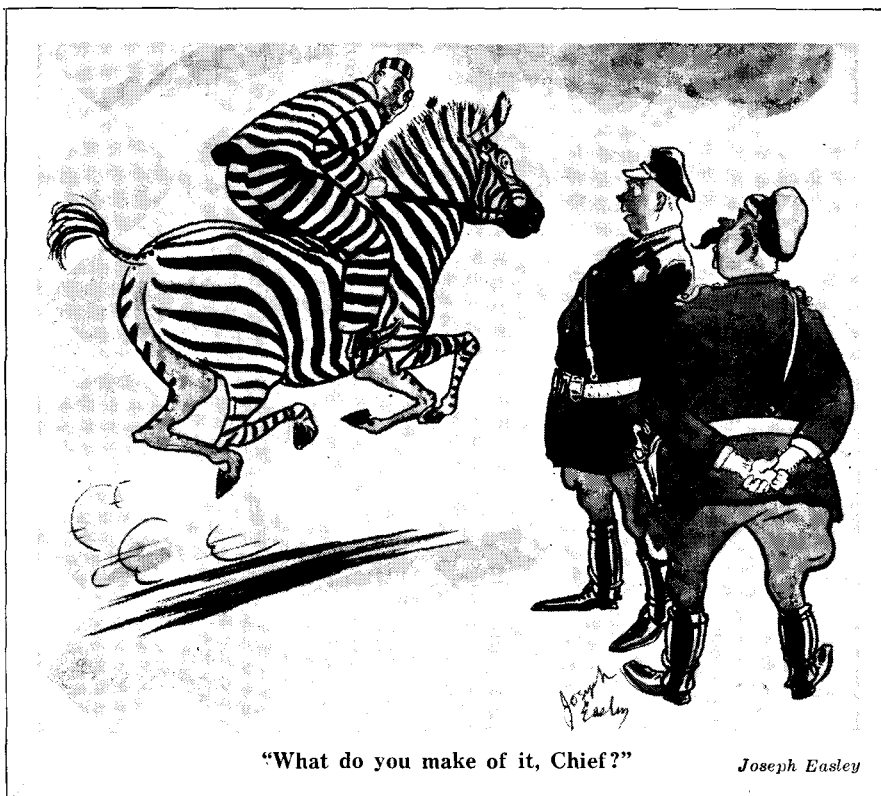
Josephs said: "Hannaford inoculated most all. But some'd run away, the fools. Then Hannaford drank the guaro—"

"You and Hanley round 'em up. I'll jab 'em if I have to knock 'em out first. . . . And another thing, Josephs: Jake's not drunk; he's down and out but not drunk; the strain got him, poor guy."

"Gosh, I thought—"

"Never mind. Round those mozos up. Hog-tie 'em if you have to."

McCabe was making a speech downtown, explaining how Hazen Pritchard, the divisional manager, the big jefe, had



the ragtag town that Berlanga Farm had built.

Donovan climbed down and the Carib hauled out his tin trunk. His eyes settled on a white man who was coming toward him.

"Hello, Doc."

"Hello, Josephs."

The timekeeper said, "Okay, this way." A kid two years out of M. I. T., with an automatic strapped to his waist. "So Pritchard finally came through. A great guy. . . . This way, Doc."

"Where's Hannaford?"

"He drank what he thought was water, only it was guaro. He's seeing elephants a-piling teak and things—pink elephants."

"What are those carloads of lumber for?"

"Bridge—when we get to it. Here's the car. Hannaford segregated the sick at the other end of town."

"Good."

McCabe came on the run, jumped in with them, and they drove down the street past the cantinas, where worn-out player-pianos beat old ragtime tunes into the dark.

Donovan found Hannaford, his men-

sent in the Donovan at the risk of losing his own wife. The news spread faster than the worst plague that ever hit banana land, and the manager became like a god.

FAR into the night Donovan inoculated the recalcitrants while smudge fires burned in the damp Honduran darkness. It became automatic with him after a while; he did not have to concentrate. His thoughts were back in the port, hovering over Emily Pritchard, the manager, the clean and scented loveliness that was Susan. Dark misgivings moved in his mind. His arms, his legs ached. But he did not sleep that night.

In the morning he said to McCabe: "Take that lumber I saw on those cars and build a barracks on that rise of ground. Chuck it up. Put every available man on the job."

He rode a mule up to the farm buildings and found Hannaford still in a semi-coma. "Listen, Jake—snap out of it. You've got to go back and stand by Emily Pritchard. Jake, you hear!"

There was no use. Hannaford heard nothing, made no sign that he heard. His eyes rolled, showing the whites, and

Donovan put elbows on his own bony knees, held his head in his hands, then pounded his temples with his fist. In his darkest moments old scenes recurred: he and Susan dancing, riding, walking.

Three dozen men worked on the new barracks, and by afternoon the shaky frame structure was up.

"All right," Donovan said. "Move the sick ones, burn those lousy shacks."

"Burn 'em!" McCabe exclaimed.

"Didn't I say burn 'em? Yes—burn 'em!"

He did not sleep during the day, nor during the night that followed. But he realized that he was holding his own with the sick mozos and their women; more than that, he knew—he was dead certain now—that Hannaford, poor old Hannaford, had checked the tide. Checked it and then collapsed. If he could only hold what Jake had gained, everything would be all right.

AT MIDNIGHT he again went to Hannaford. "Jake, for God's sake, Jake, can't you hear me? Jake! Listen. . . . Emily Pritchard, Jake! For my sake, Jake!"

He rose, took a punch at the wall, then looked bleakly down at his skinned knuckles, laughed brokenly. He dared not use the telephone to find out how Emily Pritchard was getting on.

McCabe's singing voice came from the dark outside:

*"I learned to drink likker
Way down in Costa Rica . . ."*

The door banged open and the overseer rocked in. "Boy, we're gettin' along swell now! It's like you waved a wand or something—"

"Waved hell!" Donovan snarled. "Jake Hannaford did it! He rode the crisis and I came in in time for the bouquets. And the crisis broke him. If only—only—" He looked down at the wasted form on the cot, shivered, shook his head. He felt a little dizzy, swayed a bit. McCabe reached out a hand.

"Look, Doc—"

"Lemme go."

He groped around for a chair, dropped heavily to it, making the wicker creak. He heard voices outside but was uninterested. His head drooped, his eyelids seemed weighted with lead. He did not look up when the door opened, when Susan came in.

"Oh-oh," McCabe muttered. Josephs, standing in the half-light just outside the door, beckoned to him, and McCabe went out, closing the door quietly.

"Peter," Susan said.

"Huh?"

He looked up, eyes dull, his reflexes blunted; and then he said thickly: "What you doing here?"

"I thought—that is, I thought I could help."

"Help what?"

She wanted to cry out, "You, Peter!" But with an awkward little gesture and in a constricted voice—"Just . . . help."

There was a curious pendent look in his eyes. "How is Mrs. Pritchard?"

She nodded dumbly. "All right."

"Asking for me?"

"A—little."

"You wouldn't be lying, Susan, would you? She's not dead, is she?"

She shook her head, a bitter twist to her mouth. "No. No."

"Listen," he said. "Before you move another step, I'll give you the needle. You're a little fool to come up here. . . . But there's a room over the office for you."

"Peter, aren't you glad to have me help?"

He gave her a sidelong, uncertain look, said: "Sure. Sure, I'm glad."

(Continued on page 42)

"If there's one person in the world
who knows when a radio set is
getting my voice EXACTLY, it's my wife"

— SAYS BING CROSBY

Famous radio star—now starring in the new
Paramount picture, "Too Much Harmony"

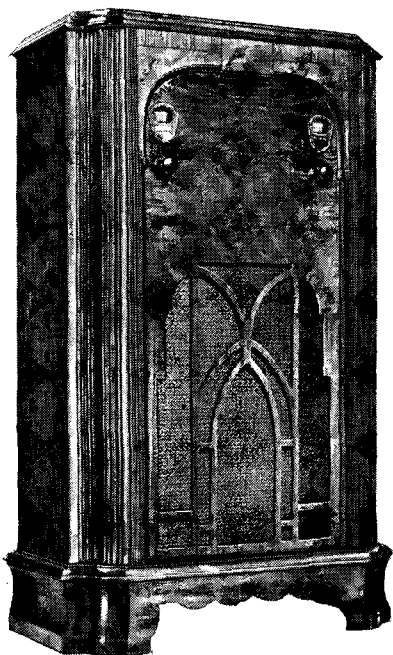


*- And So She Chose
a Stewart-Warner*

—THE RADIO OF THE STARS

BING CROSBY—who needs no introduction to radio fans—originator
of a totally unique style of singing—broadcasting from the CBS Studios
in New York . . . See him in the new Paramount hit, "Too Much Harmony."
He is a Brunswick star.

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Revolutionizes All Previous Ideas of Radio Reception By Actually
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6-TUBE CONSOLE—Model 1192—This extremely handsome console leads in modern designing. Striped American Walnut, Maple Burl and French Rosewood, as well as Matched Walnut Veneers, finished in hand-rubbed lacquer, give this cabinet great richness and charm. Complete with new powerful 6-tube superheterodyne chassis and latest type speaker, only \$69.50. Other console and table models also available with 6-tube and 10-tube chassis. See them at your dealer's.

All prices slightly higher in the West and Canada

If you were to visit the homes of the most famous radio stars, you'd be amazed to find how many of them own a Stewart-Warner. For 9 out of 10 noted network stars have chosen it for their homes.

Nor has this come about by accident—for radio reception is a thing of vital importance to the artists of the air. And it's doubly important to their families who are listening in at home.

No other audience is half so critical—nor half so quick to detect any shortcomings that may exist in the set they listen with. For—as Bing Crosby expresses it:—"If there's one person in the world who knows when a radio set is getting my voice exactly, it's my wife!"

An Entirely New Principle

The Stewart-Warner Radio was engineered and designed—NOT with the idea that it was to be a musical instrument in itself. But simply that it was to be a perfect duplicating mechanism—that and nothing else. . . . With the result that it actually *recreates* studio broadcasts so accurately that even the most critical listener finds it little short of uncanny.

By all means—visit your nearest Stewart-Warner dealer today—see and hear "the radio of the stars." The one set that gives you exactly what you have a right to expect



RADIOS NO LONGER LOOK LIKE RADIOS TODAY! Illustrating the new Dual Harmony idea:—radios completely concealed in beautiful and useful pieces of furniture. Photograph shows Duncan Phye Table Radio in all its simplicity and dignity —Ten-tube set, \$69.50. Six-tube set, \$52.50. (Setting by W. and J. Sloane, N. Y.)

when you buy a radio:—100% duplication of studio-performance!

Note, too, the exclusive Dual Harmony feature introduced by Stewart-Warner. Note that these new radios do not look like radio sets at all. For their mechanisms are completely concealed—built into beautiful pieces of furniture that satisfy the eye just as Stewart-Warner duplication completely satisfies the ear!



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—The Radio of the Stars—

The last word in radio reception PLUS an exquisite piece of furniture — both for one price
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People can't be too careful about exposure



when their resistance is low!

Common winter ills often start as a result of being caught in bad weather. No one can afford to risk exposure.

But what many people fail to realize is that valuable as outward precautions are, another safeguard is also necessary. They must **build up their resistance as well!**

The old idea used to be to wait until people took sick to do something about their physical condition. It has given way to the newer view that resistance should be built **in advance**. There should be a reserve to carry people through the times of year that tax their vitality.

Two resistance-building factors have been found specially helpful—Vitamins A and D.

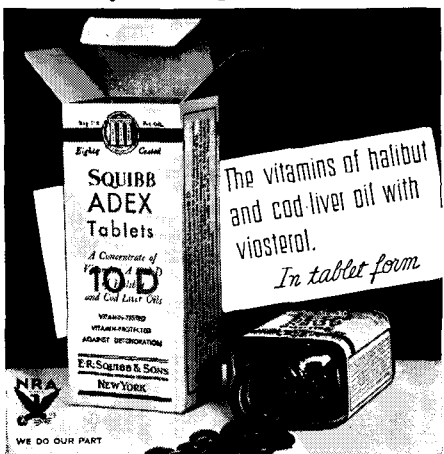
These are the factors which give health-protecting value to halibut and cod-liver oils with Viosterol. And there's a way to obtain them without taking the oils. With **Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D**.

Squibb Adex, made from all these **three** sources, supply 1000 units of Vitamin A and 2450 units of Vitamin D with every tablet.

The vitamins are in a form which benefits you immediately, due to Squibb's exclusive method of preparing them.

Take them **every day** to get the greatest benefit from their resistance-building qualities. It is necessary to be careful about exposure also, but remember, good resistance is the **first** line of defense.

At any reliable drug store. Always ask for them by name. **Squibb Adex Tablets**.



Scoundrel's Choice

Continued from page 40

He had sterilized the needle and it was ready now. "Better close your eyes."

But she didn't. She kept looking up into his face, and her eyes shone. He felt the look rather than saw it, and felt a pulsating heat at his temples, a tautness in his chest.

HE WORKED all night over Hannaford, and by morning thought he had made a gain. His luck held in the rickety hospital: no death had occurred during the night; no patient had slipped; most held their own, a few gained.

He put Susan to work on the women, and she seemed happy and radiant. She ate luncheon with Donovan and McCabe, Josephs and Hanley. And the mozos sent the fourth delegation in as many hours to explain to Donovan how very grateful they were. He listened with his head bowed, muttered his thanks. And the day wore on, and sometimes Susan stopped smiling and looked terrified and stricken for a brief moment.

At nightfall Hannaford sat up, bleary-eyed but fully conscious now.

"I've been a long way, Pete," he said. "It's good to see you again, all you hombres. Man, I have been places! . . . Well, how many more kicked off?"

"None since you took your header."

"It's on the wane, then. Good kid, Pete."

"Lay off. The crisis was past when I arrived here. When'll you be up and drinking?"

"Tomorrow."

"See that you are, horse doctor."

"Dead on your feet and still able to dish it out, huh? . . . And so Pritchard, the great I-am, finally sent you up, did he? Great guy, I guess, Pritchard—old iron man; I guess he can take it as well as ladle it out. . . . What you staring at, Miss Susan?"

Susan said, "Oh!" in a startled little voice, and flushed; her thoughts had been miles away.

Donovan said: "Better turn in, Susan."

It was at about dawn that Josephs came running up to the bungalow and pounded on the door.

Donovan yelled, "Come in."

And Josephs, barging in, breathless—"Pritchard just phoned. He said you should rush back. Now. Mozos or no mozos. Now!"

Pritchard stood with his hands locked hard behind his back. Tall and trim in a white suit, distinguished-looking, he listened to the harsh beat of heels coming up the steps of his house. The screened door whipped open and Donovan came in; he looked shaggy and gaunt and it was only nervous energy that made him crisp, terse.

"She alive?"

"Yes. Donovan, I—"

"That's all I want to know. The Helicon's steaming in, stopping only for mail. Get a stretcher and have her trunk packed."

Susan panted in through the screened door, saw Donovan's heels and the flopping tail of his coat go into Emily Pritchard's room. She watched the door close, and then she was aware of Pritchard, gray-faced but self-possessed still, a man of grand presence and a man of iron. But some of the metal had gone out of his voice when she heard him saying: "I had to send for Donovan. Ever since you went upcountry—"

His voice seemed very far away. She was looking at the closed door and she so wanted to go into that room, to sit beside the bed with Donovan and Emily Pritchard. The Peruvian nurse came

out; she was crying a little but happiness shone through her tears. Pritchard asked her where she was going, and she said, "The doctor's office," and was gone. But she was back in five minutes, breathless.

"Medicine and faith," she panted. "One is useless without the other." She was a little giddy, too, from long hours.

The bedroom door closed quietly behind her.

The drone of the Helicon's whistle reached the living-room.

Pritchard sat down on a straight-backed chair. Even while he sat his torso was erect, his fine chin up, and his eyes wore that blue polar mask that was so much a part of him. In the plaza, in the shipping office, the railroad office, and up and down the Tropical Radio Telegraph, word went the rounds about how Hazen Pritchard had sent his Number One doctor upcountry to stem the fever, at the risk of losing his own wife.

THE minutes dragged in the living-room, while Susan and Pritchard watched the bedroom door, neither speaking, neither looking at the other. Susan's lips moved; unconsciously she had folded her hands. And in the silence they could hear the low rumble of Donovan's persuasive voice and sometimes his chiding, husky laugh. It was good to hear that laugh, Susan thought, for she had not heard it in a long time.

The door opened and Donovan stood there; said: "Her trunk packed?"

"I was about—"

"You were about! Get it packed—get it packed! . . . And I can't take the nurse: no passport, damn the luck!"

Susan cried: "I—I'm going! I'll play nurse."

"It won't be play, Susan."

"I'm going!" she cried desperately.

Pritchard looked dumbly at her, moistened his lips as if he were about to say something; but he said nothing.

"Pack then," Donovan said to Susan. She pivoted and ran out.

With the Honduran North Coast well astern, the Helicon moved in the darkness, ports agleam, her white flanks sliding smartly through a breeze-peppered sea. The breeze flattened the smoke as it rose from her funnel, kited Susan's skirt. And when Donovan came out hatless on deck, it tugged at his briary black hair, ballooned his

shapeless coat, shivered the legs of his wrinkled white trousers.

He leaned beside Susan on the rail and looked down at the curling, foaming water.

"Nice," she said.

"Swell."

"Emily all right?"

"Yeah."

Still staring hard, Susan said: "He was—or is—a man of iron; but that phrase—'a man of iron'—will always bear a kind of scurrilous connotation for me. The phrase sounds nice, but iron can be cruel, Peter, terribly cruel."

"There goes a flying fish."

"They all thought he sent you upcountry for the sake of the company, or tradition, or something equally silly. But I knew. I knew the day after you left, the first time really that I ever looked in his eyes. And then, I don't know why, but I said, 'I'm going to marry Donovan.'"

"You said that?"

"I said that. And that shook him—oh, how it shook him. And before he could bring that iron of his to bear, he was saying, 'Susan, don't say that. I love you. Emily and I have meant nothing to each other for a long time. I want you. Susan!' Like that. And then I knew why he sent you to Berlanga Farm. He didn't care if Emily lived or died. He wanted you out of the way. I saw it. And when he realized that, I knew—it was the first time I ever saw his face turn red. There was fright in his eyes for an instant—as though he was shocked that for once he'd given himself away. And then he called you back. Because he knew I knew. And he could see it was hopeless. And he goes on still—a great man. He always will."

DONOVAN offered no comment. It seemed for several minutes that he turned it all over and over in his mind, sheathed it, pigeonholed it. And then he turned and leaned with his back against the rail, looked down sidewise at Susan.

"Susan, did I ever tell you I loved you?"

"N-no."

"So that's the kind of egg I am."

She broke suddenly into tears, and Donovan, shooting a glance up and down the deck, said in a low, roughly passionate voice:

"Come to Doctor, precious!"



"All right! Get in, but don't expect me to go hoppin' over roofs wit' ya!"

Paul Webb

Roman Candles

Continued from page 25

You'll think, with reason, that I've got an almighty nerve."

Donn McGuire grinned, and his eyes were almost lost in a network of tiny wrinkles. "Not a bit. Under the circumstances I imagine you have to have it."

His voice was slow and vibrant, not a cultured voice, but didn't Cynthia and her friends talk like gangsters? He was making it easy, Howard realized with a surge of gratitude.

"I do," he confessed. "And even then I'm not equal to her."

Neither of them had mentioned Cynthia; there was no need.

Donn McGuire spoke slowly, and his mouth was suddenly grim.

"I wonder if anybody would be. God knows I sympathize with you."

Howard felt a deep pity for him. He was so young and decent, and he saw so straight. He asked:

"Do you think there's any hope at all for her?"

The younger man hesitated. "I don't know. There must be something there; I don't believe I'd feel this way if she was all rotten. But whatever it is, it won't come out the way she's going. She needs a whip and a diet of bread and water." He couldn't believe he was actually saying this to Cynthia Welborn's father, and he waited expectantly to be kicked through the mahogany door.

But Howard merely nodded. "And it's worse than useless for me to try and administer them." He looked at Donn McGuire, and said a thing incredible even to himself: "I don't suppose you'd consider helping me?"

Donn McGuire's eyes widened, then narrowed into laughter. "I'd be a hot shot in her crowd, wouldn't I? And she'd be even hotter in mine."

"I can imagine more improbable things than you in her crowd," Howard said, and then demanded with apparent irrelevance: "Do you intend to stay with the police department?"

DONN caught the implication and his blue eyes darkened. "I certainly do. I'm twenty-six and in line for another promotion. I'll be chief of police in this town some day, and then there'll be a housecleaning."

Howard nodded. "It's a good idea. If I can help you when the time comes let me know." He veered suddenly. "How did you meet Cynthia?"

Donn McGuire's mouth relaxed into a smile. "I tried to give her a ticket for parking too long. She tore it up and laughed at me, and after that I was sunk."

"Does she—know you're in love with her?" Howard asked.

"I've never told her—I've sworn I wasn't—but you can't fool a woman about a thing like that. And that last night she—I kissed her, and I guess it gave me away." His clear skin was crimson, but his eyes were as direct as ever.

When he had gone Howard sat thinking for a long time. Then he shook himself and rang for his secretary.

Three nights later he telephoned Donn at home:

"Cynthia's giving a dinner-party Friday night and she's planning to ask you. I hope you'll come. But don't, if you don't want to. I have my nerve to suggest it."

"Oh, it's all right. I'll come. It may be instructive to—see how the other half lives."

"I don't doubt but what it will be." Howard's tone was dry. "Have you dinner clothes? If not I can fit you out."

"Thanks," Donn said shortly, "but I've got 'em." He'd been on the glee club during his one year at State, and the dinner clothes were a hangover—if he hadn't outgrown them.

"At eight o'clock, then, I think," Howard said. "Cynthia's going to phone you." He hung up the telephone thoughtfully.

DONN MCGUIRE was a sensation at Cynthia's party. His magnificent body triumphed over the deficiencies of a ready-made dinner coat, and a native sturdiness and self-confidence lent him poise. Cynthia—in white, with the same look in her eyes that had almost beaten him in the past—introduced him to her father.

"I'm delighted to meet you," said Howard. "Cynthia has aroused my interest to a fever heat."

Donn sat on Cynthia's right at dinner. She talked to him almost exclusively, ignoring the youth on her left.

"You were so beastly the last time I saw you that I was afraid you wouldn't come," she told him.

He grinned. "I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

In another man she would have understood such eagerness, but she suspected that his reason was not quite so obvious. She asked: "Why not?"

"Same reason you asked me: to see how I'd behave."

Watching her closely he saw her mouth quiver. She might be human, he thought, if they knew how to manage her.

Cynthia said softly: "I think you've made a hit with Dad."

"That makes it unanimous. Do you know, Cynthia, that he's got a reputation for being the straightest shooter in town?"

She nodded. "It's about the only nice thing I do know. It gives me something to hold on to." She put a hand on his beneath the table. "Donn, look at this outfit. You know what they are. Would you recommend them as associates?"

He laughed shortly.

On his other side Jane Caruthers was claiming his attention. "I'm having a party next Tuesday, Donn. How about coming?"

"Sorry," he said briefly. "I'll be on duty Tuesday night."

"Then I'll make it Wednesday. I just this minute thought it up anyhow."

He smiled at her. "No use. This is my first and last excursion."

In the living-room after dinner someone started the radio and Cynthia stopped before him, holding out her hands. He took her reluctantly in his arms and moved sedately away. Her crowd could do Bowery dances, but a policeman had to watch his step. Her hair smelled like new-cut grass, and he felt a little dizzy.

"Dance me out on the terrace, Donn."

"Nothing doing."

"I always thought you had courage. It's the other reason why I fell for you."

To his infinite relief the music stopped and he could let her go. Someone began to set up card tables.

Donn said apologetically: "I'm sorry; I don't play bridge."

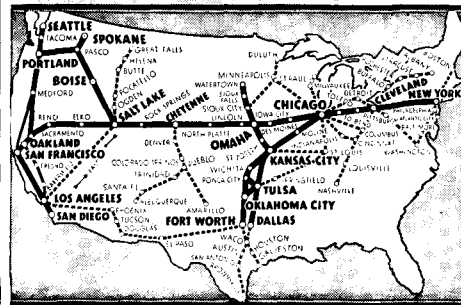
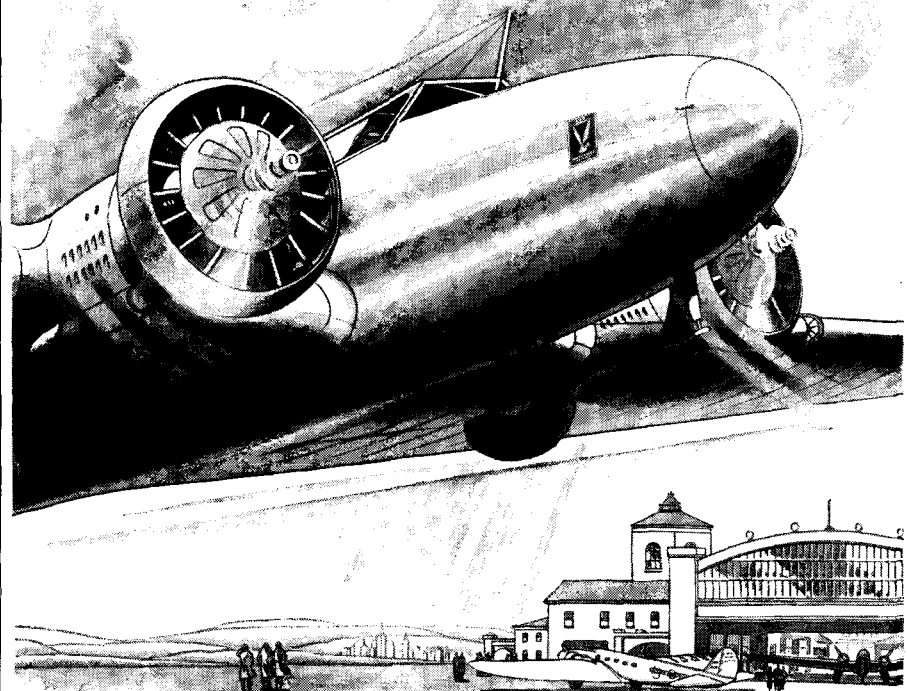
"This isn't bridge," Adele Somers, who had overheard, told him. "It's poker. Stud, draw, spit-in-the-ocean, or whatever you like. Dealer's choice."

There were eight of them without Howard and the beautiful woman, who didn't care to play. Howard declined a little regretfully. He had watched the whole performance without appear-

(Continued on page 44)

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(Continued from page 43)

ing to, and he wanted to go on watching. Somewhere, he was thinking desperately, there might be a clue to the solution. It was the first time since his eyes had been opened that he had seen Cynthia with her friends, and he was groping, hoping for the answer.

His motive in getting Donn there had been obscure, even to himself: a vague hope, perhaps, that the man's charm and vitality would show up too clearly the deficiencies in the people Cynthia called friends. There was little danger that she would lose her head to the extent of marrying Donn McGuire, or that Donn would lose his to the extent of letting her, but the contrast might do something to disgust her with her companions.

But Lila Taliaferro didn't care for poker, so he went with her to the comparative quiet of the terrace.

JANE CARUTHERS cut the deal, and decided that the hand would be five-card stud. Donn was uneasy: he had eight dollars in his pocket, and a sneaking idea it wouldn't last long in this crowd if luck was against him. He didn't care much about winning—all he asked was not to lose more than eight dollars.

He got out of the first deal after three cards—there were combinations showing that would beat anything he could hope to catch—and lost twenty cents. Snake Tysdale dealt next: draw, with deuces wild. Snake won the pot, a sizable one, and Donn's capital dwindled further.

Cynthia, at his side, flashed him an anxious look. "Let me know if you need help," she whispered against his shoulder.

He shook his head. "I'll quit then." About eleven Howard and Mrs. Taliaferro came in from the terrace and stood quietly watching the game. Donn had sixty cents left: this was, he suspected, his last hand.

Nobody, least of all Donn himself, was prepared for what happened next. Jarrett Land dealt a hand of five-card draw; everyone discarded and called for cards. Donn, watching without a great deal of interest, saw Jarrett glance at the cards he had drawn and then, very skillfully and swiftly, take back the first of the two cards he had thrown away.

Donn's action was instinctive. He reached across the narrow table and grasped Jarrett's wrist, so tightly that the cards fluttered to the table. Then without a word he turned six cards face up.

Jarrett had kept three jacks and drawn two cards, an eight and a queen. The sixth and last card, extracted from his discard, was another eight.

In the midst of a deathly stillness Donn heard his own voice, very low and distinct: "You—guttersnipe!"

Someone giggled hysterically. Jarrett sprang to his feet, overturning his chair. And then Howard Welborn had him by the arm.

"Hold it, Land. All of you." His voice was quiet and steady, but his face was ashen. He faced Donn, who had risen too, and who reminded him fleetingly of Michael, angel of wrath. Probably Michael, too, was an Irishman.

"McGuire, I apologize. I knew it was bad, but not this bad."

A girl shrieked at Donn: "Don't be so darned saintly! We all do it if we can get by with it."

"In that case," Donn was fighting for calmness, "I'd better be going. I don't like cheats!" He glanced at Howard Welborn, a frozen figure in black and immaculate white. "I'm sorry, Mr. Welborn, and I'm sorrier still for you."

Without a glance at Cynthia he stumbled from the room and walked hatless from the house. Cynthia came to life

suddenly and ran after him, sobbing his name.

"Donn, please wait a minute. Donn!" but he walked on, deaf and dumb and blind with rage.

Cynthia came slowly back to the living-room and stood looking them over. "Just looking at you makes me sick," she said distinctly. "Will you please get out and go home and never come back?"

They went, all too gladly. Afterwards they thought of a great many cutting things they might have said about pots calling kettles black, but that was afterwards. At the time they were silent. Mrs. Taliaferro went last, driven home by Ed, with a quiet pat for Cynthia and a handclasp for Howard.

When she had gone the two of them faced each other wordlessly. It was Cynthia who spoke first, and her question astonished Howard into an unguarded truth:

"Do you know where Donn lives?"

"Yes," he said.

She was too perturbed to catch the significance of his admission. "Will you go there with me?"

"Now?"

"Yes."

He nodded. Cynthia ran from the room and an instant later he heard the purr of her roadster at the door.

Donn McGuire's house was a long way from the Welborn place. He lived with his father and mother in an unpretentious, substantial little street, full of unimaginative, substantial little bungalows. Bungalows with porch-boxes full of petunias and living-rooms full of department store "suites." He had put up his own car and was blindly trying to fit his key into the front door when Cynthia and Howard drove up.

Cynthia sprang from the car and ran. "Donn!"

He turned reluctantly and stood looking unsmilingly down at her.

"Please," she said. "I've got to talk to you. Come out to the car." She caught his arm, dragged him with her to where Howard waited beside the emerald roadster.

"I've got to say it to both of you," she said with something nearer to dignity than either of them had ever known in her. Then she faced Donn McGuire.

"Donn, do you love me?"

For the space of several heartbeats there was silence. Then he said huskily: "I did."

"Could you—love me again?"

"Cynthia!" The words were torn from him. "Do you have to rub it in?"

"Would you—" she hesitated for an instant and then brought the words out, "be willing to marry me? On your conditions?"

His mouth twisted. "How would you know about my conditions?"

"Because I've got more sense than I let people suspect. I'd have to live on your salary, and maybe wash dishes, and have

babies, and not try to keep you from being a policeman. And Dad couldn't give me anything." She swung on Howard, "Would you promise that, Dad, no matter how much I whined and begged?"

"Yes," said Howard, wondering why he didn't stop this fantastic proceeding. She faced Donn again. "Have I left out anything?"

"That wouldn't begin it," he told her, and Howard marveled at the steadiness of his voice. "Your crowd would quit you, and you wouldn't like mine. You'd be alone—"

"I've already quit them," she told him. "And wouldn't be alone if—if you loved me."

"Yes, you would. A husband can't be everything to his wife, not even when he loves her like—" he stopped.

"Say it," Cynthia commanded.

"Like I love you." His voice broke.

I oughtn't to be here, Howard thought. It's indecent for me to see them like this. But he stayed.

Donn had control of himself and was speaking again. "There's a lot more. I don't like the way you act, or talk, or the color of your mind. I'm middle-class, and from what I've seen I'm satisfied to go on being. I wouldn't give in to you on anything—fundamental, and you'd hate me for it. I think there must be something fine in you, or I wouldn't love you this way, but I wouldn't live with you like you've been for all the money on earth."

Cynthia came very close to him. "Wouldn't it be an act of Christian charity to try to change me?"

"Cynthia!" His voice sounded strangled. "You don't know what you'd be getting into."

"I know I don't. But I know what I'd be getting out of." Her voice shook. "You and Dad are the only men I've ever known, Donn; the only ones I've ever loved. And you both love me and despise me at the same time. I'd like for you just to—love me."

THERE were unmistakable tears in her eyes now. A street light caught them and made them glitter like the rhinestones on her white dress. They broke Donn McGuire completely, and he took one step forward and gathered her up.

When he had kissed her until her mouth felt bruised he lifted his head and looked straight at Howard Welborn, who was trying to look in another direction.

"It'll take you and me and the Lord, Mr. Welborn," he said.

Howard felt trapped. You can't forbid it, he reminded himself: it was you who started the snowball downhill, and your guess was only half right. This is your punishment—or your reward. Aloud he said:

"I know it, Donn. But I think we can all three be counted on."



"She's kissing him now, sir!"

Buford Tune

Fair College Day

Continued from page 20

The crowd muttered, but the orator was pleased. "Ah, the young man will knock my head off! Ya, what is that for free speaking?"

When Felix took an impulsive step nearer, a man tripped him, and he followed the interfering leg till he saw who was the owner, an ugly fellow with an inviting chin. Felix landed on the chin, with excellent timing, and his weight well behind the blow.

When the police disentangled him a few minutes later his head was bloody and Lucille thought he was fatally mangled. But at the station house they refused to worry about him, and when he truthfully explained the beginning of the fight, they locked him up, a prisoner till the court opened in the morning unless he could get bail.

He conferred with Lucille through the bars.

"I'm practically unscratched, darling. Stop sniffing, will you? It gets on my nerves. See if you can reach Jim by telephone."

SHE came back radiant. "Jim's busy, so I got the dean."

"My God! What did he say?"

"When I told him you were arrested, he said, 'At last!' and he'll be down right away."

"Dearest!"

Through the bars they kissed, finding out the areas which were not gory.

"Well, Felix, here we are, are we?" remarked the dean as soon as the bail had been supplied and the damaged student let out of his cage. The dean was gray-haired, with good reason. He had the one secret of handling youth: to be surprised at nothing.

"Yes, sir," replied Felix with perfect respect. "We are here."

"Well, then," continued the dean, "unless you like these quarters we might all go home."

"Yes, sir," said Felix.

"By the way," said the dean, "did you by any chance receive a letter from me today?"

"A letter, sir?"

"It was indeed a letter," said the dean, "but it may have gone astray. It often does. No matter. I'd like a word with you in the morning."

"I'm sorry, sir, I can't. I've an engagement. I'm to be married."

"Quite so!" said the dean. "Of course! But even after that perhaps you would be willing to speak to me. You will marry at nine, let us say, and you are wanted in the court at ten and, having paid your fine, you will, I hope, be at my office promptly at eleven."

"Mr. Dean," asked Lucille, "what time does the president read his mail?"

The dean stared at her. "I haven't studied his habits to that extent, madam." He turned again to Felix.

"At eleven, then?"

"Yes, sir."

By morning matrimony had slipped from Felix's mind. He was too busy raising money for his fine. At eleven promptly he crossed the threshold of the dean's torture chamber.

"I expected your friends with you." "They've dropped me, sir. They told me so last night."

"You're no fool," said the dean, "which makes it harder to excuse you. You're wasting your time, your father's money, and my patience."

"I can see that, sir," admitted Felix. "I know I've wasted my time."

"You don't put your mind on what you are doing. You might as well be walking in your sleep."

"I'm scrupulously careful about important things, sir, but college work is trivial."

"We won't go into that, not just now," said the dean. "I promised your friends to give you a last chance if you kept out of mischief, and then you went and got into this fight."

"I couldn't help it, sir—a woman was involved."

"Ah, yes," said the dean. "When you spend the evening with a lady a fight is inevitable. We need not go into that, either. But your father and I have been talking on the telephone. We've decided to let you stay for another month."

FELIX thought of the letter to the president. He walked to the dormitory, not happy. The reprieve would be only for a day. After lunch he would go downtown and look for a job. When he had a good job and Lucille and he were married—

From habit he stooped at the janitor's mail boxes to see if there was anything for him. One envelope. He stood in the corridor staring at it. A plain envelope with his name and address on the back and the president's name and address on the front. Also some printed words in red: "RETURNED FOR POSTAGE."

Felix tilted his hat forward so that he could scratch the back of his head.

It wouldn't do to mail it now—not after that talk!

He must pay Dave back his ten!

And another ten for losing the bet!

Twenty in all!

Gosh!

He settled his hat. He would go and talk to Lucille. It would ease his mind. And then he remembered that he had forgotten to marry her at nine o'clock.

Gosh!

The Diplomatic Race

Continued from page 29

Department concede that the politicians are doing fairly well. Not too well, you know, but then what do you expect? Although only a wealthy and industrious Kentucky editor before his appointment to the Court of St. James—Robert Worth Bingham's reports during the monetary mix-up have been, well, keen and prompt.

At Berlin William E. Dodd, the Leipzig-educated professor who took the post only on condition that he could live as economically as he pleased, without fuss or feathers, has kept the White House *au courant*—a diplomatic term we've just picked up—with sentiment in Herr Hitler's land, and his address deploring "economic nationalism" of past and present, since it was delivered in Germany and not in the United States, helped out in the universal urge to warn the house-painter dictator to pipe down. At Madrid another editor, Claude Bowers, did his bit by extricating five Americans from possible imprisonment in the Majorca incident and, a staunch Jacksonian, gets along well with the Republican government.

Jesse Straus, the department-store proprietor who dragged down the Paris job, has been ill almost since his appointment, but, as is true of most of these major posts, the work has been carried on without noticeable weakness by the permanent staff, and this, if you're interested, consists of career men. Such appointments as John Cudahy to Warsaw, John Montgomery to

Budapest and George Earle to Vienna are purely political, as is that of Joseph Daniels to Mexico City. For Mr. Daniels, however, it should be said that he is "one fine hombre" with the Mexicans, who appreciate the unaffected manner and childlike naïveté of the Carolina editor.

A Strong American Accent

In his own mind, and without regard for the merits of the professional as against the amateur, the President has set up two tests which he would like to have his foreign representatives meet—an ideal rather than a practical goal, or one immediately achievable, perhaps. He wants them to become fairly well versed in the language of the country to which they are accredited, and he insists that they "stay American" after they come under the spell of Old World charm and persuasive personalities—two influences which often convince our diplomats that America, after all, was nothing like this, and that the Star-Spangled Banner is not such a hot song.

We have emerged from a decade of debates on disarmament with our Navy in a feverish rush to catch up while other nations demand even more ships. Every man's tariff is raised against us as a result of our failure at economic sparring and our ineptitude in establishing a system of domestic duties. The President's desire for men with a

made-in-America perspective is quite understandable.

Under Secretary Hull there is a plain atmosphere around the State Department and throughout the service—a more "neighborly" note. Although Mr. Hull may not match the brilliance of Charles Evans Hughes, or parade the reputation of a Frank Billings Kellogg, he is exuberantly American in his simplicity, his honesty and his lack of side, of display. He shows these traits again and again, personally and officially. Suddenly meeting Max Litvinoff, Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs, at London, the Secretary of State did not scrape or scurry away. Like one countryman meeting another on a Saturday shopping tour of the market, he put out his hand and asked: "How's business in Russia?"

In any event, Mr. Roosevelt acts as his own Secretary of State, and changed conditions make it easier for him to double in diplomacy. Using the transatlantic telephone and cables, he stage-managed from his office such world shows as those starring the London conference, the Cuban revolution, the preliminary Litvinoff conversations and the situation precipitated by Hitler's treaty demands. He ran his representatives so ragged that they now agree with Mr. Dawes that "diplomacy is hell on the legs." Moreover, he possesses those two other qualifications: he now speaks French fluently—with a strong American accent.

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The Three Wise Guys

Continued from page 9

a fuss in the way of groaning and crying and carrying on generally in a loud tone of voice, and there is no doubt that it is the voice of a doll, and anybody can tell that this doll is in some distress.

Well, here is a situation, indeed, and we move away from the barn to talk it over.

The Dutchman is greatly discouraged, because he gets to thinking that if this doll is living in the barn for any length of time, his plant may be discovered. He is willing to go away and wait awhile, but Blondy Swanson seems to be doing quite some thinking, and finally Blondy says like this:

"Why," Blondy says, "the doll in this barn seems to be sick, and only a bounder and a cad will walk away from a sick doll, especially," Blondy says, "a sick doll who is a total stranger to him. In fact, it will take a very large heel to do such a thing. The idea is for us to go inside and see if we can do anything for this sick doll," Blondy says.

Well, I say to Blondy Swanson that the chances are the doll's ever-loving husband, or somebody, is in town, or maybe over to the nearest neighbors digging up assistance, and will be back in a jiffy, and that this is no place for us to be found.

"No," Blondy says, "it cannot be as you state. The snow on the ground is anyway a day old. There are no tracks around the door of this old joint, going or coming, and it is a cinch if anybody knows there is a sick doll here, they will have plenty of time to get help before this. I am going inside and look things over," Blondy says.

Naturally, The Dutchman and I go too, because we do not wish to be left alone outside, and it is no trouble whatever to get into the barn, as the door is unlocked, and all we have to do is walk in. And when we walk in with Blondy Swanson leading the way, the doll on the bed on the floor half raises up to look at us, and although the light of the lantern is none too good, anybody can see that this doll is nobody but Miss Clarabelle Cobb, although personally I see some change in her since she is in Mr. Georgie White's Scandals.

She stays half raised up on the bed looking at Blondy Swanson for as long as you can count ten, if you count fast, then she falls back and starts crying and carrying on again, and at this The Dutchman kneels down on the floor beside her to find out what is eating her.

ALL of a sudden The Dutchman jumps up and speaks to us as follows:

"Why," he says, "this is quite a delicate situation, to be sure. In fact," he says, "I must request you guys to step outside. What we really need for this case is a doctor, but it is too late to send for one. However, I will endeavor to do the best I can under the circumstances."

Then The Dutchman starts taking off his overcoat, and Blondy Swanson stands looking at him with such a strange expression on his kisser that The Dutchman laughs out loud, and says like this:

"Do not worry about anything, Blondy," The Dutchman says. "I am maybe a little out of practice since my old lady put her checks back in the rack, but she leaves eight kids alive and kicking, and I bring them all in except one, because we are seldom able to afford a croaker."

So Blondy Swanson and I step out of the barn and after a while The Dutchman calls us and we go back into the barn to find he has a big fire going

in the stove, and the place nice and warm.

Miss Clarabelle Cobb is now all quieted down, and is covered with The Dutchman's overcoat, and as we come in The Dutchman tiptoes over to her and pulls back the coat and what do we see but a baby with a noggin no bigger than a crab apple and a face as wrinkled as some old pappy guy's, and The Dutchman states that it is a boy, and a very healthy one, at that.

"Furthermore," The Dutchman says, "the mamma is doing as well as can be expected. She is as strong a doll as ever I see," he says, "and all we have to do now is send out a croaker when we go through town just to make sure there are no complications. But," The Dutchman says, "I guarantee the croaker will not have much to do."

WELL, the old Dutchman is as proud of this baby as if it is his own, and I do not wish to hurt his feelings, so I say the baby is a darberoo, and a great credit to him in every respect, and also to Miss Clarabelle Cobb, while Blondy Swanson just stands there looking at it as if he never sees a baby before in his life, and is greatly astonished.

It seems that Miss Clarabelle Cobb is a very strong doll, just as The Dutchman states, and in about an hour she shows signs of being wide awake, and Blondy Swanson sits down on the floor beside her, and she talks to him quite a while in a low voice, and while they are talking The Dutchman pulls up the floor in another corner of the barn, and digs around underneath a few minutes, and finally comes up with a gripsack covered with dirt, and he opens this gripsack and shows me it is filled with lovely, large coarse banknotes.

Later Blondy Swanson tells The Dutchman and me the story of Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and parts of this story are rather sad. It seems that after Miss Clarabelle Cobb goes back to her old home in Akron, Ohio, she winds up marrying a young guy by the name of Joseph Hatcher, who is a bookkeeper by trade, and has a pretty good job in Akron, so Miss Clarabelle Cobb and this Joseph Hatcher are as happy as anything together for quite a spell.

Then about a year before the night I am telling about, Joseph Hatcher is sent by his firm to these parts where we find Miss Clarabelle Cobb, to do the bookkeeping in a factory there, and one night a few months afterwards, when Joseph Hatcher is staying after hours in the factory office working on his books, a mob of wrong gees breaks into the joint, and sticks him up, and blows open the safe, taking away a large sum of money and leaving Joseph Hatcher tied up like a turkey.

When Joseph Hatcher is discovered in this predicament the next morning, what happens but the gendarmes put the sleeve on him, and place him in the pokey, saying the chances are Joseph Hatcher is in and in with the safe blowers, and that he tips them off the dough is in the safe, and it seems that the guy who is especially fond of this idea is a guy by the name of Ambersham, who is manager of the factory, and a very hard-hearted guy, at that.

And now, although this is eight or nine months back, there is Joseph Hatcher still in the pokey awaiting trial, and it is 7 to 5 anywhere in town that the judge throws the book at him when he finally goes to bat, because it seems from what Miss Clarabelle Cobb tells Blondy Swanson that nearly everybody figures Joseph Hatcher is guilty.

But of course Miss Clarabelle Cobb does not put in with popular opinion about her ever-loving Joe, and she spends the next few months trying to spring him from the pokey, but she has no potatoes, and no way of getting any potatoes, so things go from bad to worse with Miss Clarabelle Cobb.

Finally, she finds herself with no place to live in town, and she happens to run into this old barn, which is on an abandoned property owned by a doctor in town by the name of Kelton, and it seems that he is a kind-hearted guy, and he gives her permission to use it any way she wishes. So Miss Clarabelle moves into the barn, and the chances are there is many a time when she wishes she is back in Mr. Georgie White's Scandals.

Now The Dutchman listens to this story with great interest, especially the part about Joseph Hatcher being left tied up in the factory office, and finally The Dutchman states as follows:

"Why, my goodness," The Dutchman says, "there is no doubt but what this is the very same young guy we are compelled to truss up the night we get this gripsack. As I recollect it, he wishes to battle for his employers' dough, and I personally tap him over the coco with a blackjack."

"But," he says, "he is by no means the guy who tips us off about the dough being there. As I remember it now, it is nobody but the guy whose name you mention in Miss Clarabelle Cobb's story. It is this guy Ambersham, the manager of the joint, and come to think of it, he is supposed to get his bit of this dough for his trouble, and it is only fair that I carry out this agreement as the executor of the estate of my late comrades. although," The Dutchman says, "I do not approve of his conduct toward this Joseph Hatcher. But," he says, "the first thing for us to do is to get a doctor out here to Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and I judge the doctor for us to get is this Doc Kelton she speaks of."

SO THE DUTCHMAN takes the gripsack and we get into the old can and head back the way we come, although before we go I see Blondy Swanson bend down over Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and while I do not wish this to go any farther, I will take a paralyzed oath I see him plant a small kiss on the baby's noggin, and I hear Miss Clarabelle Cobb speak as follows:

"I will name him for you, Blondy," she says. "By the way, Blondy, what is your right name?"

"Olaf," Blondy says.

It is now along in the early morning and not many citizens are stirring as we go through town again, with Blondy in the front seat again holding the gripsack on his lap so The Dutchman can drive, but finally we find a guy in an all-night lunch counter who knows where Doc Kelton lives, and this guy stands on the running board of the old can and guides us to a house in a side street, and after pounding on the door quite a spell, we roust the Doc out and Blondy goes inside to talk with him.

He is in there quite a spell, but when he comes out he says everything is okay, and that Doc Kelton will go at once to look after Miss Clarabelle Cobb, and take her to a hospital, and Blondy states that he leaves a couple of C's with the Doc to make sure Miss Clarabelle Cobb gets the best of care.

"Well," The Dutchman says, "we can afford a couple of C's out of what we have in this gripsack, but," he says, "I am still wondering if it is not my duty

to look up this Ambersham, and give him his bit."

"Dutchman," Blondy says, "I fear I have some bad news for you. The gripsack is gone. This Doc Kelton strikes me as a right guy in every respect, especially," Blondy says, "as he states to me that he always half suspects there is a wrong rap in on Miss Clarabelle Cobb's ever-loving Joe, and that if it is not for this guy Ambersham agitating all the time other citizens may suspect the same thing, and it will not be so tough for Joe."

"So," Blondy says, "I tell Doc Kelton the whole story, about Ambersham and all, and I take the liberty of leaving the gripsack with him to be returned to the rightful owners, and Doc Kelton says if he does not have Miss Clarabelle Cobb's Joe out of the sneezer, and this Ambersham on the run out of town in twenty-four hours, I can call him a liar. But," Blondy says, "let us now proceed on our way, because I only have Doc Kelton's word that he will give us twelve hours' leeway before he does anything except attend to Miss Clarabelle Cobb, as I figure you need this much time to get out of sight, Dutchman."

Well, The Dutchman does not say anything about all this news for a while, and seems to be thinking the situation

over, and while he is thinking he is giving his old can a little more gas than he intends, and she is fairly popping along what seems to be the main drag of the town when a gendarme on a motorcycle comes up alongside us, and motions The Dutchman to pull over to the curb.

He is a nice-looking young gendarme, but he seems somewhat hostile as he gets off his motorcycle, and walks up to us very slow, and asks us where the fire is.

Naturally, we do not say anything in reply, which is the only thing to say to a gendarme under these circumstances; so he speaks as follows:

"What are you guys carrying in this old skillet, anyway?" he says. "Stand up, and let me look you guys over."

AND then as we stand up, he peeks into the front and back of the car, and under our feet, and all he finds is a bottle which once holds some of Good Time Charley's rock candy and rye whisky without the rye whisky, but which is now very empty, and he holds this bottle up, and sniffs at the nozzle, and asks what is formerly in this bottle, and I tell him the truth when I tell him it is once full of medicine, and The Dutchman and Blondy Swanson nod their heads in support of my statement.

But the gendarme takes another sniff, and then he says like this:

"Oh," he says, very sarcastic, "wise guys, eh? Three wise guys, eh? Trying to kid somebody, eh? Medicine, eh?" he says. "Well, if it is not Christmas Day I will take you in and hold you just on suspicion. But I will be Santa Claus to you, and let you go ahead, wise guys."

And then after we get a few blocks away, The Dutchman speaks as follows:

"Yes," he says, "that is what we are, to be sure. We are wise guys. If we are not wise guys, we will still have the gripsack in this car for the copper to find. And if the copper finds the gripsack, he will wish to take us to the jail house for investigation, and if he wishes to take us there I fear he will not be alive at this time, and we will be in plenty of heat around and about, and personally," The Dutchman says, "I am sick and tired of heat."

And with this The Dutchman puts a large Betsy back in a holster under his left arm, and turns on the gas, and as the old can begins leaving the lights of the town behind, I ask Blondy if he happens to notice the name of this town.

"Yes," Blondy says, "I notice it on a signboard we just passed. It is Bethlehem, Pa."

Marriage for Revenue

Continued from page 28

than a block the girls could pick out the swing of his square shoulders and the pepper and salt of his tweed clothes.

"Does he wear those things summer and winter?" asked Regis.

"Never seen him in anything else," replied Kit. "Sometimes they're thinner woven or lighter colored, but he's one baby that's always wrapped in wool."

"Imagine his not recognizing you! Is he nearsighted or dumb or do you think it was a pose?"

"Three guesses, and all wrong," said Kit. "He's a crack shot, has more brains than the rest of the office put together and would rather break his own leg any day than hurt my feelings or yours."

"He never gave me a look," said Regis. "I don't think he even saw me."

"He saw you and he didn't. It's this way: Just now he doesn't know he saw you, but give him half an hour and he'll be able to name everything you have on, including the shade of your powder and the color of your eyes."

"I don't believe it," said Regis.

"Of course you don't—not yet. But it's out of people taking him for blind, deaf and dumb that he's made his biggest plays. Whoever thinks he's asleep just because he looks sleepy is sure to pay for it sooner or later, and pay big. Come on; here's where we grab the subway or we'll be late."

REGIS, using her elbows expertly and following Kit like a ferret after a rabbit, managed to worm her way within the danger line as the subway doors closed behind her. Turning so as to stand with her flushed face close to the cool glass, she recalled her first journey downtown only a few weeks ago. A few weeks? It seemed an age. What changes had come over her! This scrambling for a foothold within a mass of odorous humanity—how she had recoiled from it at first and how she shrank from it even now! But with a difference. Then it had been a jar to her fastidiousness, now it was merely the one unpleasantness attached to the business of wrestling a living from an unwashed but not unfriendly world.

Arrived at the office, Regis went to her post with the air of a veteran. This

morning, just as the subway had reminded her of her initial excursion, the ease she felt recalled the torment of her first week. The thought of Mr. Smith made her mouth curve in a faint smile, half self-congratulatory, half wondering. When she had predicted they would be friends it had been a boast, a bit of bravado, yet to her astonishment the prophecy was on the way to coming true!

She was happy. Rejuvenation had followed her move to Washington Square. She bloomed; youth shone in her eyes, cheeks and hair. Her slim body radiated the strength and appeal of a bursting bud. Mr. Smith could not have resisted the force within her had he tried, but he was not trying, for his sagacity had been quick to recognize a phenomenon more fascinating than any jigsaw puzzle. Though he could not have analyzed a hitherto unfelt emotion, it was simple enough and could be covered by one word, respect. Promptly he had given her work that taxed her intelligence rather than her strength.

From that hour she belonged, and it was a condition that worked two ways. Not only did it give her confidence but it won over her colleagues. At first they had rather scorned her as high hat, too good-looking, too poised, a foreigner. But whole-hearted acceptance came with the realization that she had become an active part of the machine, a necessary cog that contributed actual assistance to the rest of the gadgets. Now everybody liked her in spite of a continuing difference. For even when others wilted under the strain of those furious months, protected partly by ignorance, partly by the sheer grit of the thoroughbred, she managed to retain to the end of the long day an appearance of freshness which set her apart.

Nothing less could have explained the startled abruptness with which Mr. Abbott arrested himself on the occasion of a chance visit to the main office at the end of a busy afternoon. He stood looking at Regis as though she were not only a stranger but a fish on dry land. He was troubled by two suggestions, each vague, each insistent. This girl, though here, seemed definitely to belong some-

where else. He had a feeling he ought to know her, that perhaps he would have recognized her against any other background. He returned to the reception-room.

"Who's the blonde in black and white, Kit?"

Kit stared up at him. "Why, that's Miss Mulholland—Regis Mulholland. Don't you remember?"

"Of course!" he exclaimed, disgusted at his own stupidity. He became aware of a figure, sitting at ease near the door, and recognized Eleanor Raglan. "Hello, Ellie. How long have you been here?"

"Only a minute or two."

REGIS, ready for the street, came into the waiting-room in search of Kit, half drew back at the sight of Mrs. Raglan and then persevered. Kit snatched up her bag and started out, putting on her hat as she went. Regis followed, but not before she had measured glances with Abbott's companion.

"Is that the blonde you were inquiring about so anxiously?" asked Eleanor of Abbott.

"Yes," he answered, "but don't laugh too soon. I gave her a job only a few weeks ago, and today I couldn't remember who she was!"

"Why? Is she anybody?"

"As it happens, she is—sort of. She's a sister of Don Mulholland, who was in college with me. But let's get going."

The girls were still in the hall, having been passed by two crowded cars. Without appearing to do so, Regis made a further inventory of Mrs. Raglan, whose identity had meantime been revealed by Kit. She beheld a person lovely to look at, smartly turned out from the top of her hat to the tips of her slippers, and young. But her youth had a peculiar quality, a hardness which had nothing to do with the flesh. It was as though the fabric of her being had been waterproofed against even the April showers of emotion. An elevator stopped, but the attendant called out that there was room for only two. Without hesitation Mrs. Raglan stepped forward, closely followed by Abbott, and again the girls were left to wait.

(To be continued next week)

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Representatives office buildings in Washington and the lofty waiting room of the Postmaster-General, who happens also to be the Democratic National Chairman and the official, if occasionally stumbling, smoothie of the Roosevelt administration, were aswarm with seekers after licenses for everything connected with distilling. Licenses and information regarding licenses. And all sorts of stories filled your ears. Yonder new-deal statesman, they insisted, had sold out all his business interests and plunged with the proceeds into liquor stocks. And that one there was part owner of at least three distilleries and rectifying plants about to be started. Above all, you were assured that the government was going to act slowly in this matter of licensing because it wanted no fly-by-nighters in the game. The government was most eager to turn the distilling business over to operators who would produce enough and distribute enough to gratify its hopes for a new tax income of at least three hundred million dollars and perhaps seven hundred million. We shall have to wait a while to get the answer to all this. But with a lower tax, of course, the highest revenue the government has ever got from distilled spirits, beer and wine was \$483,000,000—in 1919.

Science to the Rescue

Moreover, there are pure food laws to be considered. To enforce these, to supervise the making of whisky, it would be more economical to the government to concentrate the making in a few hands and a minimum of plants. Back in 1907, when the first Roosevelt was President, the tearing question, What Is Whisky? almost flattened the nation. From the most persistent bum on the Bowery to the United States Supreme Court the storm raged, and the argument was waged chiefly around a bottle or so, because to be able to discuss whisky with the facts upon one's tongue it was necessary to have it near by for reference.

At first President Theodore Roosevelt, loyally abetted by the celebrated Doctor Harvey W. Wiley, Chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry and a grinding realist, bore down hard on the whisky cutters—the rectifiers, the blenders and compounders. Nothing which was not bottled in bond, aged in the wood, had the right to the name of whisky. What they couldn't decide, however, was a name for rectified and blended stuff, and the fearful argument continued until 1909, when President Taft with characteristic logic issued a manifesto ending it all. In effect he said that anything that contained whisky was whisky provided the drinker thought it was. All of which put an end to the matter, it being agreed that straight whisky should be so labeled and that the bold and unadorned truth be printed on the labels of bottle containing rectified, blended and compounded stuff. Just so a man might know what he was buying and drinking. Whether he could afford to buy and drink was none of the government's affair—as it shouldn't be.

Whatever it may be that you'll drink, still considering American whisky, you'll pay well for it. A case of whisky in the United States under our federal law contains three gallons—twelve quarts. To manufacture that case costs approximately a dollar and sixty-five cents. If you put those three gallons in a warehouse to age for four years you will of course have to add storage

What'll You Have?

Continued from page 15

charges and insurance to the initial cost and make allowances for evaporation and leakage. As we have already learned, your original three gallons isn't going to be three gallons when it comes out of bond. However that may be, the cost of that case of whisky is now, after four years, about seven dollars and sixty-five cents, what with bottles, labels and a box to put it in. After that the government imposes a tax. In the old days the tax was one dollar and ten cents a gallon. Watch your newspaper if you are interested in what the government demands today.

And then you'll have to add on the local taxes, the wholesaler's, the middleman's and the retailer's mark-ups and there you'll have it. Expensive. But let's hope for the best. When the distillers have caught up, when the inconsistencies and idiocies are removed from local controls and regulations, the price will doubtless come down to where we honest folks can reach it without straining ourselves and going without an overcoat.

It is wholly possible too that science will come to our help a bit. At least one large distillery in America is announcing that by a secret and soundly patented method of its own discovery it can achieve an aged-in-the-wood flavor, consistency and purity overnight. These chemically minded manufacturers beseech you to consider the opinion of President Taft when in 1909 he handed down that rose-colored decision which put a stop to the argument about What Is Whisky?—a topic the public was getting pretty tired of anyway.

Said President Taft:

"It was supposed for a long time that by the aging of straight whisky in the charred wood a chemical change took place which rid the liquor of fusel oil and thus destroyed the unpleasant taste and odor.

"It now appears by chemical analysis that this is untrue—that the effect of the aging is only to dissipate the odor and to modify the raw, unpleasant flavor but to leave the fusel oil still in the straight whisky."

Somehow, after you've looked into the situation, you rather doubt that the government is going to collect all the liquor consumption taxes it hopes for until prices settle down a bit. In the first few weeks of celebration—perhaps for two or three months—there is going to be a lot of sincere drinking. One gathers this from the avowals, threats and plans one hears. But there are signs that it will take some time for America to regain her pre-prohibition capacity of 155,000,000 gallons of hard liquor. As I say, in the first weeks of enthusiasm whisky is going to take a terrific beating; but there is the public's ability to buy to be considered and the new, or let's say emergency, tastes to be allowed for.

From Prunes to Pawpaws

Whether the public's ability or inclination to buy largely will affect consumption is something for us to find out. We do know, however, that what with ever-mounting taxes on distilled stuff and a steady shrinking of the personal purse, England drank 18,000,000 gallons less whisky in 1932 than she did in 1914 and Ireland, Scotland and Wales went proportionately temperate. Which proves nothing in particular perhaps, although it's something to think about.

But the new, or emergency, tastes in drinking will have to be reckoned with for quite a while. The distillers are

reckoning. Before prohibition we drank so little apple brandy, for example, that the amount is not computed in the government's records. Then it was a farm beverage distilled by the farmer for his own solace. Today there are at least two sizable distilleries able to turn it out at the rate of 50,000 gallons a week and perhaps more. And if you have any thought that corn liquor is going to vanish from the American scene, get rid of it. Corn is going to be distilled as usual (and I'm not speaking of bourbon whisky either, corn being bourbon's principal ingredient) and consumed in impressive quantities. It's easy to make and the moonshiners are working night and day at it. To be brief, there is going to be plenty of illicit distilling in and out of the hills. Prohibition furnished the country with too many private and small-trade stills to be overlooked. And the populace in general has learned too much about making its own stuff. We've been making it astonishingly cheap and gradually better out of prunes, grapes, apples, potatoes, rhubarb, oranges, plums, corn and so on and so on. Even the fruit of the pawpaw tree in the Middle West has gone into the privately owned still to emerge as—well, I don't know the name of it, but I had my first and last drink of it some months ago in Kansas City. You have to have quite a yearning for liquor to down it.

The Tidal Wave of Gin

And then, there is gin. There is no use telling the public how quickly, how economically and how free from care and thought one may make gin. Before prohibition, gin-drinking was something that really nice people weren't tolerant about, except of course in cocktails. If you were fond of gin, straight gin, as a neat drink outside of cocktails, you said nothing about it and the family would as soon have owned up to a gin addict as it would have boasted of those five years that Father spent in Sing Sing. It was sort of low.

But now. Several of this country's most capacious hard-drink factories are now turning out gin in tidal wave quantities. It can be made overnight as you know. A little is being distilled, very little. The overwhelming percentage of it is being made in what are called rectifying plants but which are really blending houses. So much alcohol, so much water (say fifty-fifty) so much juniper juice, a tincture of glycerin to give it suavity and a slightly syrupy consistency, perhaps a bit of sugar to dull the razor edge and, just by way of variety, a little pale color now and then to give it that light lemon hue that some so-called better gins have—British gins. We're going to have a lot of it around and it is going to be reasonable in price. You see, it can be made quite cheaply and the large makers are not unmindful that if it isn't inexpensive the familiar bathtub miracle will be resorted to by the offended populace. We Americans consumed less than 5,000,000 gallons of gin a year before prohibition. Nobody knows how many times that much we've drunk annually since.

Whether the wheat, corn, barley and rye growers will share the prosperity of the distiller is something you'll have to wait to find out. Rye is about eighty-five per cent rye base. They'll use a lot of it. Bourbon, as you know, is principally corn with a bit of rye or barley thrown in for flavor effects. Scotch is based on barley cooked in a pot over a peat fire, thus the peat or smoky taste.

Irish whisky depends on barley too, but, grade for grade, Scotch seems to be the more popular.

We shan't go into the wine, rum and brandy aspects of these new days. Perhaps in time the greater part of the wines we consume will be imports, but New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, Virginia, New York and of course California can make beautiful wines, and until France and the rest of the wine-producing countries manage to convince Washington that they shouldn't have to pay duties, amounting to embargoes, on their grape products applying for admittance to America, California and the rest of our wine-making states are going to reap a neat reward.

Let the wine be incidental to our story. We're not a wine-drinking people anyway and those who like it will have no trouble getting all they need.

We're a hard-liquor people, you see. A whisky-drinking lot.

In the old Congressional Globe, it is recorded that a gentleman from Michigan was called upon to give his opinion of hard liquor.

"I ain't saying," said he, "that it's the only thing a man needs to keep him going, but I do say that taken with sense it makes the going easier. Personally I drink it out of a tin cup and if I ever catch my family drinking it out of a glass or any of them fancy things, I'm going to raise hell."

"But how old should whisky be before it is fit to drink, Mr. Thomas?" he was asked.

"Well," he replied, "I don't rightly know. I ain't never waited to find out if it gets any fitter. But I can tell you gentlemen this: It ain't no use trying to drink it before it's made."

Set for the Season

Continued from page 12

"Why not decorate the table with these left-overs?" I suddenly thought. 'How? Let's see. . . I have it! I'll buy some silver luster bowls, select all the silver ornaments, heap them in the silver bowls, and there's a beginning.

"I'll put a miniature Christmas tree in the center," I decided. 'I'll crash down to the florist's, right now, and get him to set one in a low holder so the branches will spread out over the table. And I'll have him spray it with white-wash to look snow-laden, and sprinkle it with mica to give it a sparkling-in-the-starlight effect. And I'll hang it all in silver balls and clear glass icicles.

"Then—then I'll wrap every single one of these bonbons and nuts in shiny silver foil. Yes, and the fruits, too—smoothly, tightly, like their own legitimate skins—and I'll pile those silver candies and nuts in small glass compotes and lay the silvery fruits—bananas, apples, pears—on two mirror plaques and I'll place these plaques one on each side of the tree and the compotes just beyond. Last, I'll set the heaping bowls of silver Christmas tree ornaments, four of them, one at each corner of the table. And there I am!"

"There's no need to be extravagant about these table decorations. You get much more applause if you use a hundred dollars' worth of imagination and two dollars' worth of materials than the other way round. And consider the economy of artificial flowers, which have a charm all their own. There's one man here in New York who's a magician with them.

"One of the loveliest tables I ever saw was suggested by him. It was a New Year's table but it really could be used at any time of year. It was all in cool apple-green and white. There are no special colors or symbols for New Year's, so you can do about as you like. On a lace table cover (it could have been damask) was set a low bowl of pure white bisque flooded with white wax tulips and hyacinths—"the best flowers in wax," he says—against a background of real laurel leaves. Flanking this at each end was a white pottery grape leaf, about twelve inches in diameter, holding a perfect branch of real white grapes, and four smaller pottery grape leaves held white and green bonbons. The place plates were white the glassware cool green.

"I once attended a bachelor's New Year's party where the table decorations were certainly unique. Being a mere man, he didn't feel up to decorating a table himself, so he just wandered up and down Park Avenue until he saw a sign that looked hopeful, popped in,

and dropped right into the lap—figuratively speaking—of one of the best little table decorators in the city.

"What's your idea of New Year's?" she asked him. He looked blanker than a new plaster wall.

Then he brightened. "Yes, I have one. Listen—plenty to drink—that's my idea of New Year's. Bottles—bottles everywhere—nothing but bottles—that's my idea. Say it with bottles," he grinned.

"The more the lady thought of it, the better she liked the idea herself.

"So when we were ushered into the dining-room this was the resplendent vision that greeted us. A crystal table—everything in clear crystal—a large Early American bubble glass bowl in the center filled with white grapes, symbolizing wine, you see, and feathery spikes of real rye, barley, hops, juniper berry and other grains that liquor is made from. Around this bowl was a circle of many small Early American bottles of clear glass, each filled with a different color liquor—and anyone who doesn't think liquors lend themselves to a perfectly heavenly color scheme should visualize the deep red of Burgundy, the molten gold of Scotch, the amber of beer, the sharp emerald of crème de menthe, the pigeon-blood ruby of port, the chartreuse of white wine. The bottles were bound together with sprays of hops on wires that ran in tiny arches from one to the other. At each end of the table was a large crystal punch bowl, one holding cider, the other champagne.

February Birthday Party

"I gave a Washington's Birthday party once—it begins to sound as though I did nothing but give parties, whereas, with all my work I have very little time for entertaining and actually give only three or four parties a year—and that party was a lot of fun because red, white and blue are swell colors to work with. I used a white cloth and down the middle laid a strip of red, white and blue ribbon about three inches wide. Then, in the center, I placed a tall royal blue glass vase from which showered a great spreading bouquet of artificial field flowers in the tricolor—poppies, cornflowers and daisies. White plates and blue glass goblets continued the color scheme.

"There's no limit to the original and charming schemes of table decoration one can work out. I'd never despair because I didn't have money. Something can always be done with those old ostrich plumes in the attic or the gold and white Victorian dogs Aunt Mehitabel gave us for a wedding present."



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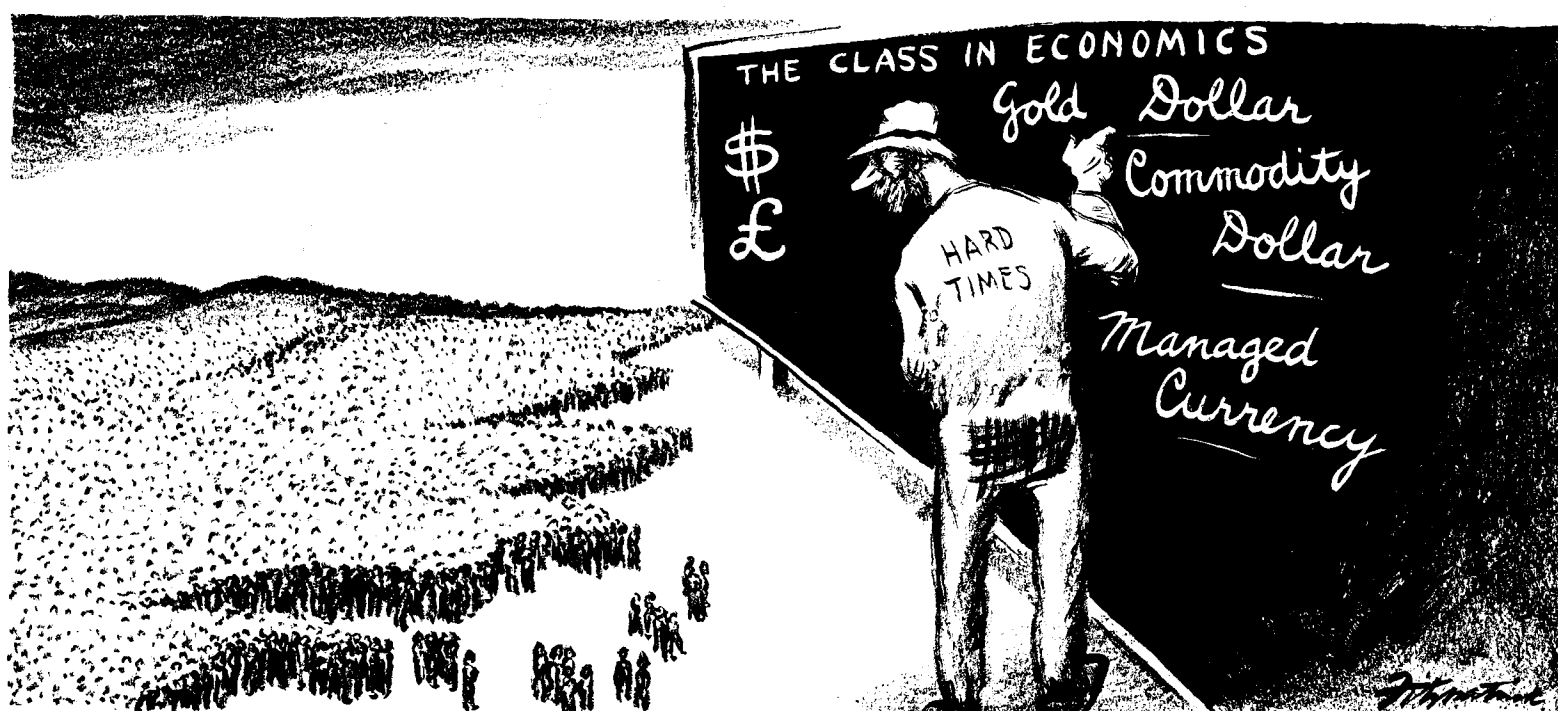
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The Commodity Dollar

THE commodity dollar is the tool with which President Roosevelt is attempting to raise prices. While everybody agrees that prices should rise, nothing in the entire Roosevelt program has occasioned deeper opposition than his campaign for the commodity dollar. Many who thoroughly approve the end sought by the President profoundly distrust the means he is using to attain that end.

The commodity dollar is a new idea in government and business although it has long been discussed by academic economists. It was born in the classroom of a teacher at Yale University. Like most other inventions it is the product of many minds. Most conspicuous among its inventors and advocates is Professor Irving Fisher, of New Haven.

Nothing is more generally desired and less understood than money. We think of a cent or a dollar as we do of an inch or a quart or a pound. So many cents buy a pound of sugar or lamb chops or a ticket to the movies. We need so many dollars for an overcoat or a dress or the rent.

In normal times we don't expect the familiar units of measurement to change. The inch, the quart and the pound probably are not ideal but they are familiar and work well enough. At all events we don't want to change them.

In ordinary times the only common worry about money is how to get it. Whatever is familiar is generally satisfactory. Five years ago talk about changing the dollar as a measure of value was confined to college classrooms and such places. The dollar contained or could be exchanged for 25.8 grains of .900 fine gold. The amount of gold was fixed. What it would buy varied. When prices fell, 25.8 grains of coin gold would buy more wheat or eggs or shoes. When prices rose, 25.8 grains of coin gold would be traded for less wheat or fewer eggs.

Thinking of this, Professor Fisher proposed to change from the gold dollar to a commodity dollar, or, as he first named it, a "compensated dollar."

He said: "We now have a dollar of fixed weight (25.8 grains) but varying purchasing power. Under the plan proposed we should have a dollar of fixed purchasing power but varying weight."

The government and other agencies keep records of prices. Out of these records, averages or indices are calculated. The best American price index is that of the Department of Labor. The prices of 776 commodities are worked into this index.

Professor Fisher proposed to keep prices steady by varying the amount of gold in the dollar. Of course the government mint could not change its coin molds from day to day or hour to hour.

So Fisher suggested that the actual coinage of gold be stopped and that when gold was demanded in exchange for dollars, the proper amount be weighed and given the buyer. Under this scheme gold becomes a commodity like sugar, while 776 commodities (more to be added in time) are the foundation for money.

Many important business men and some economists adopted in whole or part the Fisher idea of a commodity or compensated dollar. John Maynard Keynes, the British author, and Ernest Cassell, the Swedish economist, are perhaps the most famous foreign exponents of the idea.

Nobody has to manage a dollar based on gold. Throughout most of the world gold is desired and can be traded. A commodity dollar based on a price index, however, has to be managed, and managed with great skill.

Sweden under different circumstances during the past two years has successfully managed its currency, and so has Great Britain since London was forced off gold.

The task which President Roosevelt has undertaken is unfortunately more difficult because of our political conditions.

He is seeking to raise farm prices by manipulating or managing a commodity dollar. First he would raise prices and then stabilize them at, say, the level of 1926. This might mean wheat at \$1.60, corn at 70 cents a bushel and cotton at 17 cents a pound.

The means he is using to accomplish this price-raising program consist chiefly of devaluing the dollar by buying and selling gold both in this country and abroad.

The commodity dollar does not mean the abandonment of gold. On the contrary, the free exchange of varying amounts of gold is essential to the commodity dollar. Irving Fisher is as vigorously clear on this point as any of the more conservative economists. Long ago he said: "Sad experience teaches that irredeemable paper money, while theoretically capable of steadying prices, is apt in practice to be so manipulated as to produce instability. . . . The history of our own country in this respect is not reassuring."

The forces led by Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma are out-and-out inflationists. Frankly, Senator Thomas wants to issue worthless printing-press money for the purpose of repudiating debts. Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi and others who ought to know better have lent aid to Thomas' crazy inflationists.

Until as a nation we completely abandon common honesty, it is unlikely that we shall adopt the dishonorable plan of debt repudiation advocated by Senator Thomas.

Uncertainty concerning the strength of his reckless and irresponsible campaign is, however, one of the chief obstacles to be overcome. It complicates enormously the difficulty of managing our currency and, worse still, impedes the industrial recovery which otherwise we would enjoy.

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